

Birla Central Library

PILANI (Jaipur State)

Class No :- 821

Book No :- A 352 P

Accession No :- 30740 .

Acc. No.....

ISSUE LABEL

Not later than the latest date stamped below.

~~2 NOV 79~~

~~20 NOV 79~~

2 NOV 79

~~20 NOV 79~~

9-3-85

9-3-86

20 NOV 1996

bombastic genius worked on the grand scale. He endowed the English stage with his "drumming decasillabons" and showed it how to treat great themes in terms of great poetry.

All Marlowe's greatest writing is in his plays, and it seems absurd to represent him only by the pretty pastoral, "Come live with me and be my love." Marlowe's plays are quotable because they contain passages of splendid rhetoric and lyrical quality. The same is true of other Tudor-Stuart dramatists, and while I don't pretend to have given a complete set of extracts, something like a cross-section will be found. The one exception is Shakespeare. On the one hand, his songs and sonnets are sufficient to show his commanding position in English literature; and, on the other, I found that to quote the plays adequately I should need an impossibly large number of pages. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* are passed over for similar reasons.

Among the glories of Tudor-Stuart poetry are its songs. Many of these were written to be sung on the stage; a few may be found in the novels of the time; but a large number, including some of the finest, come from the song books. After Shakespeare, the most successful of the song-writing dramatists is John Fletcher; and among the purely lyrical writers Campion and Herrick are deservedly very popular. But there are so many great poets in this epoch! Rather apart from the rest is Donne. He is the inventor of what Johnson attacked as the "metaphysical school", and from time to time he is taken up as an exclusive fad by the cliques. Yet Ben Jonson had more insight than Sam Johnson when he said Donne was the first poet in the world for some things.

After the death of Shakespeare and the slow decline of the great poets of the theatre, the Tudor-Stuart period ends as it began with a covey of Court poets. Herrick is that and something more, but it applies to the Carews and Lovelaces and Sucklings and the rest of them. But what grace and elegance and command of subtle rhythm these careless fashionables possessed! In search of these virtues I have gone through George Saintsbury's valuable collection of minor Caroline poets.

On the other side from the king's poets we have the great figure of Milton, the lesser figure of Marvell, and the still lesser figure of Wither. Milton, the Milton of "Arcades" and "Comus" and "Lycidas" and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso", is one of those supreme artists who close an epoch by giving the last polish of consummate style to themes and methods inherited from their predecessors. It is quite true that Milton is filled with reminiscences, but without him we should have lost some of the most beautiful poetry in English. The fact that he also possessed and used all the scholarship of the late Renaissance should not be held against him. It was, I think, Mark Pattison who pointed out that a real appreciation of Milton is one of the rewards of a liberal education.

It is not possible to fix any hard and fast date for the end of this epoch any more than for its beginning. The names of Crashaw, Cowley, Marvell, Herbert, Vaughan, and even Cotton still suggest links with the age of Shakespeare. But Dryden, Swift, Gay, Pope.

Thomson, Gray, Collins at once suggest a totally different epoch with quite different views of poetry.

Samuel Johnson was a great man and in his day a great critic, but from our point of view his taste in poetry seems wrong. I know of course that he did not select the poets in the collected edition for which he wrote his critical *Lives*—that was the work of the booksellers. But Johnson did arrange for four poets to be added to the list, and if anything they seem more perverse than the original choice. I have gone through the *Lives* again, and find some curious statistics. If Dr. Johnson and his bookseller friends had compiled this anthology, they would have omitted everything before Milton and Cowley—a little more than the first third of the book. There would have been thirty-two poets whose work I have omitted, and only nineteen in common.

It is interesting to consider Johnson's list, which I give here, printing in italics those names which are found in this anthology: *Cowley, Denham, Milton, Butler, Rochester, Roscommon, Dryden, Waller, Pomfret, Dorset, Stepney, Philips, Walsh, Otway, Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Halifax, Parnell, Garth, Rowe, Addison, Hughes, Buckingham, Prior, Congreve, Blackmore, Fenton, Gay, Granville, Yalden, Tickell, Somerville, Savage, Swift, Broome, Pope, Pitt, Thomson, Watts, A. Philips, West, Collins, Dyer, Shenstone, Young, Mallet, Akenside, Gray, Lyttleton.*

Period specialists can of course say that all this only goes to show that I don't properly appreciate Augustan poetry. To which I should reply that the majority of poetry readers today are less interested in Augustan poetry than in the poetry which preceded and followed it. The dominant poets of the epoch are Dryden and of course Pope, and their taste on the whole was that of the French in the age of Louis XIV, with Dryden inclining more to Corneille and Pope to Boileau. But even in France, where it produced great work, this taste was essentially narrow and arrogant, concentrating on a few selected models and rejecting much that now seems to us more valuable than those very models.

Each country had its critical clichés which were thought to dispose of whole generations of poets without more ado. "*Enfin Malherbe vint*". But to a modern reader of French poetry the coming of Malherbe seems no great happiness, since he succeeded merely in quenching for a long period a lyric beauty which had existed in France for centuries. (Amusingly enough, his most admired and quoted fragment has been proved to owe its charm to a printer's error.) The equivalent in England is: "Waller was smooth." But who now cares about Waller's smoothness, and who would dream of ranking him with the Tudor-Stuart poets he was supposed to have superseded for ever?

One of the greatest glories of England is that its poetry counts twice in the history of world literature: that after producing the age of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton there were still enough energy and imagination to produce the secondary but still splendid epoch of Blake, Wordsworth, and Shelley. It is due to the Romantic poets that we now rate the poetry of the 18th century below its own com-

placent estimate of itself, and it is also due to them that we value so highly the Tudor-Stuart poets, whom the Augustans wanted to throw on the scrap-heap as obsolescent. An epoch of great poetry will always sympathise with the others, but an age of little poets will have little critics. "*Cosa bella mortal passa, ma non d'arte*," said Leonardo da Vinci. It is the little criticism which passes, and not the great poetry.

There is an often-quoted line from the Elizabethan drama:

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

It seems the appropriate epitaph for English Romantic poetry partly because two of its two brightest occidental stars, Shelley and Keats, died young, and partly because the period itself was brief. We cannot put it much before the publication of the Kilmarnock Burns in 1786, and it died at Missolonghi with Byron in 1824. Romantic poetry is the poetry of young men, who either died into immortality or survived like hoary Tithonuses incapable of the Muse's bed.

The poets of England and America who succeeded the Romantics and tried to carry on their tradition succeeded in giving the impression of fabulous respectability. I will not go so far as to say that poetry and respectability are incompatible, but it is hard to think of respectable poets in any other epoch. Even Vergil wrote on dubious themes, and neither Sophocles nor Racine was a member of the Anglican Church or even a Quaker. Of course the Victorians were not so respectable as people thought they were. Tennyson used to get drunk on port, but it was all hushed up, and neither the queen nor the British public ever heard of it. And the same is true of that little scandal of Wordsworth's youth in France, the discovery of which triumphantly restored Wordsworth to the human race. If I am told that Wordsworth ranks among the Romantics, I shall point out that while he was enthusiastically co-operating with the French Revolution he certainly was a great Romantic poet, but by the time he had qualified to be the good and great queen's poet laureate and a piece of indispensable furniture in every home, he was reduced to the mental indigence of writing "Ecclesiastical Sonnets".

These views have naturally influenced the building up of this anthology. I have not given as much attention to the Augustans and their successors as would be expected from a contemporary of Boswell or from a modern critic who tries to persuade us that "The Hind and the Panther" is greater poetry than "Prometheus Unbound". Yet it will be found that I have allowed both Dryden and Pope to have their say, and have included some of those whom Dodsley the publisher used to call "eminent hands". But at the same time I have used the 18th century also to bring out those occasional forerunners of the coming Romantics which show what the more sensitive poets were vaguely and perhaps unconsciously trying to express. Kit Smart (so renowned for trying to make Dr. Johnson say his prayers in Fleet Street) may have been mad when he wrote his "Song to David" and sane when he wrote his frightful odes, but for us his madness was more fruitful than his sanity. I have ventured

to give more of this interesting poem than is included in many anthologies because it is the gradual working up which brings out the full effect of the grand finale.

The feebleness of English poetry in the latter part of the 18th century is well described by an early poem, "To the Muses", by a then totally unknown poet, William Blake, who now ranks very high indeed:

*How have you left the ancient love
That birds of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!*

The last two lines could very appropriately be used to describe the poetical labours of Blake's unsatisfactory patron, William Hayley, who enjoyed a greater reputation than Blake ever did in his lifetime, and who (I blush to say) was actually praised by Gibbon. Among the more preposterous creations of 18th-century poetry I would recommend to the curious in such things the incredible "epic" of "Leonidas" by Richard Glover, and Grainger's didactic poem on the sugar cane. There is even one on hop gardens, which contains a superb passage on manure.

I have now accounted for most of the main groups of poets, however superficially. There remain the American poets, the Victorians proper, the poets of the nineties, and the moderns. I don't think the Victorians are under-represented, although I admit they do not stir me as the Romantics do, except perhaps Browning and Swinburne. Browning seems to me the most important of the post-Romantic poets of England. Indeed, I am inclined to think he was the last really major poet England produced. I think it indisputable that there is a decline in the second half of the century, in spite of such interesting figures as Hardy, Blunt, Hopkins, Bridges, and Henley.

While standard American poetry gave me anxious moments and I realised that my taste might not always be acceptable, all that was nothing compared with the difficulties of the modern section, American, British, and Dominions.

It is impossible to include everybody who might be held to deserve the attention of posterity, so the partisans of somebody—and probably of many poetical somebodies and nobodies—are going to be offended. On the other hand, by including even a little new and experimental work which has not yet acquired a trace of patina or prestige, the anthologist exposes himself to the charge of gross incompetence by including trash in a volume which contains Shakespeare and Milton. Moreover, by allotting only one or two poems to as many poets as possible, the effect may be given that they are all of equal importance or unimportance. Thus, the treatment of the moderns is a return to the "token" system used at the beginning of this book, though the difficulty here is the mass of material. This is especially true of Dominions poetry, of which I have been able to give only a very few "token" examples.

There remain two or three points which I should like to make clear to avoid any misapprehensions about the scope and limits of this book. I have given examples of light verse from "I Have a Gentil Cok" in the 15th century to G. K. Chesterton in the 20th, but I hope I have succeeded in keeping out the facetious and the whimsy-whamsy. I have tried to limit translations to such universally admired works as Fitzgerald's Omar and William Cory's "Heraclitus", which are poems in their own right, and I have tried to track down and to eliminate the unacknowledged translation or paraphrase. Thus Drummond of Hawthornden's "Sweet Spring, Thou Turn'st" and "Alexis, Here She Stay'd" and "The Beauty and the Life" were all rejected because they are translated respectively from Petrarch, Ronsard, and Guarini.

A standard anthology of the English-speaking world should limit itself to poems in standard English, and therefore I have rejected dialect poets, even the pleasant Dorset poet Barnes. Scots is not a dialect but that branch of Middle "Ynglis" which has been spoken and written for centuries in the ancient Kingdom of Scotland. Anybody who doubts this statement is requested to take up the matter with the first Scotsman he meets. I felt some doubt about two of the Kipling poems, but on discovering that not a word needs to be glossed I thought they might scrape by as standard English. The same prohibition applies to poems in thieves' jargon and in jabberwocky, neither of which can be called standard English. Parody and nonsense verses were also barred as being outside the book's logical scheme and because if you admit one you must admit a host. If you admit the Lewis Carroll parodies which delighted our childhood (when we didn't know they were parodies) then you must admit *Rejected Addresses* and "Quoth the Raven: Nelly Moore", and "Butter and Eggs and a Pound of Cheese" and the brilliant parodies by Chesterton and Sir John Squire and Swinburne's parody of himself and A. E. Housman's parody of a Greek tragedy and more and more. Though usually light-hearted, parody can be cruel. For instance, Byron's two parodies of Cowper's "Stanzas to Mary" rather mercilessly killed the original.

In the case of all standard and early writers I have tried to use a good text, by which I mean a text edited by a reputable scholar or published by a university press or by one of the large publishing houses which specialise in producing accurate texts of standard authors. In the case of some rare poets I have had to be content with the editions of Grosart, who, I discover, is not very highly esteemed by more recent and exact scholars.

The spelling of modern poets has of course been left unchanged—English spelling for the British, American for the Americans. But I must point out that some American poets seem to prefer English spelling or a style closer to it than to modern American standards. I have tried to respect these individual preferences. For Middle English and Scots I have made a glossary at the foot of each age. For that long period in England when spelling differed from modern usage, I have modernised. There are objections to this, I know, in the cases of Spenser and Milton and even of Dryden, but

I justify these liberties (which some readers will certainly dislike) on the ground that the object is to make as much poetry as possible accessible to as many readers as possible.

There was evidently a period when a past participle such as "looked" could be pronounced either "lookéd" or "look'd". Poets continued to write "look'd" and similar words long after the necessity for the usage had gone. Where I thought it desirable and an improvement, I have ventured to write "looked" instead of "look'd", and where in reading I found a "lookéd" word unmarked and it held me up in scanning the line I have also ventured to accent the "e." But I have *not* tried to make this a uniform "style". I have simply trusted my eye and ear in the individual poem or line, so that there may be variations on the same page. My reason for this liberty is once again the convenience of the modern reader.

As far as I could, I have freed the poems in this book of the fancy titles imposed on untitled poems by editors or anthologists. These are often confusing and a positive hindrance in search, because different people give different titles to the same poem. The obvious method of identifying an untitled poem is by part or the whole of the first line. If any invented titles are used here, the reason is that some editor has misled me.

A worse deception on the reader than this is to print an extract from a poem as if it were actually a whole short poem, or to drop one or more stanzas from a poem without warning the reader. This objectionable practice is very common. In this book whenever there is an extract from a longer poem, or if any line or stanza has been omitted from a short poem, the reader is always warned that what he is about to read is not a complete work by the fact that the title is preceded by "FROM". Thus under Milton the description of Athens in "Paradise Regained" is not printed as if it were a separate complete poem under some invented title; it is marked "FROM *Paradise Regained*". And so throughout the book.

Since many songs and lyrics originally appeared as part of a longer work such as a play or novel, I thought it might be worth noting the fact at the foot of the poem by giving the title of the play or novel from which it is quoted. This does not mean that the song or lyric is incomplete; it is complete in itself but taken from a play or novel and not from a collection of lyrics. I have also given the names of Elizabethan and Jacobean song books and collections, such as *England's Helicon*, followed by their dates. The dates of plays are of the first performance, whenever that is known; in other cases, the dates are of the earliest known publication.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	v
ANONYMOUS (A.D. 600-800)	1
ANONYMOUS (13TH CENTURY)	2
ANONYMOUS (14TH CENTURY)	2
JOHN BARBOUR (1320?-1395)	4
GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?-1400)	5
ANONYMOUS (15TH CENTURY)	16
JOHN SKELTON (1460?-1529)	19
WILLIAM DUNBAR (1460-1520?)	24
STEPHEN HAWES (1475?-1523?)	25
ANONYMOUS (PERIODS UNCERTAIN)	26
<i>BALLADS</i>	26
<i>CAROLS</i>	46
ANONYMOUS (15TH-16TH CENTURY)	53
ANONYMOUS (16TH CENTURY)	55
KING HENRY VIII (1491-1547)	55
ANONYMOUS (16TH CENTURY)	55
SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1543)	60
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1516-1547)	62
GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1525?-1577)	64
NICHOLAS BRETON (1542-1626)	65
THOMAS DELONEY (1543?-1607?)	68
SIR EDWARD DYER (1545?-1607)	70
BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN (15—?-1602)	71
ANONYMOUS (16TH CENTURY)	72
SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)	73
EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)	77
ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553-1633)	95
JOHN LYLY? (1553-1606)	96
FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628)	97
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)	99
THOMAS LODGE (1556?-1625)	103
GEORGE PEELE (1558?-1597)	106
CHIDIOCK TICHBOURNE (1558?-1586)	109
ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1592)	110
GEORGE CHAPMAN (1560-1634)	114
ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-1595)	118

HENRY CONSTABLE (1562?-1613?)	120
SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)	121
JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1563-1618)	124
MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)	125
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)	132
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)	141
RICHARD ROWLANDS, <i>alias</i> VERSTEGAN (1565-1630)	164
THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601)	164
WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING (1567?-1640)	166
THOMAS CAMPION (1567-1619)	166
SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)	173
SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569-1626)	174
SIR ROBERT AYTOUN (1570-1638)	175
THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1641?)	176
THOMAS MIDDLETON (1570?-1627)	181
BEN JONSON (1573-1637)	182
JOHN DAY (15-?-1640?)	189
JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)	190
RICHARD BARNEFIELD (1574-1627)	207
JOSEPH HALL (1574-1656)	209
JOHN MARSTON (1575?-1634)	210
THOMAS HEYWOOD (1575?-1650?)	212
JOHN CHALKHILL (15-?-16-?)	212
CYRIL TOURNEUR (1575?-1626)	214
HENRY FARLEY (15-?-16-?)	216
JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)	216
JOHN WEBSTER (1580-1630?)	226
RICHARD CORBET (1582-1635)	227
PHINEAS FLETCHER (1582-1650)	228
SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627)	230
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1583-1648)	230
WILLIAM BASSE (1583?-1653?)	233
PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-1640)	234
FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616)	234
WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN (1585-1649)	237
GILES EARLE (15-?-16-?)	239
JOHN FORD (1586-1639)	241
SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON (1587-1642)	243
GEORGE WITHER, (1588-1667)	244
GILES FLETCHER THE YOUNGER (1588?-1623)	250
WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK (1591-1643?)	251

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)	255
HENRY KING (1592-1669)	265
GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)	267
THOMAS MAY? (1595-1650)	272
JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)	272
THOMAS CAREW (1598?-1639?)	273
ANONYMOUS (17TH CENTURY)	277
WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654)	297
THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1635)	297
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668)	301
EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)	302
JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)	304
SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)	327
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643)	333
JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUESS OF MONTROSE (1612-1650)	334
SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680)	335
RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?-1649)	338
JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658)	346
SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1669)	348
RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)	349
ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)	352
ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)	358
HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695)	364
THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678)	370
JOHN HALL (1627-1656)	371
CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687)	372
JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)	377
KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631-1664)	389
SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1635?-1691)	390
SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701)	392
APHRA BEHN (1640-1689)	394
THOMAS SHADWELL (1642?-1692)	395
JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680)	396
THOMAS OTWAY (1652-1685)	399
JOHN OLDHAM (1653-1683)	400
DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731)	402
ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA (1661?-1720)	403
WILLIAM WALSH (1663-1708)	404
MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721)	405
JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)	406
WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729)	410
ABEL EVANS (1679-1737)	411

EDWARD YOUNG (1683-1765)	411
JOHN GAY (1685-1732)	411
ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758)	414
HENRY CAREY (1687-1743)	415
ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)	416
THOMAS WARTON THE ELDER (1688-1745)	427
JOHN BYROM (1692-1763)	427
ROBERT BLAIR (1699-1746)	427
JOHN DYER (1700?-1758)	428
JAMES THOMSON THE ELDER (1700-1748)	429
SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)	434
RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785)	436
WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714-1763)	438
THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)	438
FRANCIS FAWKES (1720-1777)	447
JAMES GRAINGER (1721-1767)	448
WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)	449
CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-1771)	451
JANE ELLIOT (1727-1805)	457
THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER (1728-1790)	458
OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728?-1774)	459
WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)	462
JAMES BEATTIE (1735-1803)	468
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (1735-1788)	468
MICHAEL BRUCE (1746-1767)	470
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817)	471
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816)	472
THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770)	473
ANONYMOUS (18TH CENTURY)	474
WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)	476
ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)	487
WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850)	510
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)	510
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)	522
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)	530
CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)	548
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)	548
THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)	555
JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)	558
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866)	560
GEORGE GORDON, BYRON LORD BYRON (1788-1824)	564
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)	580

JOHN CLARE (1793-1864)	599
✓ WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)	600
✓ JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)	602
GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)	622
✓ HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849)	623
THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)	623
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859)	626
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED (1802-1839)	626
RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)	627
THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1849)	632
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN (1803-1849)	636
RICHARD HENGIST HORNE (1803-1884)	638
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)	639
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)	645
EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)	647
ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)	658
EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)	668
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)	678
ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)	680
✓ CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855)	698
HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)	699
EMILY JANE BRONTË (1818-1848)	701
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861)	704
WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)	705
HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891)	715
✓ MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)	721
WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY (1823-1892)	732
COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE (1823-1896)	732
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824-1889)	733
GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)	735
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)	742
CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)	748
EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886)	753
JAMES THOMSON (1834-1882)	756
WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)	761
JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY (1835-1895)	768
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)	771
THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)	793
HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921)	799
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840-1893)	799
WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT (1840-1922)	800

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)	805
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844-1889)	806
ANDREW LANG (1844-1912)	808
ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881)	809
ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-1930)	809
ALICE MEYNELL (1849-1922)	811
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849-1903)	813
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)	815
FIONA MACLEOD, pseudonym of WILLIAM SHARP (1855-1905)	816
OSCAR WILDE (1856-1900)	817
JOHN DAVIDSON (1857-1909)	821
ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (1859-1936)	823
FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907)	825
EDEN PHILLPOTTS (b. 1862)	829
VICTOR PLARR (1863-1929)	830
GEORGE SANTAYANA (b. 1863)	830
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939)	832
MICHAEL FIELD	836
ARTHUR SYMONS (b. 1865)	837
RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)	837
ERNEST DOWSON (1867-1900)	842
A. E.—GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL (1867-1935)	843
LIONEL JOHNSON (1867-1902)	844
EDGAR LEE MASTERS (b. 1869)	844
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869-1935)	845
LAURENCE BINYON (1869-1944)	846
WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES (1870-1940)	846
HILAIRE BELLOC (b. 1870)	847
LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS (1870-1945)	848
CHARLOTTE MEW (1870-1928)	848
STEPHEN CRANE (1871-1900)	849
RALPH HODGSON (b. 1872)	850
FORD MADDOX FORD (1873-1939)	850
WALTER DE LA MARE (b. 1873)	852
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-1936)	854
ROBERT FROST (b. 1875)	855
JOHN MASEFIELD (b. 1878)	857
EDWARD THOMAS (1878-1917)	859
HAROLD MONRO (1879-1932)	860
WALLACE STEVENS (b. 1879)	862

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE (1881-1938)	863
PADRAIC COLUM (b. 1881)	864
JAMES JOYCE (1882-1941)	865
JAMES STEPHENS (b. 1882)	866
ANNA WICKHAM (b. 1883)	867
THOMAS ERNEST HULME (1883-1917)	868
JAMES ELROY FLECKER (1884-1915)	868
WILSON MacDONALD (b. 18—?)	869
DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE (1885-1930)	871
EZRA LOOMIS POUND (b. 1885)	876
SIEGFRIED SASSOON (b. 1886)	877
H.D.—HILDA DOOLITTLE (b. 1886)	877
ROBINSON JEFFERS (b. 1887)	879
ELINOR WYLIE (1887-1928)	880
LEONARD BACON (b. 1887)	881
MARIANNE MOORE (b. 1887)	882
RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915)	882
THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT (b. 1888)	883
CONRAD AIKEN (b. 1889)	887
ISAAC ROSENBERG (1890-1918)	888
OSBERT SITWELL (b. 1892)	889
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH (b. 1892)	891
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (b. 1892)	892
WILFRED OWEN (1893-1918)	893
ERIC ROBERTSON DODDS (b. 1893)	894
ALDOUS HUXLEY (b. 1894)	894
ROBERT GRAVES (b. 1895)	897
EDWARD DAVISON (b. 1898)	897
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT (b. 1898)	898
SACHEVERELL SITWELL (b. 1900)	899
ROY CAMPBELL (b. 1902)	900
CECIL DAY LEWIS (b. 1904)	900
WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (b. 1907)	901
LOUIS MacNEICE (b. 1907)	902
STEPHEN SPENDER (b. 1909)	902
FREDERIC PROKOSCH (b. 1909)	903
DYLAN THOMAS (b. 1914)	904
DELMORE SCHWARTZ (b. 1914)	904
INDEX OF POETS	907
INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND TITLES	910
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	935

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.

ALEXANDER POPE

ANONYMOUS

(A.D. 600-800)

FROM *Beowulf*

What! We of Spear-Danes in spent days,
Of the Folk-Kings' force have heard,
How the Athelings excelled in fight.
Oft Shield of the Sheaf from scathing hordes,
From many meiniess their mead-stools tore.
Affrighted them the Earl, since erst he was
Found, unwealthy; then friendship he awaited,
Waxed under the welkin, in worship throve,
Until each one of those out-dwelling
Over the whale-road, must hearken to him,
Gold must give him. That was a good King.
His offspring was afterwards known,
Young in the yards, whom God sent
The folk to befriend; the fierce dearth He knew
They had ere then endured, lacking elders
A long while. To him the Life-Lord
Glory's Wielder, world-honour gave.
Noble was Beowulf (bloomed wide his name)
Shielde's son in the Scæde-lands.
So shall a young groom work his own good,
By full fees given to friends of his father,
That with him in his age they may ever abide,
Willing comrades, whenas war cometh,
To serve the people; by praised deeds shall
One man thrive among all man-kind.
Turned aside then Shield in the time shaped for him,
Full-ripe, to fare in Frea's keeping.
Him then out they bare to the brink of ocean,
His sweet companions, so himself had bidden,
While his words had weight, welcome friend of Shieldings;
A beloved land-chief, long had he reigned.
There in the roads ring-stemmed she stood,
Icy, out-faring, an atheling's craft:
Laid they down then the lovely Prince,
Bestower of bracelets, in the breast of the ship,
Their man by the mast. There was a mass of wealth,
Fretted gold ferried from far away.
Nor heard I of a keel more comely-wise garnished
With brave weapons and battle-weeds,
With bills and byrnies; on his breast lay
Many treasures that must with him
In the flood's keeping fare afar.
Nothing less of gifts they allowed him,
Of their possessions than had those
Who at his first faring forth had sent him

Alone over ocean, an infant indeed.
 Still more, they stood up for him a golden standard
 High over head; they let the holm bear him,
 Sent him to the Spear-Man; sad was their soul,
 Mournful their mood. For men knew not
 How soothly to say, men seely in council,
 Of their hero under heaven who that lading received.

Translated from Old English by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEF

ANONYMOUS

(13TH CENTURY)

"Sing Cuccu . . ."

Sing cuccu nu! Sing cuccu!
 Sing cuccu! Sing cuccu nu!

Sumer is icumen in,
 Lhudé sing cuccu;
 Groweth sed and bloweth med
 And springeth the wdé nu.
 Sing cuccu!
 Awé bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calvé cu;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucké verteth;
 Murie sing cuccu.
 Cuccu, cuccu,
 Well singes thu, cuccu,
 Ne swik thu naver nu.

ANONYMOUS

(14TH CENTURY)

"Bytuené Mersh and Averil"

Bytuené Mersh and Averil,
 When spray biginneth to springe,
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 On hyre lud to synge.
 Ich libbe in love-longinge
 For semlokest of allé thinge;
 He may me blissé bringe;
 Icham in hire baundoun.
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhent;
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent;
 From allé wymmen mi love is lent
 Ant lyht on Alysoun.

Nu, now. Lhudé, loud. Sed, med, seed, mead. Wdé, wood. Awé, ewe. Lhouth, loweth. Cu, cow. Verteth, hides in the green wood. Murie, merry. Swik, cease.

Lutel foul, little bird. Hire, her. Lud, voice. Ich libbe, I live. Semlokest, seemlest. He, she. Icham, I am. Baundoun, lordship. Hendy, fair. Hap, fortune. Ichabbe, I have. Yhent, gained. Ichot, I wot. Lyht, lights.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
 Hire browē broune, hire eyē blake;
 With lossum chere he on me loh,
 With middel smal ant wel ymake.
 Bote he me wollē to hire take,
 Fortē buen hire owen make,
 Longe to lyven ichulle forsake,
 Ant feye fallen adoun.

Nihtēs when I wende ant wake,
 Forthi myn wongēs waxeth won.
 Levedi, al for thinē sake
 Longinge is ylent me on.
 In world nis non so wytermon,
 That al hire bountē telle con.
 Hire swyre is whittore then the swon
 Ant feyrest may in toune.

Icham for wowing al forwake,
 Wery so water in wore.
 Lest eny revē me my make,
 Ichabbe y-yernēd yore.
 Betere is tholien whyle sore,
 Then mournen evermore.
 Geynest under gore,
 Herknē to my roun.
 An hendi hap ichabbe yhent;
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent;
 From allē wymmen mi love is lent
 Ant lyht on Alysoun

ANONYMOUS

(14TH CENTURY)

"Lenten Is Come . . ."

Lenten is come with love to toune,
 With blosmen and with briddēs rounē,
 That al this blissē bringeth,
 Dayēs-eyēs in this dales,
 Notēs suete of nytēgales;
 Uch foul song singeth.
 The threstelcoc him threteth oo:
 Away is huere wynter woo,

Heu, hue. Hire her, her hair. Lossum, lovesome. He, she. Loh, laughed. Bote unless. Fortē buen, for to be. Make, mate. Ichulle, I shall. Feye, lifeless. Wende turn. Forthi therefore. Wongēs, cheeks. Won, wan. Levedi, lady. Nis, is not. Wytermon, wise man. Swyre, neck. May, maid. Wowing, wooing. Wore weir. Revē, rob. Yore long. Tholien, to endure. Geynest, most graceful. Gore, skirt. Roun, song.

Lenten, Lent. Briddēs, birds. Rounē, song. Uch, each. Foul, bird. Threstelcoc, blackbird. Threteth oo, ever chides. Huere, their. Woo, woo.

When wodërovë springeth.
 This foulës singeth ferly fele
 And wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
 That al the wodë ryngeth.

The rosë rayleth hire rode;
 The levës on the lyhtëwode
 Wexen all with wille.
 The monë mandeth hire bleo;
 The lillie is lossom to seo,
 The fenyl ant the fille.
 Wowës thisë wildë drakes;
 Milës murgeth huere makes,
 Ase strem that striketh stille.
 Mody meneth, so doth mo
 Ichot ycham on of tho
 For love that likës ille.

The monë mandeth hire lyht;
 So doth semly sonnë bryht,
 When briddës singeth breme.
 Deawës donketh the dounes,
 Deores with huere dernë rounes,
 Domës fortë deme.
 Wormes woweth under cloude;
 Wymmen waxeth wounder proude.
 So wel hit wol hem seme.
 Yef me shal wontë wille of on,
 This wunnë weole I wole forgon,
 Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

JOHN BARBOUR

(1320?-1395)

FROM *The Bruce*

A! fredome is a noble thing!
 Fredome mayss man to haiff liking;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis:
 He levys at ess that frely levys!

Wodërovë, wood-ruff. Ferly fele, wondrous many. Wlyteth, whistle. Wele, joy. Rayleth, sends forth. Rode, red. Wille, desire. Mandeth hire bleo, sends out her light. Lossom to seo, lovesome to see. Fenyl, fennel. Fille, thyme. Wowës, woos. Milës murgeth huere makes, Wild things make merry (with) their mates. Ase, as. Striketh, flows. Mody meneth, so doth mo. The passionate man complains, and so do others. Ichot ycham, I wol I am. On of tho, one of those. Breme, valiantly. Deawës, dews. Donketh, molsten. Dounes, downs. Deores, animals. Dernë, secret. Domës fortë deme, whereby they converse. Wormës woweth under cloude, Worms woo under clod. Hit, it. Yef, if. Wontë, want. Wunnë weole, wealth of delight. Fleme, fugitive.

Mayss, makes. Haiff, have. Liking, happiness. Giffis, gives. Ess, ease. Levys, lives.

A noble hart may haiff nane ess
 Na elles nocht that may him pless,
 Gyff fredome failhe; for fre liking
 Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that aye hass levyt fre
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrie,
 The angry, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyridome;
 Bot gyff he had assayit it
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt,
 And suld think fredome mar to pryss
 Than all the gold in warld that is.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(1340?-1400)

FROM *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*

1.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
 The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
 And bathed every veyne in swich licour
 Of which vertu engendered is the flour;
 Whan Zephyrus eek with his sweete breeth
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halve cours yronne,
 And smale fowles maken melodye,
 That slepen al the nyght with open ye
 (So priketh hem nature in hir corages);
 Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes.
 To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes:
 And specially from every shires ende
 Of Engelonde to Caunterbury they wende,
 The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke

2

There was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hir smylng was full symple and coy;
 Hire gretteste ooth was but by Seinte Loy;
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful weel she soong the service dyvyne,

Nane, no Na elles nocht, *nor aught else*. Pless, *please*. Gyff, *if*. Failhe, *fail*. Yharnyt, *desired*. Our, *above*. Na, *nor*. Nocht knaw, *not know*. Dome, *juice*. Cowplyt, *coupled*. Thyridome, *thralldom*. Bot, *but*. Assayit, *experienced*. Perquer, *thoroughly*. Suld, *should*. Mar, *more*. Pryss, *prize*.

Whan, *when*. Shoures, *showers*. Soote, *sweet*. Droghte, *drought*. Veyne, *sap-vessel*. Swich, *such*. Licour, *moisture*. Flour, *flower*. Inspired, *breathed*. Holt, *cultivated land*. Heeth, *heath, wild land*. Yonge, *young*. His halve cours yronne, *has run half his course*. Fowles, *birds*. Ye, *eye*. Priketh, *stirs*. Hem, *them*. Corages, *desires*. Thanne, *then*. Strondes, *strands*. Ferne halwes, *distant saints*. Kowthe, *known*. Londes, *lands*. Seeke, *sick*.

Nonne, *nun*. Hir, *hire, her*. Ooth, *oath*. Seinte Loy, *Saint Eligius*. Cleped, *named*.

Entuned in hir nose ful semely,
 And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly.
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frenssh of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At mete wel ytaught was she with alle:
 She leet no morsel from her lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fyngres in hir sauce depe;
 Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe
 That no drope ne fille upon hire brest.
 In curteisie was set ful muchel hir lest.
 Hir over-lippe wyped she so clene
 That in her coppe there was no ferthyng sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte
 And sikerly she was of greet desport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
 And peyned hire to countrefete cheere
 Of court, and to been estatlich of manere.
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But, for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous
 She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous
 Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
 With rosted flessch, or milk and wastel-breed.
 But soore wepte she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semyly hir wympul pynched was;
 Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas,
 Hir mouth ful smal, and thereto softe and reed.
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
 It was almoost a spanne brood, I trowe.
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetys was hir cloke, as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,
 And theron heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

3.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat;
 Upon his heed a Flaundryssh bever hat,
 His bootes clasped faire and fetisly.
 His resons he spak ful solempnely,

Semely, pleasantly. Fetisly, gracefully. Mete meat. Ne, nor. Koude, could. Fille, fell. Lest, desire. Ferthyng, farthing, bit. Grece, grease. Raughte, reached. Sikerly, certainly. Desport, mirth. Port, behaviour. Peyned, took pains. Estatlich, dignified. Digne, worthy. Pitous, full of pity. Wastel-breed, fine white bread. Yerde, stick. Tretys, well-shaped. Hardily, certainly. Fetys, graceful. War, aware. Peirs, pair. Gauded, trimmed. Sheene, bright.

Berd, beard. Mottelee, parti-coloured cloth. Flaundryssh, Flanders. Remys, opinkins

Sownynge alwey th' encrees of his wynnyng.
 He wolde the see were kept for any thyng
 Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
 Wel koude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette:
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So estatly was he of his governaunce
 With his bargaynes and with his chevysaunce.
 For sothe he was a worthy man with alle,
 But, sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.

4.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto logyk hadde longe ygo.
 As leene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,
 But looked holwe, and thereto sobrelly.
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtpey;
 For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie.
 But al be that he was a philosopre,
 Yet hadde he but litel golde in coffre;
 But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,
 On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 On hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye.
 Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede.
 Noght o word spak he moore than was neede.
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
 And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence.
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye.
 Whit was his berd as is the dayesye;
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn:

Sownynge, proclaiming. Encrees, increase. Wynnyng, gains. He wolde the see were kept, he wanted the sea held. Middelburgh, Middelburg, Holland. Orewelle, the river Orwell, England. Sheeldes, French money. His wit bisette, applied his mind. Wiste, knew. Wight, person. Estatly, dignified. Governance, demeanour. Chevysaunce, dealing in money. Noot, know not.

Hadde longe ygo, had long been studying. Nas nat, was not. Holwe, hollow. Overeste courtpey, short overcoat. Geten, gotten. Office, secular employment. Hym was levere, he would rather. Fithele, fiddle. Sautrie, psaltrey. Hente, obtain. Preye, pray. Yaf, gave. Scoleye, study. Cure, care. Noght o, not one. Sentence, significance. Sownynge in, making for.

Frankeleyn, a franklin, a wealthy land-owner. Dayesye, daisy. Morwe, morning. Sop in wyn, bread dipped in wine.

To lyven in delit was evere his wone,
 For he was Epicurus owene sone,
 That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit
 Was verraily felicitee parfit.
 An householdere, and that a greet, was he;
 Seint Julian he was in his contree.
 His breed, his ale, was always after oon;
 A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
 Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of all deyntees that men koude thynke.
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe,
 And many a breem and many a luce in stuwe.
 Wo was his cook but if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his geere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.
 At sessionours ther was he lord and sire;
 Ful ofte tyme he was knyght of the shire.
 An anlaas and a gipser all of silk
 Heeng at his girdel, whit as morne milk.
 A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour.
 Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

6.

A good Wif was ther of biside Bathe,
 But she was somdele deaf, and that was scathe
 Of clooth-makynge she had swich an haunt,
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
 In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon
 That to the offrynge bifore hire sholde goon;
 And if ther dide, certayn so wrooth was she,
 That she was out of alle charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne weren of ground;
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
 That on a Sonday weren upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite yteyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe.
 Boold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.

Wone, custom. Pleyn, complete. Seint Julian, saint of hospitality. Breed, bread. After oon, uniformly good. Envyned, stocked with wine. Noon, none. Snewed, snowed. Deyntees, dainties. Koude, could. Soper, supper. Muwe, coop. Breem, bream. Luce, pike. Stuwe, stew. Geere, utensils. Table dormant, a permanently fixed table. Anlaas, anlace, a dagger. Gipser, purse. Heeng, hung. Morne, morning. Shirreve, sheriff. Countour, accountant or non-professional pleader in the law courts. Vavasour, a minor feudal land-holder.

Somdele, somewhat. Deef, deaf. Scathe, a pity. Swich an haunt, so much skill. Ne was ther noon, there was none. Offrynge, offering in church. Wrooth, angry. Coverchiefs, head-dress. Ground, texture. Dorste, durst. Weyeden, weighed. Hosen, stockings. Reed, red. Streite yteyd, tightly tied. Moyste, soft. Hewe, hue.

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve:
 Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve,
 Withouten oother compaignye in youthe,
 But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe.
 And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem;
 She hadde passed many a straunge strem;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne.
 She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye.
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
 Upon an amblere esily she sat,
 Ywympled wel, and on hir heed an hat
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel about her hipes large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
 In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe.
 Of remedies of love she knew per chaunce,
 For she koude of that art the olde daunce.

7.

The Millere was a stout carl for the nones;
 Ful byg he was of brawn, and eek of bones.
 That proved wel, for over al ther he cam,
 At wrastlynge he wolde have alwey the ram.
 He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre;
 Ther was no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
 Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
 And thereto brood, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and thereon stood a toft of herys,
 Reed as the bristles of a sowes erys;
 His nosethirles blake were and wyde.
 A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde.
 His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys
 He was a jangler and a goliardeys,
 And that was moost of synne and harlotries.
 Wel koude he stelen corn and tollen thries;
 And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
 A whit cote and blew hood wered he.
 A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowne,
 And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

As nowthe, now. Thries, thrice. Boloigne, Boulogne sur Mer. Galice at Seint Jame, Santiago de Compostela in Galicia. Coloigne, Cologne. Koude, knew. Gat-tothed, teeth set wide apart. Amblere, an ambling horse. Ywympled, wrapped in a wimple. Bokeler, buckler. Targe, shield. Foot-mantel, a cloth covering worn over the skirt in riding. Hipes, hips. Spores, spurs. Felaweshipe, fellowship. Koude, could. Carpe, talk. Koude, knew.

Carl, fellow. For the nones, indeed, exceedingly. Over al ther he cam, above all others in the place from which he came. The ram, the prize. Brood, broad. Thikke knarre, thickset heavy man. Nolde heve of harre, could not lift off its hinge. Rennyng, running. Hood, head. Berd, beard. Reed, red. Cop, tip. Werte, wart. Toft of herys, tuft of hairs. Bristles, bristles. Erys, ears. Nosethirles, nostrils. Bokeler, buckler. Bar, carried. Greet, great. Forneys, furnace. Jangler, chatterer. Goliardeys, coarse buffoon. Tollen thries, charge people three times over. A thombe of gold, a thumb of gold i.e., honest for a miller. Pardee, truly. Koude, could.

FROM *The Reeve's Tale*

At Trumpyngtoun nat fer from Cantebrigge,
 Ther gooth a brook, and over that a brigge,
 Upon the whiche brook ther stant a melle;
 And this is verray sooth that I yow telle:
 A millere was ther dwellynge many a day.
 As any pecok he was proud and gay.
 Pipen he koude and fisshe, and nettes beete,
 And turne coppes, and wel wrastle and sheete;
 Ay by his belt he baar a long panade,
 And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.
 A joly poppere baar he in his pouche;
 Ther was no man, for peril, dorste hym touche.
 A Sheffield thwitel baar he in his hose.
 Round was his face, and camus was his nose;
 As piled as an ape was his skulle.
 He was a market-betere atte fulle.
 Ther dorste no wight hand upon hym legge,
 That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.
 A theefe he was for sothe of corn and mele,
 And that a sly, and usant for to stele.
 His name was hooted deynous Symkyn.

A wyf he hadde, ycomen of noble kyn;
 The person of the toun hir fader was.
 With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras,
 For that Symkyn sholde in his blood allye.
 She was yfostred in a nonnerye.
 And she was proud, and peert as is a pye.
 A ful fair sight was it upon hem two;
 On halydayes biforn hire wolde he go
 With his typet bounden aboute his heed,
 And she cam after in a gyte of reed;
 And Symkyn hadde hosen of the same.
 Ther dorste no wight clepen hire but "dame";
 Was noon so hardy that wente by the weye
 That with hire dorste rage or ones pleye,
 But if he wolde be slayn of Symkyn
 With panade, or with knyf, or boidekyn.
 For jalous folk ben perilous everemo;

Cantebrigge, Cambridge. Brigge, bridge. Melle, mill. Koude, could. Nettes beete, weave nets. Turne coppes, make wooden cups. Sheete, shoot. Baar, carried. Panade, cutlass. Joly poppere, neat dagger. For peril, because of the risk. Dorste, durst. Sheffield thwitel, large Sheffield knife. Camus, snub-nosed. Piled, usually "bald", but here probably "hairy". Market-betere, swaggerer at market places. Wight, person. Swoor, swore. Abegge, pay dearly for it. For sothe, forsooth. Usant, accustomed. Stele, steal. Hooted, called. Deynous, scornful. Ycomen, come. Person, parson. Hire, her. Yaf, gave. Panne, pan. Bras, brass. Allye, ally. Yfostred, reared. Nonnerye, nunnery. Peert, saucy. Pye, magpie. Halydayes, holidays. Biforn, before. Typet, tippet. Heed, head. Gyte of reed, red garment. Clepen, call. Noon, none. Hardy, bold. Rage, flir. Ones, once. Pleye, make jokes. But if he wolde, unless he wanted to be. Boidekyn, bodkin. Perilous, dangerous. Everemo, evermore.

Algate they wolde hire wyves wenden so.
 And eek, for she was somdel smoterlich,
 She was as digne as water in a dich,
 And ful of hoker and of bisemare.
 Hir thoughte that a lady sholde hire spare,
 What for her kynrede and hir nortelrie
 That she had lerned in the nonnerie.

FROM *The Wife of Bath's Tale*

In th'olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,
 Of which the Britons speken greet honour,
 Al was this land fulfild of fayerye.
 The elf-queene, with hir joly compaignye,
 Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede.
 This was the olde opinion, as I rede;
 I speke of manye hundred yeres ago.
 But now kan no man se none elves mo,
 For now the greet charitee and prayeres
 Of lymytours and othere hooly freres,
 That serchen every lond and every streem,
 As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,
 Blessyng halles, chambres, kichenes, boures,
 Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,
 Thropes, bernes, shipnes, dayeryes—
 This maketh that ther been no fayeryes.
 For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
 Ther walketh now the lymytour hymself
 In undermeles and in morwenynges,
 And seyth his matyns and his hooly thynges
 As he gooth in his lymytacioun.
 Wommen may go now sauffy up and down
 In every bussh or under every tree;
 Ther is noon oother incubus but he,
 And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.

FROM *The Parhament of Fowls*

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
 Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquerynge,
 The dredful joye, alwey that slit so yerne:

Algate, nevertheless. Hire, their. Wenden so, go in this way. Somdel smoterlich, somewhat besmirched (i.e., as illegitimate daughter of a priest). Digne, haughty. Dich, ditch. Hoker, disdain. Bisemare, scorn. Spare, be reserved. Kynrede, kindred. Nortelrie, education.

Greet, great. Fulfild, full. Fayerye, fairy-folk. Joly, merry. Grene mede, green meadow. Rede, think. None elves mo, no more elves. Lymytours, begging friars. Hooly freres, holy friars. Serchen, visit. Lond, land. Thikke, thick. Sonne-beem, sunbeam. Boures, women's rooms. Hye, high. Thropes, villages. Bernes, barns. Shipnes, stables. Dayeryes, dairies. Undermeles, afternoons. Morwenynges, mornings. Matyns, matins. Lymytacioun, friar's limit. Sauffy, safely. Noon, none.

Assay, trial. Dredful, timid. Slit so yerne, passes so quickly.

Al this mene I by Love, that my felynge
 Astonyeth with his wonderful werynge
 So sore iwys, that whan I on hym thynke,
 Nat wot I wel wher that I flete or synke.

Of usage—what for lust and what for lore—
 On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.
 But wherfore that I speke al this? Not yooore
 Agon, it happede me for to beholde
 Upon a bok, was write with lettres olde,
 And therupon, a certeyn thing to lerne,
 The longe day ful faste I redde and yerne.

For out of olde felde, as men seyth,
 Cometh all this newe corn from yer to yere,
 And out of olde bokes, in good feyth,
 Cometh al this newe science that men lere.
 But now to purpos as of this matere
 To rede forth hit gan me so delite,
 That al that day me thoughte but a lyte

FROM *Troilus and Criseyde*

Go, litel bok, go, litel myn tragedye,
 Ther God thi makere yet, er that he dye.
 So sende myght to make in some comedye!
 But litel book, no makyng thow n'envie,
 But subgit be to alle poesy;
 And kis the steppes, where as thow seest pace
 Virgil, Ovide, Omer, Lucan, and Stace

And for ther is so gret diversitie
 In Englissh and in writyng of oure tonge,
 So prey I God that non myswrite the,
 Ne the mysmetre for defaute of tonge.
 And red wherso thow be, or elles songe,
 That thow be understonde, God I besече!
 But yet to purpos of my rather speche.

O yonge, fresshe folkes, he or she,
 In which that love up groweth with youre age,
 Repeyreth hom fro worldly vanyte,

Astonyeth, confounds. Iwis, assuredly. Whan, when. Nat wot I, I know not. Wher, whether. Flete, float. Lust, pleasure. Lore, learning. Yow, you. Yooore, long. Ful faste, eagerly. Redde, read. Yerne, desired. Felde, fields. Seyth, say. Yer, yere, year. Feyth, faith. Lere, learn. Gan, did. A lyte, a little, i.e., short.

Bok, book. Ther God &c., and so may God grant that thy poet may write comedy before he dies. Makere, poet. Make, write poetry. No making thow n'envie, do thou envy no other writing. Subgit, subject. Omer, Homer. Stace, Statius. Tonge, tongue. Non, none. The, thee. Mysmetre, falsify the metre. Red, read. Elles songe, or else sung. Repeyreth hom, return home. Fro, from.

And of youre herte up casteth the visage
 To thilke God that after his ymage
 Yow made, and thynketh al nys but a faire
 This world, that passeth soon as floures faire.

And loveth hym, the which that right for love
 Upon a crois, oure soules for to beye,
 First starf, and roos, and sit in hevne above;
 For he nyl falsen no wight, dar I seye,
 That wol his herte al holly on hym leye.
 And syn he best to love is, and most meke,
 What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

Lo here, of payens corsed olde rites,
 Lo here, what alle hire goddes may availle;
 Lo here, this wrecched worldes appetites;
 Lo here, the fyn and guerdoun for travaille
 Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille!
 Lo here, the forme of olde clerkis speche
 In poetrie, if ye hire bokes seche.

O moral Gower, this book I directe
 To the and to the, philosophical Strode,
 To vouchen safe, ther nede is, to correcte,
 Of your benignities and zeles goode.
 And to that sothefast Crist, that starf on rode,
 With al myn herte of mercy evere I preye,
 And to the Lord right thus I speke and seye:

Thow oon, and two, and thre, eterne on lyve,
 That regnest any in thre, and two, and oon,
 Uncircumscript, and al maist circumscribe,
 Us from visible and invisible foon
 Defende, and to thy mercy, everichon,
 So make us, Jesus, for thi mercy digne,
 For love of mayde and moder thyn benigne.
 Amen.

Thilke, that. Al nys, all is—negative. Floures, flowers. Loveth, love—imperative. The which, who. Crois, cross. Beye, redeem. Starf, died. Roos, rose. Sit, sits. Nyl falsen, will not betray. Wight, person. Holly, wholly. Leye, recline. Syn, since. Meke, meek. Feyned, pretended. Seke, seek. Payens, pagans. Corsed, accursed. Hire, their. Fyn, end. Guerdoun, reward. Swich rascaille, such a mob. Seche, seek. Gower, English poet. The, thee. Strode, probably Ralph Strode, the scholar. Ther, where. Benignities, graciousness. Sothefast, true. Rode, road. Oon, one. Eterne on lyve, eternally living. Maist, mayest. Foon, foes. Everichon, every one. Digne, worthy. Benigne, gracious.

FROM *The Legend of Good Women*

And as for me, though that my wit be lite,
 On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
 And in myn herte have hem in reverence,
 And to hem yeve swich lust and swich credence
 That there is wel unethe game non
 That fro my bokes make me to gon,
 But be it other upon the halyday,
 Or ellis in the joly tyme of May,
 What that I here the smale foules synge,
 And that the floures gynne for to sprynge.
 Farwel my stodye, as lastynge that sesoun!
 Now have I therto this condicioun,
 That of alle the floures in the mede,
 Thanne love I most these floures white and rede,
 Swyche as men calle dayesyces in oure toun.
 To hem have I so gret affeccoun,
 As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,
 That in my bed there daweth me no day
 That I n'am up and walkynge in the mede
 To sen these floures agen the sonne sprede,
 The longe day thus walkynge in the grene.

Balade de Bon Conseil

Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,
 Suffyce unto thy good, though it be smal;
 For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
 Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;
 Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
 Reule wel thyself, that other folk canst rede;
 And trouthe thee shal delivere, it is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
 In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
 Gret reste stant in litel businesse;
 Be war also to sporne ayeysn an al;
 Stryve not, as doth the crokke with the wal.
 Daunte thyself, that dauntest otheres dede;
 And trouthe thee shal delivere, it is no drede.

Lite, slight. Rede, read. Hem, them. Yeve, give. Swich lust, such pleasure. Wel unethe game non, scarcely any amusement. Fro, from. Gon, go. Halyday, holiday. Ellis, else. Here, hear. Foules, birds. Floures, flowers. Gynne, begin. Stodye, study. As lastynge, during. Condicioun, state of mind. Mede, meadow. Thanne, then. Rede, red. Dayesyces, daisies. Erst, at first. Whan, when. Daweth, dawneth. N'am, am not. Agen, towards.

Fro, from. Prees, throng. Sothfastnesse, truth. Hord, avarice. Tikelnesse, instability. Wele blent, success blinds. Bihove, behave. Rede, advise. Drede, doubt. Tempest distress. Noght, not. Al croked, all crooked things. Hir, her, i.e., 'Fortune. Reste, repose. Be war, beware. Sporne, kick. Ayeysn, against. Al, awl. Crokke, crock. Daunte, control.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
 The wrastling for this world axeth a fal.
 Her is non hoom, her nis but wildernesse:
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
 Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
 Hold the heye way, and lat thy gost thee lede;
 And trouthe thee shal delivere, it is no drede.

ENVOY

Therefore, thou Vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse
 Unto the world; leve now to be thral;
 Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
 Made thee of noght, and in especial
 Draw unto him, and pray in general
 For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
 And trouthe thee shal delivere, it is no drede.

The Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse

To yow, my purse, and to noon other wight
 Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere!
 I am so sory, now that ye been lyght,
 I or certes, but ye make me hevy chere,
 Me were as leef be layd upon my bere,
 For which unto your mercy thus I crye:
 Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or yt be nyght,
 That I of yow this blissful soun may here,
 Or see your colour lyk the sonne bryght,
 That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
 Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,
 Quene of comfort and of good companye:
 Beth hevy ageyn, or elles moote I dye!

Now purse, that ben to me my lyves lyght
 And saveour, as down in this world here,
 Out of this toun help me thurgh your myght,
 Syn that ye wole nat ben my tresore;
 For I am shave as nye as any frere.
 But yet I pray unto your curtesye:
 Beth hevy agen, or elles moote I dye!

Buxumnesse, submission Axeth, asketh Her is non hoom, here is no home. Contree, country. Gost, spirit Lede, lead. Vache, cow. Hevenlich mede, heavenly reward

Stere, pilot. Nye, close. Frere, friar.

LENVOY DE CHAUCER

O conqueror of Brutes Albyon,
Which that by lyne and free eleccion
Been verray king, this song to yow I send;
And ye, that mowen alle oure harmes amende,
Have mind upon my supplicacion!

ANONYMOUS

(15TH CENTURY)

"I Sing of a Maiden"

I sing of a maiden
That is makéles,
King of all kinges
To her sone sche ches.

He cam also stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He cam also stille
To his moderès bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.

He came also stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and maiden
Was never non but sche;
Well may swich a lady
Godès moder be.

ANONYMOUS

(15TH CENTURY)

"I Am as Light as Any Roe"

I am as light as any roe
To preise womene where that I go.

To onpreise womene it were a shame,
For a woman was thy dame.
Our blessèd lady bereth the name
Of all womene where that they go.

Lyne, descent. Mowen, have power to. Harmes, misfortunes.

Makéles, mateless. Sche, she. Ches, chose. Moder, mother. Bour, bower. Swich, such.

A woman is a worthy thing;
 They do the washe and do the wringe;
 "Lullay, lullay!" she dothe thee singe;
 And yet she hath but care and wo.

A woman is a worthy wight;
 She serveth a man both day and night;
 Thereto she putteth alle her might;
 And yet she hath but care and wo.

ANONYMOUS

(15TH CENTURY)

"I Have a Gentil Cok"

I have a gentil cok
 Croweth me day;
 He doth me risen erly
 My matines for to say.

I have a gentil cok;
 Comen he is of grete;
 His comb is of red corel,
 His tail is of get.

I have a gentil cok,
 Comen he is of kinde;
 His comb is of red corel,
 His tail is of inde.

His legges ben of asour,
 So gentil and so smale;
 His spores arn of silver white
 Into the wortewale.

His eyen arn of cristal,
 Loken all in aumber;
 And every night he percheth him
 In mine ladyes chaumber.

ANONYMOUS

(15TH CENTURY)

"Bring Us in Good Ale . . ."

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
 For our blessed Lady sake bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no browne bred, for that is made of brane,
 Nor bring us in no white bred, for therein is no gane.
 But bring us in good ale!

Get, jet. Inde, indigo. Asour, azure. Spores, spurs. Wortewale, the skin of the claws
Loken, set. Brane, bran.

Bring us in no befe, for there is many bones,
 But bring us in good ale, for that goth downe at ones,
 And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fate,
 But bring us in good ale, and gife us enough of that;
 And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
 Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clene,
 But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many schelles,
 But bring us in good ale, and gife us nothing elles;
 And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many heres,
 Nor bring us in no pigges flesch, for that will make us bores,
 But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no podinges, for therein is all Godes good,
 Nor bring us in no venesen, for that is not for our blod;
 But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte dere,
 Nor bring us in no dokes flesch, for they slobber in the mere,
 But bring us in good ale!

ANONYMOUS

(15TH CENTURY)

"How, Butler, How!"

How, butler, how!

Bevis a tout'

O fill the boll, jentill butler,

And let the cup rout!

Jentill butler, bellamy,

Fill the boll by the eye,

That we may drink by and by,

With "How, butler, how!"

Bevis a tout'

Fill the boll, butler,

And let the cup rout!

Here is metë for us all,

Both for grete and for small,

I trow we must the butler call,

With "How, butler, how!"

Heres, hairs. Bores, boars. Podinges, puddings. Dokes, ducks. Slobber, slobber.
Bevis a tout, drink to all (Fr.). Boll, bowl. Rout, move. Bellamy, fair friend. (Fr.)

I am so dry I cannot speke;
 I am nigh chokēd with my mete;
 I trow the butler be aslepe.
 With "How, butler, how!"

Butler, butler, fill the boll,
 Or elles I beshrewe thy noll.
 I trow we must the bell toll,
 With, "How, butler, how!"

If the butler's name be Water,
 I would he were a galow claper;
 But if he bring us drink, the rather
 With "How, butler, how!"

JOHN SKELTON

(1460?–1529)

FROM *Philip Sparrow*

How shall I report
 All the goodly sort
 Of her features clear,
 That hath none earthly peer?
 The favour of her face
 Ennewed all with grace,
 Comfort, pleasure and solace.
 Mine heart doth so embrace,
 And so hath ravished me
 Her to behold and see,
 That in wordes plain
 I cannot me refrain
 To look on her again:
 Alas, what should I feign?
 It were a pleasant pain
 With her aye to remain

Her eyen gray and steep
 Causeth mine heart to leap;
 With her brows bent
 She may well represent
 Fair Lucrece, as I ween,
 Or else fair Polixene,
 Or else Calliope,
 Or else Penelope;
 For this most goodly flower,
 This blossom of fresh colour,
 So Jupiter me succour,
 She flourisheth new and new
 In beauty and virtue.

Noll, *noddle*. Galow claper, *Gallows clapper*. But if, *unless*.

The Indy sapphire blue
 Her veins doth ennew;
 The orient pearl so clear,
 The whiteness of her lere;
 Her lusty ruby ruddies
 Resemble the rose buddes;
 Her lips soft and merry
 Enblooméd like the cherry:
 It were an heavenly bliss
 Her sugar'd mouth to kiss.

FROM *Elinor Rumming*

And this comely dame,
 I understand, her name
 Is Elinor Rumming,
 At home in her winning;
 And as men say
 She dwelt in Surrey,
 In a certain stead
 Beside Leatherhead.
 She is a tonnish gib,
 The devil and she be sib.

But to make up my tale,
 She breweth nappy ale,
 And maketh thereof pot-sale
 To travellers, to tinkers,
 To sweaters, to swinkers,
 And all good ale-drinkers,
 That will nothing spare
 But drink till they stare
 And bring themselves bare,
 With "*Now away the mare!*"
 And let us slay care."
 As wise as an hare!

Come who so will
 To Elinor on the hill
 With "*Fill the cup, fill!*"
 And sit there by still,
 Early and late.
 Thither cometh Kate,
 Cisly, and Sare,
 With their legs bare,
 And also their feet
 Hardely full unsweet;

Lere, complexion.

Winning, dwelling. Tonnish gib, stylish cat. Sib, kin. Swinkers, labourers. Hardely, certainly.

With their heeles dagged,
 Their kirtles all to-jagged,
 Their smockes all to-ragged,
 With titters and tatters,
 Bring dishes and platters,
 With all their might running
 To Elinor Rumming
 To have of her tunning:
 She lendeth them on the same,
 And thus beginneth the game.

FROM *Against Garnesche*

What, have ye kithéd you a knight, Sir Douglas the Doughty,
 So curiously to beknave me in the king's palace?
 Ye sturdy strong stallion, so stern and stouty,
 Ye bear ye bold as Barrabas, or Sir Terry of Thrace;
 Ye grin grimly with your gummés and with your grisly face!
 But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have
 In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?

Your wind-shaken shanks, your long loathly legs,
 Crooked as a camock, and as a cow calfless,
 Brings you out of favour with all female tegs:
 That Mistress Punt put you off, it was not all causeless;
 At Orwell her haven your anger was lawless.
 But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have
 In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?

I say, ye solemn Saracen, all black is your ble;
 As a glede glowing, your eyen glister as glass,
 Rolling in your hollow head, ugly to see;
 Your teeth tainted with tawny; your snivelly snout deth pas-
 Hooked as an hawkés beak, like Sir Thopas.
 Boldly bend you to battle, and busk yourself to save:
 Challenge yourself for a fool, call me no more knave!

FROM *Speak, Parrot*

So many moral matters, and so little used;
 So much new making, and so mad time spent:
 So much translation into English confused;
 So much noble preaching, and so little amendment:
 So much consultation, almost to none intent;
 So much provision, and so little wit at need—
 Since Deucalion's flood there can no clerkés read.

Dagged. *bemired*

Camock, *hockey stick* Tegs, *sheep*. Ble, *visage*. Glede, *ember*.

So little discretion, and so much reasoning;
 So much hardy dardy, and so little manliness;
 So prodigal expence, and so shameful reckoning;
 So gorgeous garments, and so much wretchedness;
 So much portly pride, with purses penniless;
 So much spent before, and so much unpaid behind
 Since Deucalion's flood there can no clerkès find.

So much forecasting, and so far an after deal,
 So much politic prating, and so little standeth in stead.
 So little secretness, and so much great council;
 So many bold barons, their hearts as dull as lead;
 So many noble bodies under a daw's head;
 So royal a king as reigneth upon us all--
 Since Deucalion's flood was never seen nor shall.

To Mistress Margery Wentworth

With margerain gentle,
 The flower of goodlihead,
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.
 Plainly I cannot glose;
 Ye be, as I divine,
 The pretty primrose,
 The goodly columbine.
 With margerain gentle,
 The flower of goodlihead,
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.
 Benign, courteous, and meek,
 With wordes well devised;
 In you, who list to seek,
 Be virtues well comprised.
 With margerain gentle,
 The flower of goodlihead,
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.

To Mistress Isabel Pennell

By Saint Mary, my lady,
 Your mammy and your daddy,
 Brought forth a goodly baby!

My maiden Isabel,
 Reflaring rosabel,
 The fragrant camomel;
 The ruddy rosary,
 The sovereign rosemary,

The pretty strawberry;
 The columbine, the nept,
 The gillyflower well set,
 The proper violet:
 Ennewéd your colour
 Is like the daisy flower
 After the April shower;
 Star of the morrow gray,
 The blossom on the spray,
 The freshest flower of May;
 Maidenly demure,
 Of womanhood the lure;
 Wherefore I make you sure
 It were an heavenly health,
 It were an endless wealth,
 A life for God himself,
 To hear this nightingale
 Among the birdes smale
 Warbling in the vale,
 Dug, dug,
 Jug, jug,
 Good year and good luck,
 With chuck, chuck, chuck. chuck!

To Mistress Margaret Hussey

Merry Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower:
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness;
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly
 Her demeaning
 In every thing,
 Far, far passing
 That I can indite,
 Or suffice to write
 Of Merry Margaret
 As midsummer flower
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower.
 As patient and still
 And as full of good will
 As fair Isaphill,
 Coliander,
 Sweet pomander,
 Good Cassander,

Steadfast of thought,
 Well made, well wrought,
 Far may be sought
 Ere that he can find
 So courteous, so kind
 As Merry Margaret,
 This midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

(1460-1520?)

FROM *The Lament for the Makaris*

I that in heill was and gladness
 Am trublit now with great sickness
 And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,
 This fals world is but transitory,
 The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee,
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary,
 Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,
 Now dansand mirry, now like to die;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No state in Erd here standis sicker,
 As with the wynd wavis the wicker,
 So wannis this world's vanitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the ded gois all Estatis,
 Princes, Prelatis, and Potestatis,
 Baith rich and poor of all degree;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knightis in to the field
 Enarmit under helm and scheild,
 Victor he is at all mellie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strong unmerciful tyrand
 Takis, on the motheris breast sowkand,
 The babe full of benignitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Makaris, poets Heill, *health*. Trublit, *troubled*. Feblit, *enfeebled*. *Timor Mortis* conturbat me, *fear of death troubles me*. Bruckle, *brittle*. Feynd, *fiend*. Slee, *slly*. Sary, *sorry*. Mirry, *merry*. Erd, *earth*. Sicker, *surer*. Wicker, *willow*. Wannis, *wanes*. Mellie, *battle*. Sowkand, *suckling*.

He takis the campion in the stour,
 The captain closit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewtie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,
 Na clerk for his intelligence,
 His awful straik may no man flee;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art-magicianis and astrologgis,
 Rethoris, logicianis, and theologgis,
 Them helpis no conclusionis slee;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medicine the most practicianis,
 Leechis, surriganis, and physicianis,
 Themself fra ded may not supplee;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the lave
 Playis here their padyanis, syne gois to grave,
 Sparit is nocht their facultie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brethren tane,
 He will naught let me live alane,
 Of force I man his next prey be;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Since for the Death remeid is none,
 Best is that we for Death dispone,
 After our death that live may we;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

STEPHEN HAWES

(1475?-1523?)

FROM *The Passetyme*

O mortal folk, you may behold and see
 How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight;
 The end of joy and all prosperity
 Is death at last, thorough his course and might:
 After the day there cometh the dark night,
 For though the day be never so long,
 At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

Campion, *champion*. Stour, *battle*. Tour, *tower*. Piscence, *puissance*. Straik, *stroke*.
 Fra, *from*. Supplee, *save*. Makaris, *poets*. The lave, *the rest*. Padyanis, *pageants*.
 Syne, *soon*. Sparit, *spared*. Sen, *since*. Tane, *taken*. Alane, *alone*. Man, *must*.
 Remeid, *remedy*. Dispone, *make ready*.

BALLADS

ANONYMOUS

(PERIODS UNCERTAIN)

Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid sailôr,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's richt knee:
Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailôr,
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the sea?

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our good schip sails the morne;
O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastér,
That we will come to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
But lang owre a' the play were played,
Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
 Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fadom deip:
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

(Percy's text)

The Falcon

Lully, lulley! lully, lulley!
The faucon hath borne my make away!

He bare him up, he bare him down,
 He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was an halle,
 That was hangéd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
 It was hangéd with gold sa red.

And in that bed there li'th a knight,
 His woundés bleeding day and night.

At that bed's foot there li'th a hound,
 Licking the blood as it runs down.

By that bed-side kneeleth a may,
 And she weepeth both night and day.

And at that bed's head standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

Lully, lulley! lully, lulley!
The faucon hath borne my make away.

FROM *The Birth of Robin Hood*

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
 And mony ane sings o' corn,
 And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood
 Kens little where he was born.

It wasna in the ha', the ha',
 Nor in the painted bower;
 But it was in the gude green-wood,
 Among the lily-flower.

FROM *Robin Hood and the Monk*

In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To hear the foulis song:

To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hillés hee,
And shadow hem in the levés grene,
Under the grene-wode tre.

Hit befel on Whitsontide,
Erly in a May mornying,
The Son up feyre can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

"This is a mery mornying," said I tull John,
"Be Hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man then I am one
Lyves not in Christianté.

"Pluck up thi hert, my dere mayster,"
Litull John can sey,
"And think hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornying of May."

FROM *The Death of Robin Hood*

"I never hurt maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up
There shall my grave digged be.

"But lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
And under my head a sod;
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his make,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Down in yonder greené field
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

"His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep;

"His hawks they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh."

Down there comes a fallow doe
As great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman.

The Unquiet Grave

"The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love;
In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"

" 'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long."

" 'Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that e'er was seen
Is withered to a stalk."

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away."

Thomas the Rhymer

True Thomas lay on Hunthie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be"

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee."

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

Ferlie, wonder. Tett, tuft. Siller, silver. Harp and carp, play and 'recite. Weird, doom, fate.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquire.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
 "Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," true Thomas he said;
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
 I neither dought to buy or sell
 At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"
 "Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
 And till seven years were gane and past,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Chevy Chase

FYTTE 1

The Percy out of Northumberland,
 An avow to God made he
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
 And all that e'er with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
 He would kill and carry away.
 "By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
 "I will let that hunting if I may!"

Then the Percy out of Banborowe came,
 With him a mighty meinye,
 With fifteen hundred archers bold
 Chosen out of shirés three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
 In Cheviot the hills so hye;
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 It was the more pitye.

The drivers through the woodés went
 All for to raise the deer,
 Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
 With their broad arrows clear.

Dought, *could*.

Fytte, *canto*. In the maugre, *despite*. Let, *hinder*. Meinye, *train*. Bicker'd, *skirmished*. Bent, *heath*.

Then the wild thoro' the woodés went
 On every sidé shear;
 Greyhounds thoro' the grevés glent
 For to kill their deer.

This began on Cheviot the hills abune
 Early on a Monenday;
 But that it drew to the hour of noon
 A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
 They 'sembled on sidés shear;
 To the quarry then the Percy went
 To the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas' promise
 This day to meet me here;
 But I wist he would fail, verament!"
 A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
 Lookéd at his hand full nigh;
 He was ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
 With him a great meinye.

Both with speär, bill and brand,
 'Twas a nughty sight to see:
 Hardier men both of heart nor hand
 Were not in Christianté.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
 Withouten any fail:
 They were born along by the water o' Tweed
 I' the boun's o' Teviotdale.

"Leave off the brittling of deer," he said;
 "To your bows look ye take good heed,
 For sith ye were on your mothers born
 Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
 Rode all his men befor;
 His armour glitter'd as did a gleed,
 Bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me whose men ye are," he says,
 "Or whose men that ye be;
 Who gave you leave in this Cheviot chase
 In the spite of mine and of me?"

Shear, sheer. Grevés, bushes. Glent, glitter or move swiftly. Abune, above. Mort, bugle call at the kill. Brittling, cutting up. Wist, thought. Verament, truly. Bill, halberd. Gleed, ember.

The first man that him answer made
 It was the good Lord Percy:
 "We will not tell whose men we are,
 Nor whose men that we be;
 But we will hunt here in this chase
 In spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
 We have killed to carry away."
 "By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
 "The one of us dies this day.

"Yet to kill allé these guiltless men
 Alas, it were great pitey!
 But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
 I an earl in my countrye—
 Let all our men on a party stand,
 And do battle of thee and me!"

"Christ's curse on his crown," said the lord Percy,
 "Whosoever thereto says nay!
 By my troth, thou doughty Douglas," he says,
 "Thou shalt never see that day,

Neither in England, Scotland nor France,
 Nor for no man of woman born,
 But, that and fortune be my chance
 I dare meet him, one man for one "

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
 Richard Witherington was his name;
 "It shall never be told in South England
 To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot you bin great lordés two,
 I am a poor squire of land;
 Yet I'll ne'er see my captain fight on a field
 And stand myself and look on.
 But while that I may my weapon wield
 I'll not fail, both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
 The first fyte here I find:
 An you'll hear any more o' the hunting of Cheviot,
 Yet there is more behind.

FYTE II

The Englishmen had their bows y-bent,
 Their hearts were good enow;
 The first of arrows that they shot off
 Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enoghe;
And that was seené verament,
For he wrought them both woe and wouche.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride;
With suré spears of mighty tree
They came in on every side;

Throughé our English archery
Gave many a woond full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to dye,
Which gainéd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bowés be,
And pull'd out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.

Thoro' rich mail and manoplie
Many stern they struck down straight,
Many a freyké that was full free
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both swat
With swordés of fine Milan

These worthy freykés for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent
As ever did hail or rain.

"Yield thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
"And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an Earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalté have thy ransom free.
I hight thee here this thing:
For the manfullest man thou art that e'er
I conquered in field fighting."

But "Nay," then said the lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforn
That I would never yielded be
To man of a woman born."

Verament, truly. Wouche, evil. Basnets, helmets. Manoplie, panoply. Freyke, brave man. Swapt, fought. Swat, sweated. Hight, promise.

With that an arrow came hastily
 Forth of a mighty wane;
 And it hath stricken the Earl Douglas
 In at the breasté-bane.

Thoro' liver and lungés both
 The sharp arrow is gone,
 That never after in his life-days
 He spake mo words but one:
 'Twas, "Fight ye, my merry men, whilst ye may,
 For my life-days bin gone!"

The Percy leanéd on his brand
 And saw the Douglas dee;
 He took the dead man by the hand,
 And said, "Woe is me for thee!"

"To have saved thy life I'd have parted with
 My lands for yearés three,
 For a better man of heart nor of hand
 Was not in the north countrie."

All this there saw a Scottish knight,
 Sir Hugh the Montgomerie:
 When he saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
 Through a hundred archerye
 He never stint nor he never blint
 Till he came to the lord Percy.

He set upon the lord Percy
 A dint that was full sore;
 With a suré spear of a mighty tree
 Thro' the body him he bore,
 O' the t'other side that a man might see
 A large cloth-yard and more.

An archer of Northumberland
 Saw slain was the lord Percy:
 He bare a bent bow in his hand,
 Was made of a trusty tree.

An arrow that was a cloth-yard long
 To the hard steel baléd he,
 A dint that was both sad and sair
 He set on Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sair
 That he on Montgomerie set;
 The swan-feathers that his arrow bare
 With his heart-blood they were wet.

Wane, ? bow. Stint, ceased. Blint, stopped. Dint, blow.

There was never a freyké one foot would flee,
But still in stoure did stand;
Hewing on each other, while they might drec,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when the even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took their stand on either hand
By the lee light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
In Cheviot the hills abune.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but seventy-and-three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five-and fiftý.

There was slain with the bold Percye
Sir John of Agerstoune,
Sir Roger, the hendé Hartley,
Sir William, the bold Herone.

Sir George, the worthy Loumlye,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph, the riché Rabyc,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe
That ever he slain should be:
For when both his legs were hewn in two
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee

There was slain with the doughty Douglas
Sir Hugh the Montgomerye,
Sir Davy Lambwell, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles a Murray in that place,
That never a foot would flee:
Sir Hew Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
 Northumberland may make moan,
 For two such captains as slain were there
 On the March-parts shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinboro',
 To Jamie the Scottish King,
 Earl Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands the King did weal and wring,
 Said, "Alas! and woe is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within
 I' faith shall never be!"

Word is come to lovely London
 To the fourth Harry, our King,
 Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
 "Good Lord, if thy will it be!
 I've a hundred captains in England," he said,
 "As good as ever was he:
 But Percy, an I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit shall be."

And as our King made his avow
 Like a noble Prince of renown,
 For Percy he did it well perform
 After, on Homble-down;

Where six-and-thirty Scottish knights
 On a day were beaten down;
 Glendale glittered on their armour bright
 Over castle, tower and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot;
 That e'er began this spurn!
 Old men, that knowen the ground well,
 Call it of Otterburn.

There was never a time on the Marche-partes
 Since the Douglas and Percy met,
 But 'tis marvel an the red blood run not
 As the reane does in the street.

Jesu Christ! our balés bete,
 And to the bliss us bring!
 This was the hunting of the Cheviot:
 God send us all good ending!

Carp, tell. Weal, twist. Brook, keep. Quit, revenged. Spurn, ? contest. Reane, rain. Balés bete, deaths conquer, i.e., redeem us to life.

Waly, Waly

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side
 Where I and my love were wont to gae!
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld it waxeth cauld
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore shuld I busk my heid?
 Or wherefore shuld I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat sall be my bed:
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me:
 Saint Anton's Well sall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvét,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win:
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
 And pinned it with a siller pin.
 And O! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'se never be.

Waly, exclamation of sorrow. Brae, slope. Burn-side, brook-side. Aik, oak. Syne, later. Gin, if. Busk, dress. Heid, head. Kame, comb. Fyl'd, defiled. Cramasie crimson cloth. Gowd, gold. Siller, silver.

Fair Helen

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
And in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Bonny George Campbell

Hie upon Hielands,
 And laigh upon Tay,
 Bonny George Campbell
 Rade out on a day:
 Saddled and bridled,
 Sae gallant to see,
 Hame cam' his gude horse,
 But never cam' he.

Down ran his auld mither,
 Greetin' fu' sair;
 Out ran his bonny bride,
 Reaving her hair;
 "My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to bigg,
 And my babe is unborn."

Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade he;
 A plume in his helmet,
 A sword at his knee;
 But toom cam' his saddle
 A' bloody to see,
 O hame cam' his gude horse,
 But never cam' he!

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
 There was a fair maid dwellin',
 Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
 When green buds they were swellin',
 Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,
 To the town where she was dwellin';
 "O haste and come to my master dear,
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly she came nigh him,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

Laigh, low. Greetin, weeping. Bigg, build. Toom, empty.

"O it's I am sick and very very sick,
 And it's all for Barbara Allen."
 "O the better for me ye'se never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

"O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,
 "When the red wine ye were fillin',
 That ye made the healths go round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealin':
 "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,
 She heard the dead-bell knellin';
 And every jow the dead-bell gave
 Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen."

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow:
 My love has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in:
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Glenlogie

There was mony a braw noble
 Came to our Queen's ha';
 But the bonnie Glenlogie
 Was the flower of them a'.
 And the young Ladye Jeanie,
 Sae gude and sae fair,
 She fancied Glenlogie
 Aboon a' that were there.

She speired at his footman,
 That ran by his side,
 His name, and his sirname,
 And where he did bide.
 "He bides at Glenlogie,
 When he is at hame;
 He's of the gay Gordons,
 And George is his name."

She wrote to Glenlogie,
To tell him her mind:
"My love is laid on you,
Oh, will you prove kind?"
He turn'd about lightly,
As the Gordons do a':
"I thank you, fair ladye,
But I'm promised awa."

She call'd on her maidens
Her jewels to take,
And to lay her to bed,
For her heart it did break.
"Glenlogie! Glenlogie!
Glenlogie!" said she;
"If I getna Glenlogie,
I'm sure I will dee."

"Oh, hold your tongue, daughter,
And weep na sae sair;
For you'll get Drumfindlay,
His father's young heir."
"Oh, hold your tongue, father,
And let me alane;
If I getna Glenlogie,
I'll never wed ane."

Then her father's old chaplain—
A man of great skill—
He wrote to Glenlogie,
The cause of this ill;
And her father, he sent off
This letter with speed,
By a trusty retainer,
Who rode his best steed.

The first line that he read,
A light laugh gave he,
The next line that he read,
The tear fill'd each e'e:
"Oh, what a man am I,
That a leal heart should break?
Or that sic a fair maid
Should die for my sake?

"Go, saddle my horse,
Go, saddle him soon,
Go, saddle the swiftest
E'er rode frae the toun."

But ere it was saddled,
And brought to the door,
Glenlogie was on the road
Three miles or more.

When he came to her father's,
Great grief there was there;
There was weeping, and wailing,
And sabbin' full sair.
Oh, pale and wan was she
When Glenlogie gaed in;
But she grew red and rosey
When Glenlogie gaed ben.

"Oh, turn, Ladye Jeanie,
Turn round to this side,
And I'll be your bridegroom,
And you'll be the bride."
Oh, it was a blythe wedding
As ever was seen;
And bonnie Jeanie Melville
Was scarcely sixteen.

Get Up and Bar the Door

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An' it shou'dna be barred this hundred year,
It's no be barred for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae'er should speak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

Martinmas, Feast of St. Martin, Nov. 11. Hussyfskap, housewifery.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black.
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel'
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?"

O up and then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And sca'd me wi' pudding-bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!
Get up and bar the door."

CAROLS

ANONYMOUS

(PERIODS UNCERTAIN)

"Joseph Was an Old Man"

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries
So red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries
As thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary,
So meek and so mild,
"Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
For I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph
With words so unkind,
"Let him pluck thee a cherry
That brought thee with child."

O then bespoke the babe
Within his mother's womb,
"Bow down then the tallest tree
For my mother to have some."

Then bowed down the highest tree
Unto his mother's hand:
Then she cried, "See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command!"

O then bespoke Joseph—
"I have done Mary wrong;
But cheer up, my dearest,
And be not cast down.

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now;
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

Then Mary plucked a cherry
 As red as the blood;
 Then Mary went home
 With her heavy load.

"As Joseph Was A-Walking"

As Joseph was a-walking,
 He heard an angel sing:
 "This night shall be born
 Our heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothéd
 In purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen,
 As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rocked
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
 In white wine nor red,
 But with fair spring water
 With which we were christenéd."

Adam Lay Ybounden

Adam lay ybounden
 Bounden in a bond;
 Four thousand winter
 Thought he not too long.
 And all was for an apple,
 An apple that he took,
 As clerkës finden written
 In their book.
 Nor had the apple taken been,
 The apple taken been,
 Then had never our Lady
 A-been heaven's queen.
 Blessed be the time
 That apple taken was!
 Therefore we may singen
Deo gracias!

"*Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey. . .*"

*Hey, hey, hey, hey,
The boar's head is arm'd Gay*

The boar's head in hand I bring,
With garland gay in portering.
I pray you all with me to sing,
With hey.

Lords, ladies, and squires,
Parsons, priests, and vicars,
The boar's head is the first mess,
With hey.

The boar's head, as I you say,
He takes his leave, and goeth his way,
Gone after the Twelfth till fit day,
With hey.

Then comes in the second course with mickle pride,
The cranes, the herons, the bitterns by their side,
The partridges and the plovers, the woodcocks and the snipe
With hey.

Larks in hot sauce, ladies for to pick,
Good drink thereto, luscious and fine,
Blwet of Allmayne, Romney and wine,
With hey.

Good bread, ale and wine, dare I well say,
The boar's head with mustard arm'd so gay;
Frumenty to pottage, with venison fine,
And the humbles of the doe, and all that ever comes in;
Capons ybaked with the pieces of the roe,
Raisins and currants, with other spices mo.

"*Can I Not Sing . . .*"

Can I not sing but "Hoy,"
Whan the joly shepard made so much joy?

The shepard upon a hill he satt;
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tarbox, his pipe, and his flagat;
His name was called Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a gud herd's boy.
Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Blwet, ? *stew.*

Tabard, *short coat.* Flagat, *flagon.*

The shepard upon a hill was laid;
 His dog to his girdell was taid;
 He had not slept but a litill braid,
 But "Gloria in excelsis" was to him said.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard on a hill he stode;
 Round about him his shepe they yode;
 He put his hond under his hode,
 He saw a star as rede as blode.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,
 "I will go see yon farly sight,
 Where as the angel singeth on hight,
 And the star that shineth so bright."

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now farewell, Mall, and also Will!
 For my love go ye all still,
 Unto I cum again you till,
 And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell."

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now must I go there Crist was born;
 Farewell! I cum again to morn.
 Dog, keep well my shepe from ye corn,
 And warn well 'Warroke' when I blow my horn!"

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Whan Wat to Bedlem cum was,
 He swet, he had gone faster than a pace;
 He found Jesu in a simpell place,
 Between an ox and an ass.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,
 My skirt, my tar-box, and my scribe;
 Home to my felowes now will I skipe,
 And also look unto my shepe."

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Taid, tied. Braid, time. Yode, went. Hond, hand. Hode, hood. Blode, blood. Farly, marvellous. Scribe, scrip.

"Now farewell, mine owne herdes man Wat!"
 "Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat;
 Lull well Jesu in thy lape,
 And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cape!"
 Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now may I well both hope and sing,
 For I have bene at Cristes bering;
 Home to my felowes now will I fling.
 Crist of heven to his bliss us bring!"
 Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"As I Sat under a Sycamore Tree"

As I sat under a sycamore tree,
 A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
 I looked me out upon the sea
 On Christ's Sunday at morn.

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
 A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
 Jesu, Mary and Joseph they bare
 On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
 Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
 And all the bells on earth did ring
 For joy our Lord was born.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
 To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem;
 St. Michael was the sterésman,
 St. John sate in the horn.

And all the bells on earth did ring,
 On earth did ring, on earth did ring:
 "Welcome be thou Heaven's King,
 On Christ's Sunday at morn!"

"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born upon this day,

To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

"The First Nowell . . ."

The first Nowell the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell &c.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell &c.

The star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And then it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell &c.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Nowell &c.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

ANONYMOUS

(15TH-16TH CENTURY)

FROM "*The Maidens Came*"

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I had all that I would.
 The bailey beareth the bell away;
 The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
The silver is white, red is the gold;
The robes they lay in fold.
 The bailey beareth the bell away;
 The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love, and I so young?
 The bailey beareth the bell away;
 The lily, the lily, the rose I lay.

ANONYMOUS

(15TH-16TH CENTURY)

"*Back and Side Go Bare . . .*"

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both hand and foot go cold,
But belly, God send thee good ale enough
 Whether it be new or old!

But if that I may have truly
 Good ale my belly full,
I shall look like one, by sweet Saint John,
 Were shorn against the wool.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing cold.
I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I could drink
 With him that weareth an hood.
Drink is my life; although my wife
 Some time do chide and scold,
Yet spare I not to ply the pot
 Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a brown toast,
 Or a crab in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
 Much bread I never desire.

Nor frost, nor snow, nor wind I trow,
Can hurt me if it wold,
I am so wrapped within and lapped
With jolly good ale and old.

I care right nought, I take no thought
For clothes to keep me warm;
Have I good drink, I surely think
Nothing can do me harm.
For truly than I fear no man,
Be he never so bold,
When I am armed and thoroughly warmed
With jolly good ale and old.

But now and than I curse and ban,
They make their ale so small;
God give them care and evil to fare!
They stry the malt and all.
Such peevish pew, I tell you true,
Nor for a crown of gold
There cometh one sip within my lip,
Whether it be new or old.

Good ale and strong maketh me among
Full jocund and full light,
That oft I sleep and take no keep
From morning until night.
Then start I up and flee to the cup;
The right way on I hold;
My thirst to staunch, I fill my paunch
With jolly good ale and old.

And Kit, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinketh she, that ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
As a good malt-worm shold,
And say "Sweet-heart, I have take my part
Of jolly good ale and old."

They that do drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
That good ale hath brought them to.
And all poor souls that scour black bowls,
And them hath lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old!

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

"Western Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow"

Western wind, when wilt thou blow,
 The small rain down can rain?
 Christ, if my love were in my arms
 And I in my bed again!

KING HENRY VIII

(1491-1547)

"As the Holly Groweth Green"

As the holly groweth green,
 And never changeth hue,
 So I am, ever hath been
 Unto my lady true;

As the holly groweth green
 With ivy all alone,
 When floweres can not be seen
 And green wood leaves be gone.

Now unto my lady
 Promise to her I make,
 From all other only
 To her I me betake.

Adieu, mine own lady,
 Adieu, my special,
 Who hath my heart truly,
 Be sure, and ever shall!

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

A Praise of His Lady

Give place, you ladies, and begone,
 Boast not yourselves at all;
 For here at hand approacheth one
 Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone;
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take,
Or else I doubt if nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the phoenix kind,
Whose like was never seen nor heard
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelopey,
In word and eke in deed steadfast;
What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefastness,
All vice she doth wholly refuse
And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty,
Whom nature made so fair.

Truly, she doth as far exceed
Our women nowadays,
As doth the gillyflower a weed;
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
 Of this unspotted tree?
 For all the rest are plain but chaff
 Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give
 When death doth what he can,
 Her honest fame shall ever live
 Within the mouth of man.

Tottel's Miscellany, 1557

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

Against Women either Good or Bad

A man may live thrice Nestor's life,
 Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
 Yet never find Ulysses' wife;
 Such change hath chanced in this case.

Less age will serve than Paris had
 Small pain (if none be small enough)
 To find good store of Helen's trade;
 Such sap the root doth yield the bough.

For one good wife Ulysses slew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood;
 For one ill wife Greece overthrew
 The town of Troy. Sith bad and good
 Bring mischief, Lord, let be Thy will
 To keep me free from either ill.

Tottel's Miscellany, 1557

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

As You Came from the Holy Land

As you came from the holy land
 Of Walsinghame,
 Met you not with my true love
 By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
 That have met many a one,
 As I went to the holy land,
 That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
 But as the heavens fair;
 There is none hath a form so divine
 In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
 Such an angelic face,
 Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear,
 By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
 All alone, as unknown,
 Who sometime did me lead with herself,
 And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
 And a new way doth take,
 Who loved you once as her own,
 And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
 But now old, as you see;
 Love likes not the falling fruit
 From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
 And forgets promise past;
 He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
 And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
 And a trustless joy;
 He is won with a world of despair,
 And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
 Or the word love abuséd,
 Under which many childish desires
 And conceits are excuséd.

But true love is a durable fire,
 In the mind ever burning,
 Never sick, never old, never dead,
 From itself never turning.

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

"Fain Would I Have a Pretty Thing"

Fain would I have a pretty thing
 To give unto my Lady:
 I name no thing, nor I mean no thing,
 But as pretty a thing as may be.

Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty ways would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake,
To set some matter by me:
But fain would I &c.

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices:
God send me that my lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.
Thus fain, &c.

Some go here, and some go there,
Where gazes be not geason;
And I go gaping everywhere,
But still come out of season.
Yet fain &c.

I walk the town and thread the street,
In every corner seeking:
The pretty thing I cannot meet,
That's for my lady's liking.
Fain would &c.

The mercers pull me, going by,
The silk-wives say, "What lack ye?"
"The thing you have not," then say I,
"Ye foolish fools, go pack ye!"
But fain &c.

It is not all the silk in Cheap,
Nor all the golden treasure,
Nor twenty bushels on a heap
Can do my lady pleasure.
But fain &c.

The gravers of the golden shows
With jewels do beset me;
The sempsters in the shop that sews,
They do no thing but let me.
But fain &c.

But were it in the wit of man
By any means to make it,
I could for money buy it then,
And say, "Fair Lady, take it."
Thus fain &c.

O Lady what a lack is this,
 That my good willing misseth
 To find what pretty thing it is
 That my good lady wisheth.
 Thus fain would I have had this pretty thing
 To give unto my lady:
 I said no harm, nor I meant no harm,
 But as pretty a thing as may be.
 Clement Robinson's *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584

SIR THOMAS WYATT

(1503-1542)

*The Lover Sheweth How He Is Forsaken of Such
 as He Sometime Enjoyed*

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
 With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
 Once have I seen them gentle, tame and meek,
 That now are wild, and do not once remember,
 That sometime they have put themselves in danger
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range
 Busily seeking in continual change.

Thankéd be Fortune, it hath been otherwise
 Twenty times better; but once especial,
 In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
 When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,
 And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
 And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:
 But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,
 Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
 And I have leave to go of her goodness;
 And she also to use new fangleness.
 But since that I unkindly so am served:
 How like you this, what hath she now deserved?

*The Lover Beseecheth His Mistress Not to Forget
 His Steadfast Faith and True Intent*

Forget not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant;
 My great travail so gladly spent,
 Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none can tell;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

•
Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:
Forget not this!

*The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness
of His Love*

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that now I have begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain;
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain;
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute, be still, for I have done.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

(1516-1547)

A Vow to Love Faithfully, Howsoever He Be Rewarded

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey;
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
Hers will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

The Means to Attain Happy Life

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
 No charge of rule, nor governance;
 Without disease, the healthful life;
 The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
 The night discharg'd of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
 Contented with thine own estate;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

From the Latin of Martial

FROM *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Aeneid*

Then Mercury 'gan bend him to obey
 His father's mighty will; and to his heels
 His golden wings he knits, which him transport
 With a light wind above the earth and seas.
 And then with him his wand he took, whereby
 He calls from hell pale ghosts; and other some
 Thither also he sendeth comfortless,
 Whereby he forceth sleeps, and them bereaves,
 And mortal eyes he closeth up in death.
 By power whereof he drives the winds away
 And passeth eke amid the troubled clouds,
 Till in his flight he 'gan descry the top
 And the steep flanks of rocky Atlas' hill.
 That with his crown sustains the welkin up;
 Whose head forgrown with pine, circled alway
 With misty clouds, is beaten with wind and storm;
 His shoulders spread with snow; and from his chin
 The springs descend; his beard frozen with ice.
 Here Mercury with equal shining wings
 First touched; and with body headling bent
 To the water then took he his descent;
 Like to the fowl that endlong coasts and strands
 Swarming with fish, flies sweeping by the sea;
 Cutting betwixt the winds and Libyan lands,
 From his grandfather by the mother's side,
 Cyllene's child so came, and then alight
 Upon the houses with his wingéd feet,
 Tofore the towers where he Aeneas saw
 Foundations cast, arearing lodges new;
 Girt with a sword of jasper starry bright,
 A shining 'parel, flamed with stately eye
 Of Tyrian purple, hung his shoulders down.
 The gift and work of wealthy Dido's hand,
 Striped throughout with a thin thread of gold.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

(1525?-1577)

The Praise of Philip Sparrow

Of all the birds that I do know
 Philip my Sparrow hath no peer;
 For sit she high or lie she low,
 Be she far off, or be she near,
 There is no bird so fair, so fine,
 Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

Come in a morning merrily
 When Philip hath been lately fed,
 Or in an evening soberly
 When Philip list to go to bed;
 It is a heaven to hear my Phip
 How she can chirp with cherry lip.

She never wanders far abroad,
 But is at hand when I do call,
 If I command she lays on lode
 With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all;
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer,
 That I believe she hath no peer.

And yet beside all this good sport
 My Philip both can sing and dance,
 With new found toys of sundry sort
 My Philip can both prick and prance;
 And if you say but "fend cut Phip"
 Lord! how the peat will turn and skip!

Her feathers are so fresh of hue
 And so well provéd every day,
 So lacks no oil, I warrant you,
 To trim her tail both trick and gay;
 And though her mouth be somewhat wide,
 Her tongue is sweet and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare
 She is both tender, sweet and soft;
 She never lacketh dainty fare,
 But is well fed, and feedeth oft;
 For if my Phip have best to eat,
 I warrant you, Phip lacks no meat.

And then if that her meat be good
 And such as like do love alway,
 She will lay lips thereon, by rood!
 And see that none be cast away;
 For when she once hath felt a fit,
 Philip will cry still, "Yet, yet yet!"

And to tell truth, he were to blame
Which had so fine a bird as she,
To make him all this goodly game
Without suspect or jealousy;
He were a churl and knew no good
Would see her faint for lack of food.

Wherefore I sing, and ever shall,
To praise as I have often proved,
There is no bird amongst them all
So worthy for to be beloved.
Let others praise what bird they will,
Sweet Philip shall be my bird still.

NICHOLAS BRETON

(1542-1626)

A Sweet Lullaby

Come little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole
And to thyself unhappy chief;
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan,
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone;
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
And knowest not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, silly heart!
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore;
'Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile, Oh! thy sweet face,
Would God Himself He might thee see,
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me;
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet may'st thou me to him commend:
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchas'd blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield,
 I know him of a noble mind,
 Although a lion in the field,
 A lamb in town thou shalt him find;
 Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
 His sugared words hath me betrayed.

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad,
 Although in woe I seem to moan,
 Thy father is no rascal, lad,
 A noble youth of blood and bone;
 His glancing looks if he once smile
 Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,
 Sing lullaby, and be thou still,
 I that can do nought else but weep,
 Will sit by thee, and wail my fill;
 God bless my babe, and lullaby,
 From this thy father's quality.

The Arbour of Amorous Devices, 1597
 [Authorship uncertain]

FROM *The Passionate Shepherd*

Who can live in heart so glad
 As the merry country lad?
 Who upon a fair green baulk
 May at pleasure sit and walk;
 And amidst the azure skies
 See the morning sun arise,
 While he hears in every spring
 How the birds do chirp and sing;
 Or, before the hounds in cry,
 See the hare go stealing by;
 Or along the shallow brook
 Angling with a baited hook,
 See the fishes leap and play
 In a blessed sunny day;
 Or to hear the partridge call
 Till she have her covey all;
 Or to see the subtle fox,
 How the villain plays the box,
 After feeding on his prey
 How he closely sneaks away,
 Through the hedge and down the furrow
 Till he gets into his burrow;
 Then the bee to gather honey,
 And the little black-haired coney
 On a bank for sunny place
 With her fore-feet wash her face:
 Are not these with thousands more
 Than the court of kings do know?

Phillida and Coridon

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walked by the wood side
 Whenas May was in his pride.
 There I spied all alone
 Phillida and Coridon.
 Much ado there was, Got wot,
 He would love and she would not.
 She said, never man was true;
 He said, none was false to you.
 He said, he had loved her long;
 She said, Love should have no wrong.
 Coridon would kiss her then.
 She said, maids must kiss no men
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth,
 Never loved a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse;
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.

England's Helicon, 1600

FROM *An Invective against the Wicked of the World*

Let but a fellow in a fox-furred gown,
 A greasy night-cap and a drivelled beard,
 Grow but a bailiff of a fisher-town,
 And have a matter 'fore him to be heard,
 Will not his frown make half a street afear'd?
 Yea, and the greatest Codshead gape for fear
 He shall be swallowed by this ugly bear.

Look but on beggars going to the stocks,
 How master constable can march before them,
 And while the beadle maketh fast the locks,
 How bravely he can knave them and be-whore them,
 And not afford one word of pity for them.
 When it may be poor honest silly people
 Must make the church make curtsy to the steeple.

Note but the beadle of a beggars' Spittle,
 How in his place he can himself advance.
 And will not of his title lose a tittle,

If any matter come in variance,
 To try the credit of his countenance;
 For whatsoever the poor beggars say
 His is the word must carry all away.

Find out a villain, born and bred a knave,
 That never knew what honesty became,
 A drunken rascal and a dogged slave,
 That all his wits to wickedness doth frame,
 And only lives in infamy and shame;
 Yet let him tink upon the golden pan,
 His word may pass yet for an honest man.

Look on old Beatrice with her beetle brows,
 Begot betwixt a tinker and his Tib,
 And but of late a silly cobbler's spouse;
 If she have played the thrifty prowling scribe
 To purchase grass to graze the bullock's rib,
 She shall be fed with fine and dainty fare,
 And wooed and wedded ere she be aware.

But for a poor wench, be she ne'er so fair,
 Gracious and virtuous, wise and nobly born,
 And worthy well to sit in Honour's chair,
 Yet, if her kirtle or her gown be torn,
 All her good gifts shall but be held in scorn,
 And she, poor soul, in sorrow and disgrace,
 Be forced to give a filthy baggage place.

So that by all these consequents I see
 It is the money makes or mars the man,
 And yet where judges will indifferent be
 The hobby-horse best fits Maid Marian,
 While greedy dogs may lick the dripping pan;
 For though that money may do many things,
 Yet virtue makes the truest kings and queens.

THOMAS DELONEY

(1543?-1607?)

Song

The primrose in the green forest,
 The violets, they be gay;
 The double daisies, and the rest
 That trimly decks the way,
 Doth move the spirits with brave delights,
 Who Beauty's darlings be:
 With hey tricksy, trim-go-tricksy,
 Under the greenwood tree.

FROM *A Joyful New Ballad*

O noble England,
Fall down upon thy knee,
And praise thy God with thankful heart,
Which still maintaineth thee.
The foreign forces
That seek thy utter spoil,
Shall then through His especial grace
Be brought to shameful foil.
With mighty power
They come unto our coast;
To over-run our country quite,
They make their brag and boast.
In strength of men
They set their only stay;
But we upon the Lord our God
Will put our trust alway.

Great is their number
Of ships upon the sea,
And their provision wonderful;
But, Lord, Thou art our stay.
Their armed soldiers
Are many by account;
Their aiders eke in this attempt
Do sundry ways surmount.
The Pope of Rome
With many blessed grains,
To sanctify their bad pretence
Bestowed both cost and pains.
But little land
Is not dismayed at all;
The Lord, no doubt, is on our side,
Which soon will work their fall.

Our pleasant country,
So fruitful and so fair,
They do intend by deadly war
To make both poor and bare.
Our towns and cities
To rack and sack likewise,
To kill and murder man and wife,
As malice doth arise.
And to deflower
Our virgins in our sight,
And in the cradle cruelly
The tender babe to smite.
God's holy truth
They mean for to cast down,
And to deprive our noble Queen
Both of her life and crown.

But God Almighty
 Be blessed evermore,
 Who doth encourage Englishmen
 To beat them from the shore,
 With roaring cannons,
 Their hasty steps to stay,
 And with the force of thundering shot
 To make them fly away.
 Who made account,
 Before this time or day,
 Against the walls of fair London
 Their banners to display.
 But their intent
 The Lord will bring to naught,
 If faithfully we call and cry
 For succour as we ought.

And you, dear brethren,
 Which beareth arms this day,
 For safeguard of your native soil,
 Mark well what I shall say.
 Regard your duties,
 Think on your country's good,
 And fear not in defence thereof
 To spend your dearest blood;
 Desiring you,
 True English hearts to bear,
 To God, to Her, and to the land
 Wherein you nursed were.

SIR EDWARD DYER

(1545?-1607)

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind:
 Though much I want which most would have
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall:
 For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
 And hasty climbers down do fall;
 I see that those which are aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay,
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies:
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store;
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No wordly waves my mind can toss:
 My state at one doth still remain:
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
 I loathe not life nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloakéd craft their store of skill.
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my choice defence;
 I neither seek by bribes to please
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I.

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN

(15—?-1602)

"Venus, with Young Adonis . . ."

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me,"
 And then she clipped Adonis in her arms;
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me,"
 As if the boy should use like loving charms;
 "Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

FROM *Sonnets*

Fair is my love that feeds among the lilies,
 The lilies growing in that pleasant garden,
 Where Cupid's mount, that well-beloved hill is,
 And where the little god himself is warden.

See where my love sits in the bed of spices,
 Beset all round with camphor, myrrh and roses,
 And interlaced with curious devices,
 Which her from all the world apart incloses.

ANONYMOUS

(16TH CENTURY)

"Crabbed Age and Youth . . ."

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

[Attributed to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]
The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[See also page 133]

(1552-1618)

The Shepherd's Description of Love

Melibæus: Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell?

Faustus: It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tolls all in to heaven or hell:
And this is love as I heard tell.

Melibæus. Yet what is love, I prithee say?

Faustus: It is a work on holiday,
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play:
And this is love, as I hear say.

Melibæus: Yet what is Love, good shepherd, sain?

Faustus. It is a sunshine mix'd with rain,
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain,
It is a game, where none doth gain:
The lass saith no, and would full fain.
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Melibæus Yet, shepherd, what is Love, I pray ?

Faustus It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away,
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may.
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Melibæus: Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?

Faustus: A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so:
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

[*Authorship uncertain*]

The Faery Queen

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

The Silent Lover

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion;

Since, if my plaints serve not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet, when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret, passion:
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

The Lie

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
 Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
 Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
 Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
 Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
 Tell skill it is pretention;
Tell charity of coldness;
 Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
 Tell Nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing—
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing—
 Stab at thee he that will.
 No stab the soul can kill.

FROM *The Pilgrimage*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

Blood must be my body's balmer;
 No other balm will there be given;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains:
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss;
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before;
 But after, it will thirst no more.

Verses Written in His Bible

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

EDMUND SPENSER

(1552–1599)

FROM *The Shepherd's Calender, April*

See where she sits upon the grassy green,
 (O seemly sight!)
 Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden Queen,
 And ermines white:

Upon her head a crimson coronet
 With damask roses and daffadillies set,
 Bay leaves between,
 And primroses green,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
 With gillyflowers;
 Bring coronations and sops-in-wine
 Worn of paramours;
 Strew me the ground with daffadowdillies
 And cowslips and kingcups and loved lilies;
 The pretty pawnee
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fair flower de lys.

FROM *Sonnets*

LXX

Fresh spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bower will not awake;
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed
 Unless she do him by the forelock take;
 Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
 To wait on Love among his lovely crew;
 Where every one that misseth then her make
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passé time.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 But came the waves and washéd it away;
 Again I wrote it with a second hand;
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain essay
 A mortal thing so to immortalise,
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wipéd out likewise."
 "Not so," quoth I, "let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name.
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

LXXVIII

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
 Like a young fawn, that late hath lost the hind,
 And seek each where, where last I saw her face,
 Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
 I seek the fields with her late footing signed,
 I seek her bower with her late presence decked;
 Yet nor in field nor bower I her can find,
 Yet field and bower are full of her aspect.
 But when mine eyes I thereunto direct
 They idly back return to me again;
 And when I hope to see their true object
 I find myself but fed with fancies vain.
 Cease then, mine eyes, to seek herself to see
 And let my thoughts behold herself in me.

Prothalamion

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
 Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
 When I, (whom sullen care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
 In Prince's Court, and expectation vain
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,)
 Walked forth to ease my pain
 Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
 Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
 A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
 As each had been a bride;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of the twigs, entrailéd curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
 The tender stalks on high.
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the violet, pallid blue,
 The little daisy, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies

Against the bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lea;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter show;
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near:
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seemed to foul them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream.
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber floor.

'Two of those Nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
Of your love's complement;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All Love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long:
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along.
Adown the lea, that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
Did on these two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly purse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame:

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad agéd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride:
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of Honour, flower of Chivalry!
Thou fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promuseth the same;
That through thy prowess, and victorious arms,
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following
Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Besecming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Epithalamion

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 Been to me aiding others to adorn,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
 To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
 But joyéd in their praise;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
 Which death or love or fortune's wreck did raise,
 Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your doleful dreariment;
 Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside
 And, having all your heads with garlands crowned,
 Help me my own love's praises to resound;
 Nor let the same of any be envied;
 So Orpheus did for his own bride.
 So I unto myself alone will sing;
 The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
 His early beam upon the hills doth spread,
 Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
 Do ye awake; and with fresh lustihead
 Go to the bower of my beloved love,
 My truest turtle dove.
 Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake
 And long since ready forth his masque to move,
 With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to wait on him
 In their fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
 For lo! the wished day is come at last
 That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight;
 And, while she doth her dight,
 Do ye to her of joy and solace sing
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
 Both of the rivers and the forests green
 And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
 All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay garland,
 For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
 Bound true-love wise with a blue silk riband.
 And let them make great store of bridal posies,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers
 To deck the bridal bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along
 And diapered like the discoloured mead.
 Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
 (These trouts and pikes all others do excel;)
 And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
 Where none do fishes take;
 Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
 And in the waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spy.
 And eke ye lightfoot maids, which keep the deer
 That on the hoary mountain used to tower,
 And the wild wolves which seek them to devour
 With your steel darts do chase from coming near:
 Be also present here
 To help to deck her and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phoebus 'gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft,
 The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
 The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long
 When meeter were that you should now awake,
 T'await the coming of your joyous make
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song
 The dewy leaves among!
 Now they of joy and pleasance to you sing
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight.
But first come ye fair hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of Day and Night,
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair.
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen.
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride.
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves; for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array.
Fit for so joyful day,
The fairest day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifefull heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phoebus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice,
"Hymen, io Hymen, Hymen", they do shout;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,

As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud;
 And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen" sing
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phoebe from her chamber of the East,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that 'seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And, being crownéd with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashéd to behold
 So many gazers as do at her stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixéd are;
 Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before,
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
 Her paps like lilies budded,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
 And all her body like a palace fair
 Ascending up with many a stately stair
 To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mazeful head.
 There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,

Unspotted faith and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty.
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey
And yield their services unto her will;
Nor thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the post adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th'Almighty's view;
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th'high altar that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even th'angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done. Bring home the bride again,
 Bring home the triumph of our victory,
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss,
 Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups but by the bellyful,
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the post and walls with wine
 That they may sweat and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best;
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town.
 And leave your wonted labours for this day
 This day is holy; do ye write it down
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
 But for this time it ill ordainéd was
 To choose the longest day in all the year
 And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
 Yet never day so long but late would pass.
 Ring ye the bells to make it wear away
 And bonfires make all day,
 And dance about them and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lend me leave to come unto my love?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
 Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home
 Within the western foam;
 Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloom
 And the bright evening star with golden crest
 Appear out of the East.
 Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!
 That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead
 And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,

How cheerfully thou lookest from above
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joining in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-past,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.
The night is come; now soon her disarray
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odoured sheets and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia whenas Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing.
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night! thou night so long expected,
That long days' labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares which cruel Love collected
Hast summed in one and cancelléd for aye.
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap.
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm and quiet some
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray;
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay
When he begot the great Tiryntian groom;
Or like as when he with thyself did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Nor let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Nor let false whispers breeding hidden fears
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.
Let no deluding dreams nor dreadful sights

Make sudden sad affrights;
 Nor let house fires nor lightnings' helpless harms,
 Nor let the Puck nor other evil sprights,
 Nor let mischievous witches with their charms,
 Nor let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not;
 Let not the screech owl nor the stork be heard,
 Nor the night raven that still deadly yells,
 Nor damned ghosts called up with mighty spells,
 Nor grisly vultures, make us once afear'd;
 Nor let th'unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking
 Make us to wish their choking.
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing,
 Nor let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep
 That sacred Peace may in assurance reign;
 And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
 May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
 The whiles an hundred little wing'd Loves,
 Like divers-feathered doves,
 Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Concealed through covert night.
 Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at will!
 For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
 Thinks more upon her paradise of joys
 Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soon be day;
 Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
 Nor will the woods now answer, nor their echo ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
 Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright?
 Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
 But walks about high heaven all the night?
 O! fairest goddess, do thou not envy
 My love with me to spy;
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
 And for a fleece of wool which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favourable now;
 And sith of women's labours thou hast charge
 And goodly generation dost enlarge,
 Incline thy will t'effect our wishful vow,
 And the chaste womb inform with timely seed
 That may our comfort breed.
 Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing;
 Nor let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
 The laws of wedlock still dost patronise,
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnise,
 And eke for comfort often calléd art
 Of women in their smart;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genus! in whose gentle hand
 The bridal bower and genial bed remain
 Without blemish or stain,
 And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
 With secret aid dost succour and supply
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
 Grant that it so may be.
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing;
 Nor any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
 And all ye powers that in the same remain,
 More than we men can feign!
 Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
 And happy influence upon us rain,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possess
 With lasting happiness,
 Up to your haughty palaces may mount;
 And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our timely joys to sing;
 The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my love should duly have been decked,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 You would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promised both to recompense;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monument.*

FROM *The Faery Queen*

1.

The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought
 And is with child of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest until it forth have brought
 Th'eternal brood of glory excellent;
 Such restless passion did all night torment
 The flaming courage of that Faery knight,
 Devising how that doughty tournament
 With greatest honour he achieven might:
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light

At last, the golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
 And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
 Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair
 And hurled his glistening beams through gloomy air,
 Which when the wakeful Elf perceived, straightway
 He started up, and did himself prepare
 In sun-bright arms and battailous array;
 For with that pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall,
 Where early waits him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to stranger knight may fall.
 There many minstrels maken melody
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 And many bards that to the trembling cord
 Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
 And many chroniclers that can record
 Old loves and wars for ladies done by many a lord.

Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin
 In woven mail all arméd warily,
 And sternly looks at him who not a pin
 Does care for look of living creature's eye.
 They bring them wines of Greece and Araby
 And dainty spices fetched from furthest Ind
 To kindle heat of courage privily;
 And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
 T'observe the sacred laws of arms that are assigned.

At last forth comes that far renownéd Queen.
 With royal pomp and princely majesty
 She is ybrought unto a paléd green,
 And placéd under stately canopy,
 The warlike seats of both those knights to see.
 On th'other side in all men's open view
 Duessa placéd is, and on a tree
 Sansfoy his shield is hanged with bloody hue; .
 Both those the laurel garlands to the victor due.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high
 And unto battle bade themselves address;
 Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
 And burning blades about their heads do bless,
 The instruments of wrath and heaviness,
 With greedy force each other doth assail
 And strike so fiercely that they do impress
 Deep dinted furrows in the battered mail;
 The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
 And heapéd blows like iron hammers great,
 For after blood and vengeance he did long;
 The knight was fierce and full of youthful heat,
 And doubled strokes like dreaded thunder's threat;
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fiery light,
 And hewen helmets deep shew marks of either's might.

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe;
 The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
 In tender flesh that streams of blood down flow,
 With which the arms that erst so bright did show
 Into a pure vermilion now are dyed.
 Great ruth in all the gazers' hearts did grow,
 Seeing the goréd wounds to gape so wide,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

Book 1. Canto 5

Mammon enovéd was with inward wrath;
 Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence led
 Through grisly shadows by a beaten path,
 Into a garden goodly garnishéd
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be read,
 Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well savoured,
 But direful deadly black both leaf and bloom,
 Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary tomb.

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter gall and ebon sad,
 Dead sleeping poppy and black hellebore,
 Cold coloquintida and tetra mad,
 Mortal samnitis and cicuta bad,
 With which th'unjust Athenians made to die
 Wise Socrates, who therof quaffing glad,
 Poured out his life and last philosophy
 To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy!

The Garden of Proserpina this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick arbour goodly over-dight,
 In which she often used from open heat
 Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat;
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad dispread and body great,
 Clothéd with leaves, that none the wood might see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glistening bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold;
 On earth like never grew, nor living wight
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
 For those which Hercules with conquest bold
 Got from great Atlas' daughters hence began,
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
 And those with which th'Euboean young man wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit
 With which Acontius got his lover true,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit;
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods false Até threw,
 For which th'Idaeon ladies disagreed
 Till partial Paris deemed it virtue's due,
 And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

Book 2, Canto 7

3.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere;
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
 To read what manner music that mote be;
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
 Th'angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th'instruments divine response meet;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the bass murmur of the water's fall;
 The water's fall with difference discreet
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all.

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay:
 Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day.
 Ah! see the virgin rose how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may.
 Lo! see soon after how more bold and free
 Her baréd bosom she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day
 Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower;
 Nor more doth flourish after first decay
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
 Of many a lady' and many a paramour.
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower,
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst lovéd be with equal crime.

Book 2, Canto 12
Translated from Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata

ANTHONY MUNDAY

(1553-1633)

To Colin Clout

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
 Where fairest shades did hide her,
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her.
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
 To see what was forbidden,
 But better memory said, fie,
 So vain desire was chidden
 Hey nonny nonny O!
 Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seeméd to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise this while,
 As when I fell a-sleeping.

England's Helicon, 1600

JOHN LYL?

(1553-1606)

"What Bird So Sings . . ."

What bird so sings, yet does so wail?
 O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear;
 Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note;
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 Cuckoo to welcome in the spring!
 Cuckoo to welcome in the spring!

*Alexander and Campaspe, 1584**"Cupid and My Campaspe Played"*

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows.
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin:
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

*Alexander and Campaspe, 1584**"Pan's Syrinx Was a Girl . . ."*

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
 Though now she's turned into a reed;
 From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
 A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
 Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
 So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
 Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
 With faces smug and round as pearls,
 When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
 With dancing wear out night and day;

The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
 When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
 His minstrelsy! O base! this quill,
 Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
 Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
 That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

Midas, 1592

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

(1554-1628)

Song to His Cynthia

Away with these self-loving lads,
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads'
 Away poor souls that sigh and weep
 In love of them that lie and sleep!
 For Cupid is a meadow-god,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree:
 Desert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward upon his feet doth go.
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays;
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same.
 Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree;
 If doubt do darken things held dear,
 Then welfare nothing once a year,
 For many run, but one must win;
 Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, which is the due of love;
 And love as well the shepherd can
 As can the mighty nobleman.
 Sweet nymph, 'tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without love naught worth to me.

To Myra

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head,
 I, that wear posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking;
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet with true-love knots in flowers,
 Which I to wear about mine arms was bound,
 That each of us might know that all was ours;
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
 And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was named;
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
 Watching with sighs till dead love be awakéd?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
 Like jealousy o'erwatchéd with desire,
 Was ever warnéd modesty to keep,
 While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire;
 Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
 Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
 Washing the water with her beauties white?
 Yet would she never write her love to me,
 Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?
 Mad girls must safely love, as they may leave;
 No man can print a kiss; lines may deceive.

Chorus

O wearisome condition of humanity!
 Born under one law, to another bound;
 Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity.
 Created sick, commanded to be sound.
 What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
 Passion and reason self-division cause.
 Is it the mark or majesty of Power
 To make offences that it may forgive?
 Nature herself doth her own self deflower
 To hate those errors she herself doth give.
 For how should man think that he may not do
 If Nature did not fail and punish too?

Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
 Only commands things difficult and hard,
 Forbids us all things which it knows we lust,
 Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
 If Nature did not take delight in blood,
 She would have made more easy ways to good.
 We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
 With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
 To preach belief in God and stir devotion,
 To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights;
 Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
 He finds the God there far unlike his books.

Mustapha, 1609

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554-1586)

"My True Love Hath My Heart . . ."

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for the other given.
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
 There never was a better bargain driven.
 His heart in me keeps me and him in one;
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
 I cherish his, because in me it bides.
 His heart his wound received from my sight;
 My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
 For as from me on him his hurt did light
 So still methought in me his hurt did smart:
 Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss;
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Arcadia

FROM *Astrophel and Stella*

1.

SONNET I

Loving in truth, and fain my love in verse to show,
 That the dear she might take some pleasure of my pain:
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain—
 I sought fit words, to paint the blackest face of woe,
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful shower, upon my sun-burnt brain.
 But words came halting out, wanting invention's stay,
 Invention, nature's child, fled stepdame study's blows,
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
 Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
 Biting my tongue and pen, beating myself for spite:
 Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

2.

SONNET XXXI

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What! may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

3.

SONNET XXXIX

Come, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th'indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head;
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

4.

ELEVENTH SONG

"Who is it that, this dark night,
 Underneath my window plaineth?"

"It is one, who from thy sight
 Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth
 Every other vulgar light."

"Why, alas! and are you he?
 Be not yet those fancies changed?"

"Dear, when you find change in me,
 Though from me you be estranged,
 Let my change to ruin be."

"Well, in absence this will die;
 Leave to see, and leave to wonder."

"Absence sure will help, if I
 Can learn how myself to sunder
 From what in my heart doth lie."

"But time will these thoughts remove;
 Time doth work what no man knoweth."
 "Time doth as the subject prove,
 With time still the affection groweth
 In the faithful turtle dove."

"What if you new beauties see?
 Will they not stir new affections?"
 "I will think they pictures be,
 Image-like of saint's perfection,
 Poorly counterfeiting thee."

"But your reason's purest light
 Bids you leave such minds to nourish."
 "Dear, do reason no such spite,
 Never doth thy beauty flourish
 More than in my reason's sight."

"But the wrongs love bears will make
 Love at length leave undertaking."
 "No, the more fools it do shake
 In a ground of so firm making,
 Deeper still they drive the stake."

"Peace, I think that some give ear;
 Come no more lest I get anger."
 "Bliss, I will my bliss forbear,
 Fearing, sweet, you to endanger,
 But my soul shall harbour there."

"Well, begone, begone I say,
 Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."
 "O unjust Fortune's sway!
 Which can make me thus to leave you
 And from louts to run away!"

FROM *Certain Sonnets*

1.

"RING OUT YOUR BELLS!"

Ring out your bells! Let mourning shows be spread,
 For Love is dead:
 All love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain;
 Worth as nought worth rejected,
 And faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it said
 That Love is dead?
 His death-bed, peacock's folly;
 His winding sheet is shame;
 His will false-seeming holy;
 His sole executor blame.

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
 For Love is dead.
 Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth;
 My mistress Marble-heart,
 Which epitaph containeth,
 His eyes were once his dart.

Alas, I lie! Rage hath this error bred,
 Love is not dead.
 Love is not dead, but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind,
 Where she his counsel keepeth
 Till due desert she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a frenzy,
 Who love can temper thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us.

2.

"THOU BLIND MAN'S MARK . . ."

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
 Fond Fancy's scum and dregs of scattered thought,
 Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,
 Thou web of will whose end is never wrought,
 Desire! desire, I have too dearly bought
 With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware,
 Too long, too long asleep thou hast me brought,
 Who should my mind to higher things prepare
 But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought,
 In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire,
 In vain thou kindest all thy smoky fire.
 For virtue hath this better lesson taught,
 Within myself to seek my only hire,
 Desiring nought but how to kill desire.

3.

"LEAVE ME, O LOVE . . ."

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things.
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
 Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might,

To that sweet yoke where lasting freedom be,
 Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how evil becometh him to slide
 Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
 Then, farewell world! thy uttermost I see;
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

THOMAS LODGE

(1556?–1625)

Phoebe's Sonnet

"Down a down!"
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancy once distress'd:
 "Whoso by foolish Love are stung
 Are worthily oppress'd.
 And so sing I, with a down a down."

"When Love was first begot,
 And by the mother's will,
 Did fall to human lot,
 His solace to fulfil,
 Devoid of all deceit,
 A chaste and holy fire,
 Did quicken men's conceit,
 And women's breasts inspire.
 The gods that saw the good,
 That mortals did approve,
 With kind and holy mood
 Began to talk of Love.

Down a down!"
 Thus Phyllis sung
 By fancy once distress'd.

"But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to hear,
 Whilst Love in deed and word,
 Most faithful did appear,
 False semblance came in place,
 By jealousy attended,
 And with a double face
 Both love and fancy blended;
 Which made the gods forsake,
 And men from fancy fly,
 And maidens scorn a make;
 Forsooth, and so will I.
 Down a down!"

Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancy once distress'd:
 "Whoso by foolish Love are stung
 Are worthily oppress'd.
 And so sing I, with a down a down."

Rosalind's Madrigal

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing;
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin,
 Alas, what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 Then let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play me.

"The Earth, Late Choked . . ."

The earth, late choked with showers,
 Is now arrayed in green,
 Her bosom springs with flowers,
 The air dissolves her teen;
 The heavens laugh at her glory,
 Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves,
 And trees are clothéd gay,
 And Flora crowned with sheaves,
 With oaken boughs doth play;
 Where I am clad in black,
 The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
 Do sing with pleasant voices,
 And chant in their degrees
 Their loves and lucky choices;
 When I, whilst they are singing,
 With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
 And I my fatal grave;
 Their flight to heaven is made,
 My walk on earth I have;
 They free, I thrall; they jolly,
 I sad and pensive wholly.

*Scilla's Metamorphosis, 1589
 From the French of Philippe Desportes*

To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess

My Phyllis hath the morning sun,
 At first to look upon her;
 And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds
 Her risings for to honour.

My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers
 That smile when she treads on them;
 And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
 That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phyllis hath so hard a heart,
 Alas that she should have it,
 As yields no mercy to desert,
 Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
 Pray her regard my moan;
 Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
 To yield some pity, woo her;

Sweet flowers whenas she treads on,
 Tell her, her beauty deads one,
 And if in life her love she nill agree me,
 Pray her before I die she will come see me.

To Phyllis

Love guards the roses of thy lips
 And flies about them like a bee;
 If I approach he forward skips,
 And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
 And sleeps within their pretty shine;
 And if I look the boy will lower,
 And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
 And in my tears doth firm the same;
 And if I tempt it will retire,
 And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
 And pity me, and calm her eye,
 Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
 Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
 In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

GEORGE PEELE

(1558?–1599)

"Fair and Fair . . ."

Oenone: Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A love for any lady.

Paris: Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;
 Thy love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other lady.

Oenone: My love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's curse—
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods they change for worse!

Both: They that do change &c.

Oenone: Fair and fair &c.

Paris: Fair and fair &c.

Oenone: My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both: Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

The Arraignment of Paris, 1584

"His Golden Locks . . ."

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

Polyhymnia, 1590

"Whenas the Rye . . ."

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then, O then, O then, O, my true love said,
'Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

The Old Wives' Tale, 1595

"Not Iris in Her Pride . . ."

Not Iris in her pride and bravery
 Adorns her arch with such variety;
 Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night
 Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
 As do these fields and groves and sweetest bowers
 Bestrewed and decked with parti-coloured flowers.
 Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
 That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
 The water-flowers and lilies on the banks
 Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks;
 Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
 Where sacred Phoebe may delight to be,
 The primrose and the purple hyacinth,
 The dainty violet and the wholesome minth,
 The double daisy and the cowslip (Queen
 Of summer flowers) do over-peer the green;
 And round about the valley as ye pass,
 Ye may not see, for peeping flowers, the grass.

*The Arraignment of Paris, 1584*FROM *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, 1599*

1.

Absalon: Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
 To be confirmed with virtue of my sword,
 And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
 Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament
 And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
 Which thou hast made to give their glories light.
 To show thou lovest the virtue of thy hand,
 Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
 Whose influence may govern Israel
 With state exceeding all her other kings.
 Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face
 May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
 And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
 Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
 That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.
 God in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
 Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,
 To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs;
 As whilom he was good to Moses' men,
 By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
 To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
 And in the night a pillar bright as fire
 Shall go before you like a second sun,
 Wherein the essence of his Godhead is;
 That day and night you may be brought to peace,
 And never swerve from that delightful path

That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
This He shall do for joy when I am king.
Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

Bethsabe: Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
That stroke my bosom with thy silken fan.
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce:
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keep every fountain fresh and harbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightful robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes
To play the wanton with us through the leaves.

3.

David: Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That for their homage to her sovereign joys
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind their nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing:
Welcome fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

CHIDIOCK TICHBOURNE

(1558?–1586)

Written the Night before His Execution

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green;
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb,
 I looked for life, and saw it was a shade,
 I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
 And now I die, and now I am but made:
 The glass is full, and now my glass is run,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

ROBERT GREENE

(1560?–1592)

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too,
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown;
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merrier too,
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 When shepherds careless carol by the fire:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
 And blither too,
 For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
 As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
 More wanton too,
 For kings have many griefs affects to move,
 Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:

Ah, then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
 As doth the king upon his bed of down;
 More sounder too,
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or sithe;

And blither too,
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Samela

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
 When washed by Arethusa's fount they lie,
 Is fair Samela;

As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
 Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
 Is fair Samela;

Like lovely Thetis on a calméd day,
 Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
 Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
 Of fair Samela;

Her cheeks like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
 Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:
 Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the show of majesty,
 For she's Samela;

Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

Weep Not, My Wanton

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby lept;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

A Mind Content

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscuréd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

"Ah Were She Pitiful . . ."

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet there is not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compasséd she is with thorns and cankered bower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparéd to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou on my breast!

Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, 15

FROM A Madrigal

The swans, whose pens as white as ivory,
Eclipsing fair Endymion's silver love,
Floating like snow down by the banks of Po,
Ne'er tuned their notes, like Leda once forlorn,
With more despairing sorts of madrigals,
Than I, when wanton Love hath with his gad
Pricked to the core of deep and restless thoughts.

"Sonnet"

Fair is my love, for April is her face,
 Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
 And lordly July in her eyes takes place;
 But old December dwelleth in her heart.
 Blest be the months that set my thoughts on fire,
 Accursed that month that hind'reth my desire!

Like Phoebus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes;
 As air perfumed with amber is her breath;
 Like swelling waves her lovely teats do rise;
 As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death.
 Ay me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
 When unkind earth death and despair doth give!

In pomp sits Mercy seated in her face;
 Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint;
 Her eyes shine favour, courtesy and grace;
 But touch her heart, ah, that is framed of flint!
 Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
 The rock will wear washed with a winter's rain.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

(1560-1634)

Song

O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
 Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
 The reaped harvest of the light
 Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
 Love calls to war;
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
 On glorious Day's out-facing face;
 And all thy crownéd flames command
 For torches to our nuptial grace.
 Love calls to war;
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

FROM *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607

1.

Bussy As cedars beaten with continual storms,
d'Ambois: So great men flourish; and do imitate
 Unskilful statuarics, who suppose
 In forming a Colossus, if they make him

Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly: so men merely great
 In their affected gravity of voice,
 Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
 Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
 Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint and lead.

2.

Bussy

d'Ambois:

I long to know
 How my dear mistress fares, and be informed
 What hand she now doth hold on the troubled blood
 Of her incenséd lord. Methought the Spirit
 When he had uttered his perplexed presage,
 Threw his changed countenance headlong into clouds
 His forehead bent, as he would hide his face;
 He knocked his chin against his darkened breast,
 And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
 Terror of Darkness, O thou King of Flames,
 That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
 The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth;
 And hurl'st instructive fire about the world;
 Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
 That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.
 Or thou, Great Prince of Shades, where never sun
 Sticks his far-darted beams: whose eyes are made
 To see in darkness and see ever best
 Where sense is blinded; open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
 Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
 And rise Thou with it in thy greater light.

FROM *Caesar and Pompey*, 1631

Cato: Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to them!
 If men would sleep, they would be wroth with all
 That interrupt them; physic take, to take
 The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
 For good and soundest naps; all friends consenting
 In those kind invocations; praying all
 "Good rest the Gods vouchsafe you." But when Death,
 Sleep's natural brother, comes, that's nothing worse
 But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—
 Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor)
 O, how men grudge and shake and fear and fly
 His stern approaches! all their comforts, taken
 In faith and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
 That watch their wakings in an endless life,
 Drowned in the pains and horrors of their sense
 Sustained but for an hour.

FROM *The Conspiracy of Charles,
Duke of Byron, 1608*

1.

Laffin: As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And set the world in silver of her light,
The planets, asterisms, and whole State of Heaven
In beams of gold descending; all the winds
Bound up in caves, charged not to drive abroad
Their cloudy heads; and universal peace
(Proclaimed in silence) of the quiet earth:
Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put out
The eyes of all these glories; the creation
Turned into chaos; and we then desire
For all our joy of life the death of sleep.
So, when the glories of our lives (men's loves,
Clear consciences, our fames and loyalties)
That did us worthy comfort are eclipsed,
Grief and disgrace invade us; and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

2.

Byron: Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
E'en till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

FROM *The Sixth Book of Homer's Iliads*

She, with his sight made breathless haste to meet him; she, whose
 grace
Brought him withal so great a dower; she that of all the race
Of King Aetion only lived; Aetion whose house stood
Beneath the mountain Placius, environed with the wood
Of Theban Hypoplace, being court to the Cilician land.
She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand
Her son, borne in his nurse's arms; when, like a heavenly sign
Compact of many golden stars, the princely child did shine,
Whom Hector called Scamandrius; but whom the town did name
Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the same.
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smiled upon his joy.
Andromache cried out, mixed hands, and to the strength of Troy
Thus wept forth her affection: "O noblest in desire,
Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will set thyself on fire;

Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife who must thy widow be,
If now thou issue; all the field will only run on thee.
Better my shoulders underwent the earth than thy decease;
For then would earth bear joys no more; then comes the black
increase

Of griefs, like Greeks on Ilion. Alas, what one survives
To be my refuge? one black day bereft seven brothers' lives,
By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breathed his last,
His high-walled rich Cilician Thebes sacked by him and laid waste
The royal body yet he left unspoiled; religion charmed
That act of spoil; and all in fire he burned him complete armed;
Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of aegis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round with elms; by which is shown
In theirs the barrenness of death; yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of storms and tempests, used to hurt things of that noble kind.
The short life yet my mother lived he saved, and served his mind
With all the riches of the realm; which not enough esteemed
He kept her prisoner; whom small time but much more wealth re-
deemed;

And she in sylvan Hypoplace Cilicia ruled again,
But soon was overruled by death; Diana's chaste disdain
Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet, all these gone from me
Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes still my father be,
My mother, brothers; and besides thou art my husband too,
Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go,
For, thou gone, all these go again; pity our common joy,
Lest, of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy,
Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge; stay, stay then, in this
tower,

And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired power;
For there the wall is easiest scaled, and fittest for surprise,
And there th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
Have both surveyed and made attempt; I know not if induced
By some wise augur, or the fact was naturally infused
Into their wits or courages." To this great Hector said:
"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.
But what a shame and fear it is to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns
adorn)

That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow;
When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drowned.

But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,
 Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
 (Who though so many and so good must all be food for foes)
 As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping
 hence,

These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
 Loading thy temples out of which thine eyes must never see,
 But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be
 To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring;
 Which howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing
 She will be mistress; whose cursed hands, when they shall crush out
 cries

From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's wife,
 A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life
 Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,
 To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
 Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."
 This said, he reached to take his son; who, of his arms afraid,
 And then the horse-hair plume, with which he so was overlaid,
 Nodded so horribly, he clinged back to his nurse and cried.
 Laughter affected his great sire, who doffed and laid aside
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
 Then took and kissed his loving son, and, balancing his weight
 In dancing him, these loving vows to living Jove he used. . . .

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

(1561?–1595)

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty babe all burning bright
 Did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though His floods should quench His flames,
 Which with His tears were fed.
 "Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel my fire but I!
 My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes shame and scorns;

The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls.
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood."
With this He vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

The Virgin Mary to Christ on the Cross

What mist hath dimmed that glorious face!
What seas of grief my sun doth toss!
The golden rays of heavenly grace
Lies now eclipséd on the cross.

Jesus! my Love, my Son, my God,
Behold Thy mother washed in tears;
Thy bloody wounds be made a rod
To chasten these my latter years.

You cruel Jews, come work your ire
Upon this worthless flesh of mine;
And kindle not eternal fire
By wounding Him which is divine.

Thou messenger that didst impart
His first descent into my womb,
Come, help me now to cleave my heart,
That there I may my Son entomb.

You angels all, that present were
To show His birth with harmony,
Why are you not now ready here
To make a mourning symphony?

The cause I know; you wail alone
And shed your tears in secrecy,
Lest I should movéd be to moan
By force of heavy company.

But wail, my soul, thy comfort dies;
My woeful womb, lament thy fruit;
My heart, give tears unto my eyes,
Let Sorrow string my heavy lute

FROM *The Image of Death*

The gown which I do use to wear,
 The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
 And eke that old and ancient chair
 Which is my only usual seat,
 All these do tell me I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
 And many of my mates are gone;
 My youngers daily drop away,
 And can I think to 'scape alone?
 No, no, I know that I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
 Nor Samson, though he were so strong,
 No king nor person ever yet
 Could 'scape, but Death laid him along;
 Wherefore I know that I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
 Of Alexander's dreadful name,
 And all the West did likewise fear
 To hear of Julius Caesar's fame,
 Yet both by Death in dust now lie;
 Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
 If rich and poor his beck obey;
 If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
 Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
 Oh! grant me grace, O God! that I
 My life may mend, sith I must die.

HENRY CONSTABLE

(1562?-1613?)

Damelus' Song to His Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heighho, how I do love thee!
 I do love thee as my lambs
 Are belovéd of their dams:
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
 I do love thee as each flower
 Loves the sun's life-giving power;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
 When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!
 As the birds do love the Spring,
 Or the bees their careful king:
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

SAMUEL DANIEL

(1562-1619)

"Love Is a Sickness . . ."

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies,
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind
 Not well, nor full nor fasting.
 Why so?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies,
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Heigh-ho!

Ulysses and the Siren

Siren: Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
 Possess these shores with me;
 The winds and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
 Here may we sit and view their toil
 That travail in the deep,
 And joy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleep.

- Ulysses:* Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.
- Siren:* Ulysses, Oh be not deceived
With that unreal name;
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame;
Begotten only to molest
Our peace and to beguile,
The best thing of our life, our rest,
And give us up to toil.
- Ulysses:* Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport.
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.
- Siren:* Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.
- Ulysses:* But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease.
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still;
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.
- Siren:* That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more ill than good.

Ulysses: But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great Spirits of high desire
 Seem born to turn them best;
 To purge the mischiefs that increase
 And all good order mar;
 For oft we see a wicked peace
 To be well changed for war.

Siren: Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
 I shall not have thee here,
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortunes there.
 I must be won that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not won;
 For beauty hath created been
 T' undo or be undone.

Sonnets

1.

Fair is my love and cruel as she's fair;
 Her brow-shades frown, although her eyes are sunny.
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair,
 And her disdains are gall, her favours honey;
 A modest maid, decked with a blush of honour,
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
 Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.
 Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
 Live reconciled friends within her brow;
 And had she pity to conjoin with those,
 Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
 For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

2.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green
 Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,
 And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose;
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
 When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
 Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
 And that, in beauty's lease expired, appears
 The date of age, the calends of our death—
 But ah, no more!—this must not be foretold,
 For women grieve to think they must be old.

3.

Let others sing of knights and paladins
 In aged accents and untimely words,
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
 Which well the reach of their high wit records;
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
 When yet th'unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies!
 Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb!
 These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect
 Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
 Though th'error of my youth in them appear,
 Suffice they show I lived and loved thee dear.

4.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my languish and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my cares return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

(1563-1618)

Sonnet

Were I as base as is the lowly plain
 And you, my love, as high as heav'n above,
 Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
 Ascend to heav'n in honour of my love.
 Were I as high as heav'n above the plain,
 And you, my love, as humble and as low
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
 Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
 Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
 Till heav'n waxed blind and till the world were dun.
 Wheresoe'er I am, below or else above you,
 Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563-1631)

FROM *The Shepherd's Garland*

Batte: Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
The colour maids delight,
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white;

Than roses richer to behold
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold
Though Phoebus' paramours.

Gorbo: Thou well describ'st the daffodil;
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte: Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo: I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte: Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still;
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo: Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil,

Whose presence as along she went
 The pretty flowers did greet,
 As though their heads they downward bent
 With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
 From top of every hill,
 Unto the valleys low did cry:
 "There goes sweet Daffodil!"

Batte: Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
 Thou all my flocks dost fill,
 That's she alone, kind shepherd's boy;
 Let us to Daffodil.

To His Coy Love

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me,
 I but in vain that saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me.
 These poor half kisses kill me quite;
 Was ever man thus served?
 Amidst an ocean of delight
 For pleasure to be sterved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
 With azure riverets branchéd,
 Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanchéd.
 O Tanalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
 By me thou art prevented,
 'Tis nothing to be plunged in hell,
 But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
 Nor thy life's comfort call me;
 O, these are but too pow'rful charms,
 And do but more enthrall me.
 But see, how patient I am grown,
 In all this coil about thee;
 Come, nice thing, let my heart alone,
 I cannot live without thee.

To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honour still pursue;
 Go and subdue
 Whilst loit'ring hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly abroad bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep;
 Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
 When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold,
VIRGINIA,
Earth's only paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison and fish,
 And the fruitfull'st soil,
 Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
 No other cares that tend,
 But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
 Above the sea's that flows,
 The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore,
 (Thanks to God first given)
 O you, the happiest men,
 Be frolic then,
 Let cannons roar,
 Frighting the wide heaven.

And as there plenty grows
 Of laurel everywhere,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 You may it see
 A poet's brows
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend
 Industrious Hakluyt,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much commend
 To after-times thy wit.

FROM Nymphidia, the Court of Fayrie

Pigwigen was this fairy knight,
 One wondrous gracious in the sight
 Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
 He amorously observed;
 Which made king Oberon suspect
 His service took too good effect,
 His sauciness and often checkt,
 And could have wished him starved.

Pigwigen gladly would commend
 Some token to queen Mab to send,
 If sea or land him aught could lend
 Were worthy of her wearing;
 At length this lover doth devise
 A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
 A thing he thought that she would prize,
 No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
 Which he most curiously indites,
 Conjuring her by all the rites
 Of love she would be pleased
 To meet him, her true servant, where
 They might without suspect or fear,
 Themselves to one another clear,
 And have their poor hearts eased.

At midnight, the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bower
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flower
 On Hipcut hill that groweth.
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it in her way,
 The tallest there that groweth.

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage
 It secretly to carry;
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
 She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For naught must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning;
The seat, the soft wool of the bee;
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly,
 I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nones,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted;

But run herself away alone,
Which, when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab their sovereign ever dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

Sonnets

1.

If chaste and pure devotion of my youth
Or glory of my April-springing years,
Unfeignéd love in naked simple truth,
A thousand vows, a thousand sighs and tears;
Or if a world of faithful service done,
Words, thoughts and deeds devoted to her honour,
Or eyes that have beheld her as their sun,
With admiration ever looking on her;
A life that never joyed but in her love,
A soul that ever hath adored her name,
A faith that time nor fortune could not move,
A Muse that unto heaven hath raised her fame:
Though these, nor these, deserve to be embraced,
Yet, fair unkind, too good to be disgraced.

2.

Sweet secrecy, what tongue can tell thy worth?
What mortal pen sufficiently can praise thee?
What curious pencil serves to limn thee forth?
What Muse hath power above thy height to raise thee?
Strong lock of kindness, closet of love's store,
Heart's mithridate, the soul's preservative,
O virtue! which all virtues do adore,
Chief good, from whom all good things we derive.

O rare effect! true bond of friendship's measure,
Conceit of angels, which all wisdom teachest,
O richest casket of all heavenly treasure,
In secret silence which such wonders preachest.
O purest mirror, wherein men may see
The lively image of divinity.

3.

Into these loves who but for passion looks,
At this first sight here let him lay them by,
And seek elsewhere in turning other books
Which better may his labour satisfy.
No far-fetched sigh shall ever wound my breast,
Love from mine eye a tear shall never wring,
Nor in Ah-mes! my whining sonnets drest,
A libertine fantastic'ly I sing;
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all variety inclined,
And in all humours sportively I range;
My active Muse is of the world's right strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

4.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare
Than to the son of some rich pennyfather,
Who having now brought on his end with care
Leaves to his son all he had heaped together;
This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
To one man gives, and on another spends,
Then here he riots, yet among the rest
Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee,
Thy love, that is on the unworthy placed;
Time hath thy beauty which with age will leave thee:
Only that little which to me was lent
I give thee back, when all the rest is spent.

5.

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternise thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where in the map of all my misery
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannising times,
Medea-like I make thee young again;
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rhymes
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain.
And though in youth my youth untimely perish
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,

Where I entombed my better part shall save;
 And though this earthly body fade and die,
 My name shall mount upon eternity.

6.

Dear, why should you command me to my rest
 When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
 Methinks this time becometh lovers best,
 Night was ordained together friends to keep.
 How happy are all other living things,
 Which though the day disjoin by several flight,
 The quiet evening yet together brings
 And each returns unto his love at night.
 O thou that art so courteous unto all,
 Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
 That every creature to his kind dost call,
 And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
 Well could I wish it would be ever day,
 If when night comes you bid me go away.

7.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.
 Nay, I have done. You get no more of me.
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564–1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

England's Hellcon, 1600

Reply

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joy no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

FROM *Hero and Leander*

On this feast day, O curséd day and hour,
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this, had Venus none;
The walls were of discoloured jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carvéd, and o'erhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread;
Where by one hand, light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes outwung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass.
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower,
Jove sliely stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed;
And for his love, Europa, bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud:
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy,
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, vailing her eyelids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,
And thus Leander was enamouréd.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
 For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
 The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

FROM *The First Part of Tamburlaine the Great*

1.

Tamburlaine: Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
 Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
 Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
 Not all the wealth in India's wealthy arms
 Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
 Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
 Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
 Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
 Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine
 Than the possession of the Persian crown,
 Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
 A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
 Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus.
 Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
 Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
 More rich and valorous than Zenocrate's.
 With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
 Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
 And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
 Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd.
 My martial prizes, with five hundred men,
 Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
 Shall we all offer to Zenocrate,
 And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

2.

Tamburlaine: The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
 That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
 To thrust his doting father from his chair
 And place himself in the imperial heaven,
 Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state,
 What better precedent than mighty Jove?
 Nature, that fram'd us of four elements
 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend

The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

3.

Tamburlaine: Those walléd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the straits for Christians' wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men-of-war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetchéd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the Straits of Jubalter,
Where they shall meet and join their force in one
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.

4.

Tamburlaine: Ah, fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvéd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother of the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.
There angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul

Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
 And neither Persia's sovereign nor the Turk
 Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
 So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
 What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
 If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
 Their minds and muses on admir'd themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From the immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit—
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

FROM *The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great*

1.

Tamburlaine: Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
 The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
 That danc'd with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams,
 And all with faintness and for foul disgrace,
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night.
 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
 And tempered every soul with lively heat,
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,
 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
 Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
 As sentinels to warn th'immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:
 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
 Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like triéd silver run through Paradise
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:
 The cherubins and holy seraphins,
 That sing and play before the King of Kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:

And in this sweet and curious harmony,
 The god that tunes this music to our souls
 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.

2.

Tamburlaine: Forward, then, ye jades!

Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
 And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come
 That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,
 Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
 The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
 The Terrene, west; the Caspian, north north-east;
 And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
 Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils
 We will convey with us to Persia.
 Then shall my native city Samarcanda,
 And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,
 The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
 Be famous through the furthest continents;
 For there my palace royal shall be plac'd,
 Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
 And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell;
 Thorough the streets, with troops of conquered kings,
 I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
 And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
 Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
 To note me emperor of the three-fold world;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted high
 Upon the lofty and celestial mount
 Of ever green Selinus, quaintly decked
 With blooms more white than Herycina's brows,
 Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
 At every little breath that thorough heaven is blown.
 Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
 Mounted his shining chariot gilt with fire,
 And drawn with princely eagles through the path
 Pav'd with bright crystal and enchas'd with stars
 Where all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
 So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
 Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,
 Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
 To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon!

FROM *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*

1.

(Enter Helen again, passing over the stage)

Faustus: Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

(She kisses him)

Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in those lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
 And I will combat with meek Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my pluméd crest:
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

2.

Faustus: Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come;
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
 O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
 See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
 Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
 Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
 Where is it now! 'tis gone: and see, where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
 No, no!
 Then will I headlong run into the earth:
 Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon lab'ring cloud
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

(*The watch strikes*)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be passed anon.
 O God,
 If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
 O, no end is limited to damnéd souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curs'd be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

(The clock striketh twelve)

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
 O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

(Thunder and enter the Devils)

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
 Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
 I'll burn my book!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

(The Devils hale him off)

3.

EPILOGUE

Chorus: Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burnéd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
 That sometime grew within this learned man.
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 To practise more than heavenly power permits.

FROM *Edward the Second*

Gaveston: I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
 Musicians, that with touching of a string
 May draw the pliant king which way I please.
 Music and poetry are his delight;
 Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
 Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;

And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
 Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
 My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
 Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
 Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
 With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
 Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
 And in his sportful hands an olive tree
 To hide those parts which men delight to see,
 Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
 One like Acteon, peeping through the grove,
 Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
 And running in the likeness of a hart,
 By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die;
 Such things as these best please his majesty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

Song

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona**Sonnet*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Love's Labour's Lost

"On a Day—Alack the Day!"

On a day—alack the day!—
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, can passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee;
 Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

Love's Labour's Lost

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Love's Labour's Lost

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Love's Labour's Lost

"Over Hill, over Dale"

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

"You Spotted Snakes . . ."

First Fairy: You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus: Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

First Fairy: Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus: Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

"The Ousel Cock . . ."

The ousel cock so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throstle with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill;

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
 And dares not answer nay.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

"Now the Hungry Lion Roars"

Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task foredone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic: not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

"Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred"

Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.
 It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it — Ding, dong, bell.

All: Ding, dong, bell.

The Merchant of Venice

"Sigh No More, Ladies . . ."

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Much Ado about Nothing

"Pardon, Goddess of the Night"

Pardon, goddess of the night,
 Those that slew thy virgin knight;
 For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
 Till death be uttered,
 Heavily, heavily.

Much Ado About Nothing

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It

"If It Do Come to Pass"

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 And if he will come to me.

As You Like It

"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

As You Like It

"What Shall He Have . . ."

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

As You Like It

"It Was a Lover and His Lass"

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folk would lie.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It

"Wedding Is Great Juno's Crown"

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town:
 High wedlock then be honoured.
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!

As You Like It

"O Mistress Mine . . ."

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night

"Come Away, Come Away, Death"

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

Twelfth Night

'When That I Was and a Little Tiny Boy'

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut the gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*Twelfth Night**"How Should I Your True Love Know"*

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

*Hamlet**"To-morrow Is Saint Valentine's Day"*

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betimes,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd the chamber-door;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

Hamlet

"And Will A' Not Come Again?"

And will a' not come again?
 And will a' not come again?
 No, no, he is dead,
 Go to thy death-bed,
 He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll:
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan!
 God ha' mercy on his soul!

Hamlet

"Fie on Sinful Fantasy!"

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
 Pinch him for his villany;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

The Merry Wives of Windsor

"For I the Ballad Will Repeat"

For I the ballad will repeat,
 Which men full true shall find;
 Your marriage comes by destiny,
 Your cuckoo sings by kind.

All's Well That Ends Well

"Take, O Take Those Lips Away"

Take, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again, bring again;
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Measure for Measure

"The Cod-Piece That Will House"

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

*King Lear**"He That Has and a Little Tiny Wit"*

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortune's fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

*King Lear**"When Priests Are More in Word . . ."*

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.

*King Lear**"Come, Thou Monarch . . ."*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink cyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Antony and Cleopatra

"Hark, Hark! the Lark . . ."

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise!

Cymbeline

"Fear No More . . ."

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have;
 And renown'd be thy grave!

Cymbeline

"When Daffodils Begin to Peer"

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

The Winter's Tale

"Jog On, Jog On . . ."

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent the stile-a:
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a

The Winter's Tale

"Lawn as White as Driven Snow"

Lawn as white as driven snow;
 Cypress black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces and for noses;
 Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber;
 Golden coifs and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel:
 Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
 Come buy.

The Winter's Tale

"Will You Buy Any Tape"

Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread,
 Any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?
 Come to the pedlar;
 Money's a medlar,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a.

The Winter's Tale

"Come unto These Yellow Sands"

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist:
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark.
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

*The Tempest**"Full Fathom Five . . ."*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong.
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

*The Tempest**"No More Dams I'll Make . . ."*

No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
 Has a new master—get a new man.

*The Tempest**"The Master, the Swabber . . ."*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
 The gunner, and his mate,
 Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
 But none of us cared for Kate;
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
 Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

The Tempest

"You Nymphs, Call'd Naiads . . ."

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does command:
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.
 You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

The Tempest

"Where the Bee Sucks . . ."

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest

Sonnets

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well tunéd sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove none."

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of fair shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfuméd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their maskéd buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only in their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you.
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LX

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone.
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by the granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show;
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovéd, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CII

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new;
 Most true it is that I have looked on truth
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
 These blanches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next to my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
And bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXIX

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Pressed by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

RICHARD ROWLANDS, *alias* VERSTEGAN

(1565-1630)

"Upon My Lap My Sovereign Sits"

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
 And sucks upon my breast;
 Meantime his love maintains my life
 And gives my sense her rest.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,
 Repose, my babe, on me;
 So may thy mother and thy nurse
 Thy cradle also be.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
 All that my wishing would,
 Because I would not be to thee
 But in the best I should.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,
 I must and will be thine,
 Though all too little for thyself
 Vouchsafing to be mine.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

THOMAS NASHE

(1567-1601)

"Spring, the Sweet Spring . . ."

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring, the sweet spring!

Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600

"Adieu; Farewell Earth's Bliss"

Adieu; farewell earth's bliss,
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly:
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Physic himself must fade;
 All things to end are made;
 The plague full swift goes by;
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
 Which wrinkles will devour:
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair:
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave:
 Worms feed on Hector brave;
 Swords may not fight with fate:
 Earth still holds ope her gate.
 Come, come, the bells do cry;
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
 Tasteth death's bitterness.
 Hell's executioner
 Hath no ears for to hear
 What vain art can reply:
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
 To welcome destiny;
 Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage.
 Mount we unto the sky;
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord have mercy on us!

Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

(1567?-1640)

Sonnet

Then whilst that Latmos did contain her bliss
 Chaste Phoebe left her church so much admired,
 And when her brother from that bounds retired
 Would of the sleepy shepherd steal a kiss;
 But to no greater grace I crave to climb
 Than of my goddess whiles whilst she reposes
 That I might kiss the still-selfkissing roses,
 And steal of her that which was stol'n of him:
 And though I know that this would only prove
 A maimed delight, whereof th'one half would want,
 Yet whilst the light did Morpheus' power supplant;
 If that my theft did her displeasure move,
 I render would all that I robbed again
 And for each kiss I take would give her twain.

THOMAS CAMPION

(1567-1619)

'Follow Your Saint . . .'

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
 There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
 And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
 But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
 Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
 Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
 Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
 The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
 Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
 It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

"Follow Thy Fair Sun . . ."

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth!
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth!
That so have scorched thee
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,
The sun still proud, the shadow still disdained.

"Give Beauty All Her Right"

Give Beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight
Where her perfections bide:
Helen, I grant might pleasing be,
And Ros'mund was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends,
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred:
Meadows have flowers that pleasures move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime;
She visits every ground
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

"Thou Art Not Fair . . ."

Thou are not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies, thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.
Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
My thoughts with beauty were it more divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine:
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.

"Turn All Thy Thoughts . . ."

Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies
And all thy joys to fears;
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth:
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook;
True love cannot be caught:
For that will still be free
In spite of jealousy.

"Never Love . . ."

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man:
Men sometimes will jealous be
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

"Thrice Toss These Oaken Ashes . . ."

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

"Love Me or Not . . ."

Love me or not, love her I must or die;
Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.
O that her grace would my wish'd comforts give!
How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me;
Envy should cease, her would I love alone:
Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear;
But love enforced rarely yields firm content:
So would I love that neither should repent.

"Shall I Come, Sweet Love . . ."

Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be,
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredrest
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain:
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

"There Is a Garden in Her Face"

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

"When Thou Must Home . . ."

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admiréd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round, .
White Iope, blithe Helen and the rest,

To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;
 Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

After PROPERTIUS

"Now Winter Nights . . ."

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their hours,
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze,
 And cups o'erflow with wine;
 Let well-tuned words amaze
 With harmony divine.
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love,
 While youthful revels, masques and courtly sights
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defence.
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read.
 The summer hath his joys
 And winter his delights;
 Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

✓ *"The Man of Life Upright"*

The man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

"I Care Not for These Ladies"

I care not for these ladies
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind Amarillis,
The wanton country maid!
Nature, art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own,
Her, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, "No!"

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, they sell love!
Give me the nut-brown lass!
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, "No!"

These ladies must have pillows
And beds, by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought!
And fresh Amarillis,
With milk and honey fed!

Who, when we court and kiss,
 She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say, "No!"

"Rose-Cheek'd Laura, Come"

Rose-cheek'd Laura, come;
 Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
 Silent music, either other
 Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
 From concent divinely framéd:
 Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
 Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
 Discords need for helps to grace them;
 Only beauty purely loving
 Knows no discord;

But still moves delight,
 Like clear springs renew'd by flowing,
 Ever perfect, ever in them-
 selves eternal.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

(1568-1639)

✓ *The Character of a Happy Life*

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies;
 What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents; what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me if she were not designed
 The eclipse and glory of her kind?

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife

He first deceased; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

(1569-1626)

FROM *Nosce Teipsum*

For why should we the busy soul believe
 When boldly she concludes of that and this,
 When of herself she can no judgment give,
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do;
But that whereby we reason, live and be
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere
And the strange cause of th'ebbs and floods of Nile
But of that clock within our breasts we bear
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone
And pass both tropics and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

I know my body's of so frail a kind
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span;
I know my sense is mocked in everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN

(1570-1638)

"I Loved Thee Once . . ."

I loved thee once; I'll love no more.
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay
While unthrifts fool their love away!

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown
 If thou hadst still continued mine;
 Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall
 That it thou might elsewhere enthrall;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so;
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
 To see him gain what I have lost;
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A-begging at a beggar's door.

THOMAS DEKKER

(1570?-1641?)

"O, the Month of May . . ."

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
 So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
 O, and then did I unto my true love say,
 Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
 The sweetest singer in all the forest quire,
 Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale:
 Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
 See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
 Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
 Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
 So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green;
 And then did I unto my true love say,
 Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

The Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600

"Cold's the Wind . . ."

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed!
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee!
 Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
 And down it merrily.

Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
 Hey derry derry down-a-down!
 Ho! well done, to me let come,
 Ring compass, gentle joy!

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed!
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

The Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600

"Art Thou Poor . . ."

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O, sweet content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O, punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
 O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face;
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
 O, sweet content!
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
 O, punishment!
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O, sweet content!

The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill, 1603

"Golden Slumbers . . ."

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby:
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby:
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill, 1603

"Haymakers, Rakers . . ."

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
 Wait on your summer queen.
 Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
 Daffodils strew the green.
 Sing, dance, and play,
 'Tis holiday.
 The sun does bravely shine
 On our ears of corn.
 Rich as a pearl,
 Comes every girl,
 This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
 Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that fair one,
 Come to behold our sports.
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
 As those in princes' courts.
 These and we
 With country glee
 Will teach the woods to resound
 And the hills with echoes hollow;
 Skipping lambs
 Their bleating dams
 'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
 For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsman, your neat bugles shrilly,
 Hounds make a lusty cry;
 Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
 Then let your brave hawks fly.
 Horses amain
 Over ridge, over plain,
 The dogs have the stag in chase;
 'Tis a sport to content a king:
 So, ho! ho! through the skies
 How the proud bird flies,
 And sousing, kills with a grace.
 Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

The Sun's Darling, 1632-4

FROM *Old Fortunatus*, 1600

1.

Fortune: Behold you not this globe, this golden bowl,
This toy called world, at our imperial feet?
This world is Fortune's ball, wherewith she sports.
Sometimes I strike it up into the air,
And then create I emperors and kings:
Sometimes I spurn it, at which spurn crawls out
That wild beast Multitude. Curse on, you fools,—
'Tis I that tumble princes from their thrones,
And gild false brows with glittering diadems.
'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors,
And when, like demi-gods, they have been drawn
In ivory chariots to the capitol,
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
The shouts of every tongue, love of all hearts,
Being swoll'n with their own greatness, I have pricked
The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
As water-bubbles, without memory.
I thrust base cowards into Honour's chair,
While the true-spirited soldier stands by
Bare-headed, and all bare, whilst at his scars
They scoff, that ne'er durst view the face of wars.
I set an idiot's cap on Virtue's head,
Turn Learning out of doors, clothe Wit in rags,
And paint ten thousand images of loam
In gaudy silken colours. On the backs
Of mules and asses I make asses ride,
Only for sport, to see the apish world
Worship such beasts with sound idolatry.
This Fortune does, and when this is done,
She sits and smiles to hear some curse her name,
And some with adoration crown her fame.

2.

Fortune: Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak;
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou like Phoebus shalt speak oracle,
Thy Heaven-inspired soul, on Wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,

And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
 That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
 And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
 Are thy desires long life?—thy vital thread
 Shall be stretched out, thou shalt behold the change
 Of monarchies and see those children die,
 Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
 If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
 Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
 To warm their tender bodies in the sun,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.
 Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
 And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of Fate,
 Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.

3.

Fortunatus: Oh, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
 More violent conflict fights in every thought,
 Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
 Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
 Then I lose riches: and a wise man poor,
 Is like a sacred book that's never read,—
 To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.
 I will be strong: then I refuse long life,
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
 The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;
 The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
 Then take long life, or health: should I do so
 I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
 Of months and years, much misery may enroll.
 Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not,
 That fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
 Leprous as sin itself; than hell more foul.
 The wisdom of this world is idiotism,
 Strength a weak reed: health sickness's enemy,
 And it at length will have the victory.
 Beauty is but a painting, and long life
 Is a long journey in December gone,
 Tedious and full of tribulation.
 Therefore, dread sacred Empress, make me rich,
 My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise.
 He that upon his back rich garments wears,
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
 Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine,
 A mask of gold hides all deformities;

Gold is Heaven's physic, life's restorative,
 Oh therefore make me rich: not as the wretch,
 That only serves lean banquets to his eye,
 Has gold, yet starves: is famished in his store:
 No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

FROM *The Honest Whore, Part I*, 1604

Candido: Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to Heaven.
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
 The stock of patience then cannot be poor;
 All it desires, it has; what monarch more?
 It is the greatest enemy to law
 That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
 And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues.
 'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
 His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond slave's freedom,
 And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
 As though he wore it more for state than pain:
 It is the beggars' music, and thus sings,
 Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
 O my dread liege! It is the sap of bliss
 Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss.
 And last of all, to end a household strife,
 It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

(1570?–1627)

"Love for Such a Cherry Lip"

Love for such a cherry lip
 Would be glad to pawn his arrows;
 Venus here to take a sip
 Would sell her doves and teams of sparrows.
 But they shall not so;
 Hey nonny, nonny no!
 None but I this lip must owe,
 Hey nonny, nonny no!

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
 Ganymede must wait no longer;
 Phoebe here one night did lie,
 Would change her face and look much younger.
 But they shall not so;
 Hey nonny, nonny no!
 None but I this lip must owe;
 Hey nonny, nonny no!

Blurt, Master Constable, 1602

"O for a Bowl of Fat Canary"

O for a bowl of fat canary,
 Rich Aristippus, sparkling sherry!
 Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
 O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench! I deal in faces,
 And in other daintier things;
 Tickled am I with her embraces;
 Fine dancing in such fairy rings!

O for a plump, fat leg of mutton,
 Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney!
 None is happy but a glutton,
 None an ass, but who wants money.

Wines indeed, and girls are good;
 But brave victuals feast the blood;
 For wenches, wine and lusty cheer,
 Jove would come down to surfeit here.

A Mad World, My Masters, 1608

BEN JONSON

(1573-1637)

*An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavey,
 a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel*

Weep with me all you that read
 This little story;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed,
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child, that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When Fates turned cruel,
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old men so duly
 As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
 He played so truly.
 So by error to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since (alas, too late)
 They have repented.
 And have sought (to give new birth)
 In baths to steep him;
 But, being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L.H.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other let it sleep with death;
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

That Women Are but Men's Shadows

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
 Seem to fly, it will pursue;
 So court a mistress, she denies you;
 Let her alone, she will court you.
 Say, are not women truly then
 Styled but the shadows of us men?
 At morn and even shades are longest;
 At noon they are or short or none;
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.
 Say, are not women truly then
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 And leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.

But thou thereon did'st only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it breathes and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

From the Greek of PHILOSTRATUS

Her Triumph

See the chariot at hand here of Love
 Wherein my lady rideth!
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth;
 As she goes all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty;
 And enamoured do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side
 Thorough swords, thorough seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her!
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through her face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Ha' you felt the wool of beaver
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

*To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author,
 Mr. William Shakespeare*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes and urgeth all by chance,
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise
 And think to ruin where it seemed to raise

These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise. I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Faccuvius, Accius, him of Cordoba dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo forth he came to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so rightly spun and woven so fit
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,

For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filéd lines;
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That did so take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there.
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

Song

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
 Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs;
 List to the heavy part the music bears:
 Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
 Droop herbs and flowers,
 Fall grief in showers,
 Our beauties are not ours;
 O, I could still
 (Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

Cynthia's Revels, 1616

Song

O, that joy so soon should waste!
 Or so sweet a bliss
 As a kiss
 Might not for ever last!
 So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
 The dew that lies on roses,
 When the morn herself discloses,
 Is not so precious.
 O, rather than I would it smother,
 Were I to taste such another,
 It should be my wishing
 That I might die kissing.

Cynthia's Revels, 1616

Hymn

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep;
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close;
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver,
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

*Cynthia's Revels, 1616**Song*

Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
 As you were going to a feast,
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace,
 Robes loosely flying, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art.
 They strike mine eye, but not my heart.

*The Silent Woman, 1616**FROM Volpone or The Fox, 1605*

Volpone: If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
 Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
 Spirit of roses, and of violets,
 The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
 Gathered in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
 Our drink shall be preparéd gold and amber;
 Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
 With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
 Whilst we, in changéd shapes, act Ovid's tales,
 Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
 Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
 So, of the rest, till we have quite run through
 And wearied all the fables of the gods.
 Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
 Attiréd like some sprightly dame of France,
 Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
 Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife;
 Or the grand signior's mistress; and, for change,
 To one of our most artful courtezans,
 Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
 And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
 Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls
 Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasure.

FROM *The Alchemist*, 1610

Sir Epicure
Mammon:

No. I'll have no bawds,
 But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
 Best of all others. And my flatterers
 Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
 That I can get for money. My mere fools,
 Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
 The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
 Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
 The few that would give out themselves to be
 Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, belie
 Ladies who are known most innocent for them;
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
 A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
 We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
 My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
 Boiled in the spirit of sol, and dissolved pearl,
 Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
 The beards of barbels served, instead of salads;
 Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
 For which I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth, and be a knight.

. . . My shirts
 I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
 As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.
 My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed
 With gums of paradise and eastern air.

JOHN DAY

(15— ?-1640?)

FROM *The Parliament of Bees*, 1607?

1.

Polypragmus:

I will have one built
 Like Pompey's theatre; the ceiling gilt
 And interseamed with pearl, to make it shine
 Like high Jove's palace: my descent's divine.
 My great hall I'll have paved with clouds; which done
 By wondrous skill, an artificial sun
 Shall roll about, reflecting golden beams,
 Like Phoebus dancing on the wanton streams.
 And when 'tis night, just as that sun goes down,
 I'll have the stars draw up a silver moon
 In her full height of glory. Overhead
 A roof of woods and forests I'll have spread,
 Trees growing downwards, full of fallow-deer;
 When of the sudden, listening, you shall hear
 A noise of horns and hunting, which shall bring
 Actaeon to Diana in the spring,
 Where all shall see her naked skin; and there
 Actaeon's hounds shall their own master tear,
 As emblem of his folly that will keep
 Hounds to devour and eat him up asleep.
 All this I'll do that men with praise may crown
 My fame for turning the world upside-down.

2.

Illriste:

This baseness follows your profession:
 You are like common beadles, easily won
 To whip poor bees to death, scarce worth the striking.
 But fawn with slavish flattery and throw liking
 On great drones' vices; you clap hands at those,
 Which proves your vices friends and virtues foes;
 Where the true poet indeed doth scorn to gild
 A coward's tomb with glories, or to build
 A sumptuous pyramid of golden verse
 Over the ruins of an ignoble hearse.
 His lines like his invention are born free,
 And both live blameless to eternity:
 He holds his reputation so dear
 As neither flattering hope nor servile fear
 Can bribe his pen to temporize with kings;
 The blacker are their crimes, he louder sings.

3.

Vintager: High steward of thy vines,
 Taster both of grapes and wines,
 In these ripe clusters that present
 Full bounty, on his knees low bent,
 Pays Oberon homage; and in this bowl
 Brimmed with grape blood, tender toll
 Of all thy vintage.

Oberon: May thy grapes thrive
 In autumn, and the roots survive
 In churlish winter; may thy fence
 Be proof 'gainst wild boars' violence;
 As thou in service true shalt be
 To us and our high royalty.
 —A female bee: thy character?

Flora: Flora, Oberon's gardener,
 (Housewife both of herbs and flowers,
 To strew thy shrine and trim thy bowers
 With violets, roses, eglantine,
 Daffodil and blue columbine)
 Hath forth the bosom of the spring
 Plucked this nosegay, which I bring
 From Eleusis, mine own shrine,
 To thee a monarch all divine;
 And, as true impost of my grove,
 Present it to great Oberon's love.

Oberon: Honey-dew refresh thy meads,
 Cowslips spring with golden heads;
 July-flowers and carnations wear
 Leaves double streaked with maiden-hair;
 May thy lilies taller grow,
 Thy violets fuller sweetness owe;
 And, last of all, may Phoebus love
 To kiss thee and frequent thy grove,
 As thou in service true shalt be
 Unto our crown and royalty.

JOHN DONNE

(1573–1631)

The Good-Morrow

I wonder by my troth what thou and I
 Did till we loved? were we not weaned till then?
 But sucked on country pleasures childishy?
 Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room an everywhere.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let maps to other worlds on worlds have shown,
 Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
 Where can we find two better hemispheres
 Without sharp North, without declining West?
 Whatever dies was not mixt equally;
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I
 Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

Song

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me, where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
 Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee;
 Thou, when thou return'st, will tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False ere I come to two or three.

The Canonization

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
 My five grey hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
 Or the King's real, or his stamped face
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veins fill
 Add one more to the plaguy bill?
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another fly,
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
 And we in us find the Eagle and the Dove.
 The Phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us; we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombs and hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
 And by these hymns all shall approve
 Us canonized for Love:

And thus invoke us: You whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomise,)
 Countries, Towns, Courts: beg from above
 A pattern of your love!

Song

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
To use myself in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

Love's Alchemy

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,
 Say where his centric happiness doth lie.

I have loved and got and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not find that hidden mystery;

Oh, 'tis imposture all:
 And as no chemic yet the Elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
 So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our case, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vain bubble's shadow, pay?

Ends love in this, that my man
 Can be as happy as I can; if he can
 Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
 The loving wretch that swears
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
 Which he in her angelic finds,
 Would swear as justly that he hears
 In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
 Hope not for mind in women; at their best
 Sweetness and wit they are but mummy possessed.

The Message

Send home my long strayed eyes to me,
 Which O! too long have dwelt on thee;
 Yet since there they have learned such ill,
 Such forced fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And cross both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

The Apparition

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
 And that thou think'st thee free
 From all solicitations from me,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
 And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
 A verier ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
 I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,
 Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

The Ecstasy

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
 The violet's reclining head,
 Sat we two, one another's best.
 Our hands were firmly cemented
 With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes upon one double string;
 So t'intergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the means to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls (which to advance their state
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay;
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing all the day.
 If any so by love refined
 That he soul's language understood,
 And by good love were grown all mind,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soul spake,
 Because both meant, not spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.
 This Ecstasy doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love,
 We see by this, it was not sex,
 We see, we saw not what did move:
 But as all several souls contain
 Mixture of things, they knew not what,
 Love these mixed souls doth mix again,
 And makes both one each this and that.
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 (All which before was poor and scant)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.
 When love with one another so
 Interinanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controls.
 We then, who are this new soul, know
 Of what we are composed and made,
 For th'atomies of which we grow
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.
 But O alas, so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear?
 They are ours, though they are not we. We are
 The intelligences, they the spheres.
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us to us at first convey,
 Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.
 On man heaven's influence works not so,
 But that it first imprints the air,
 So soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair.
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knot which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers' souls descend
 T' affections and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,

Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love revealed may look;
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book,
 And if some lover such as we
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change when we're to bodies gone.

The Relique

When my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more than one a bed)
 And he that digs it spies
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their souls, at the last busy day,
 Meet at this grave and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time or land
 Where mis-devotion doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
 Us to the Bishop and the King
 To make us Reliques; then
 Thou shalt be Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby;
 All women shall adore us and some men,
 And since at such time miracles are sought,
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we loved nor why,
 Difference of sex no more we knew
 Than our Guardian Angels do;
 Coming and going, we
 Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
 Our hands ne'er touched the seals
 Which nature, injured by late law, sets free:
 These miracles we did; but now, alas,
 All measure and all language I should pass,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

Change

Although thy hand and faith and good works too,
 Have sealed thy love which nothing should undo,
 Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy
 Confirm thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forced unto none,
 Open to all searchers, unprized if unknown.
 If I have caught a bird and let him fly,
 Another fowler using these means, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
 Foxes and goats, all beasts change when they please;
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to endure than men?
 They're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
 Chained to a galley, yet the galley's free;
 Who hath a plough-land casts all his seed corn there,
 And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
 Though Danube into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po.
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and me?
 Likeness glues love; and if that thou so do,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More than thy hate, I hate it, rather let me
 Allow her change, than change as oft as she,
 And so not teach, but force my opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one.
 To live in one land is captivity,
 To run all countries a wild roguery;
 Waters stink soon if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrefied:
 But when they kiss one bank and, leaving this,
 Never look back but the next bank do kiss,
 Then are they purest; Change is the nursery
 Of music, joy, life and eternity.

The Autumnal

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
 Young Beauties force our love, and that's a rape,
 This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
 If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame,
 Affection here takes Reverence's name.
 Were her first years the Golden Age; that's true,
 But now she's gold oft-tried and ever new

That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her tolerable tropic clime.
 Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, graves; if graves they were,
 They were Love's graves, for else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
 Vowed to this trench like an anachorite.
 And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
 He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
 Here dwells he, though he sojourn everywhere
 In Progress, yet his standing house is here.
 Here where still evening is, not noon nor night:
 Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at Revels, you at Council, sit.
 This is love's timber, youth his underwood;
 There he as wine in June enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our taste
 And appetite to other things is past.
 Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the Platane tree,
 Was loved for age, none being so large as she,
 Or else because, being young, nature did bless
 Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.
 If we love things long sought, Age is a thing
 Which we are fifty years in compassing;
 If transitory things which soon decay,
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not Winter-faces, whose skin's slack,
 Lank as an unthrif's purse, but a soul's sack;
 Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose mouths are holes rather worn out than made;
 Whose every truth to a several place is gone
 To vex their souls at Resurrection;
 Name not these living Death's-heads unto me,
 For these not ancient but antique be.
 I hate extremes, yet I had rather stay
 With tombs than cradles to wear out a day.
 Since such love's natural lation is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, so
 I shall ebb out with them who homeward go.

On His Mistress

By our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words' masculine persuasive force

Lation, astronomical motion.

Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg; but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love, love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress still, not my feigned page;
I'll go, and by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back; O if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy (else Almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shiveréd
Fair Oritha, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved
Dangers unurged; feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th'other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind's; be not strange
To thyself only; all will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace;
Richly clothed apes are called apes, and as soon
Eclipsed as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no less, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage
As Lot's fair guests were vexed. But none of these
Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for to thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly love's force, nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight startings, crying out: Oh, oh,
Nurse, O my love is slain, I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assailed, fight, taken, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except great Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

Love's Progress

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
 Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a calf a monster that were grown
 Faced like a man, though better than his own?
 Perfection is in unity; prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductileness, the application,
 The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women than to say
 They love for that, by which they're not they?
 Makes virtue women? Must I cool my blood
 Till I both be, and find one, wise and good?
 May barren angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she,
 As beauty's not, nor wealth; he that strays thus
 From her to hers is more adulterous
 Than if he took the maid. Search every sphere
 And firmament, our Cupid is not there;
 He's an infernal god, and underground
 With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound;
 Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
 Did not in altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see the celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we till and love;
 So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
 And virtues, but we love the centric part.

Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love than this, as infinite it is.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they err that set out at the face.
 The hair a forest is of ambushes,
 Of springs, snares, fetters and manacles;
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled shipwrecks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a paradise where we would have
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.

The nose (like to the first meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere
 On either side, and then directs us where
 Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
 (Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial)
 Her swelling lips; to which when we are come,
 We anchor there and think ourselves at home,
 For they seem all; there sirens' songs and there
 Wise Delphic oracles to fill the ear,
 There in a creek where chosen pearls do swell,
 The remora, her cleaving tongue, doth dwell.
 These and the glorious promontory, her chin,
 O'erpast, and the strait Hellespont between
 The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
 (Not of two lovers, but two loves the nests)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some island moles may scattered there descry,
 And sailing toward her India in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay;
 Though thence the current be thy pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embayed
 Thou shalt upon another forest set,
 Where many shipwreck and no further get.
 When thou art there, consider what this chase
 Misspent by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practise my art,
 Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that
 Lovely enough to stoop, but not stay at;
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the emblem that hath figuréd
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
 Civility we see refined; the kiss
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
 If kings think that the nearer way, and do
 Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too;
 For as free spheres move faster far than can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and aethereal way,
 Than if at beauty's elements he stay.
 Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid;
 They then which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks must go.
 He that doth not, his error is as great
 As who by clyster gave the stomach meat.

Satire II

Sir: though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best
That hate toward them breeds pity toward the rest.
Though poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in,
Though like the pestilence and old-fashioned love
Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starved out, yet their state
Is poor, disarmed, like papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch which at Bar judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
(Starving himself) to live by his laboured scenes;
As in some organ puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rhythms; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms;
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing and for writing ill;
But he is worst who beggarly doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested doth those things out spew
As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th'excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-do dildos and out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the litany;
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make.
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And, plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer, which was, alas, of late
But a scarce poet; jollier of this state
Than are now beneficed ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoever he goes
His title of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady. Speak, Coscus. I have been

In love ever since tricesimo of the Queen,
 Continual claims I have made, injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit that he should not
 Proceed. Spare me. In Hilary term I went;
 You said, if I returned next 'size in Lent
 I should be in remitter of your grace;
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits; words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's ear
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruined abbeys roar.
 When sick with poetry and possessed with Muse
 Thou wast and mad, I hoped; but men which choose
 Law-practice for mere gain, bold soul, repute
 Worse than embrothelled strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman, he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
 Idly like prisoners, which whole months will swear
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lie in everything
 Like a King's favourite, yea, like a King;
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
 Bearing like asses; and more shameless far
 Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles nor
 Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all our land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins, as he.
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty years
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buys wedding gear;
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre as men pulling prime.
 In parchments then, large as his fields, he draws
 Assurances big as glossed civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our time's forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not, nor for those written pays,
 Therefore spares no length; as in those first days
 When Luther was professed he did desire
 Short Pater nosters, saying as a friar
 Each day his beads; but having left those laws
 Adds to Christ's prayer the Power and glory clause.
 And when he sells or changes land he impairs
 His writings, and unwatched leaves out "ses heires,"
 As slyly as any commentator goes by
 Hard words or sense; or in divinity

As controverters in vouched texts leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
 Where are those spread woods which clothed heretofore
 Those bought lands? Not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where's th'old landlord's troops and alms? In great halls
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals
 Equally I hate; means bless; in rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so; but Oh, we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes; but my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of the huge statute laws.

Holy Sonnets

VII

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
 All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
 Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
 For if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
 When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
 As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon with Thy blood.

X

Death, be not proud though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
 For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

*A Hymn to Christ at the Author's Last Going
into Germany*

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood;
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto Thee,
And all whom I loved there and who loved me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put Thou Thy sea betwixt my sins and Thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but Thee, th'Eternal root
Of true Love, I may know.

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul,
But Thou would'st have that love Thyself; as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not till from loving more Thou free
My soul; who ever gives, takes liberty.
O, if Thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, Thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to Thee.
Churches are best for prayer that have least light;
To see God only I go out of sight.
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

A Hymn to God the Father

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin by which I have won
 Others to sin? and made my sin their door?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
 Swear by Thyself that at my death Thy son
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore;
 And having done that Thou hast done,
 I fear no more.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD

(1574–1627)

"As It Fell upon a Day"

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring;
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone:
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity:
 "Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
 "Tereu, Tereu!" by and by;
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
 None takes pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
 King Pandion he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapped in lead;
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend to misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find:
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such-like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king;"
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have at commandment:
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown;
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need:
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

"If Music and Sweet Poetry . . ."

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they needs must, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
 As passing all conceit needs no defence.
 Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

JOSEPH HALL

(1574-1656)

FROM *Vergidemiarum*

1.

PROLOGUE

I first adventure, with foolhardy might,
 To tread the steps of perilous despite:
 I first adventure; follow me who list,
 And be the second English satirist.
 Envy waits at my back, Truth on my side;
 Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
 Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line;
 Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
 For in this smoothing age who durst indite,
 Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
 To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
 And prank base men in proud superlatives.
 Whence damnéd vice is shrouded quite from shame
 And crowned with Virtue's meed, immortal name;
 Infamy dispossess of native due
 Ordained of old on looser life to sue:
 The world's eye blearéd with those shameless lies,
 Masked in the shew of meal-mouthed poesies.
 Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
 And do the ugly face of vice unmask;
 And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
 So as it may a lowly satire fit,
 Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
 Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

2.

A Gentle Squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chaplain,
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions:
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 While his young master lieth o'er his head;
 Secondly, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt;
 Third, that he never charge his trencher twice;
 Fourth, that he use all comely courtesies,
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait;
 Last, that he never his young master beat,
 But he must ask his mother to define
 How many yerks she would his breech should line.
 All these observed, he would contented be
 To give five marks and winter livery.

Book 2, *Satire* 6

JOHN MARSTON

(1575?-1634)

FROM *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602

Andrugio: My thoughts are fixed in contemplation
 Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal
 That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.
 Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise
 And forms no useless nor unperfect thing.
 Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
 For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,
 Moulds me up honour, and, like a cunning Dutchman
 Paints me a puppet e'en with seeming breath,
 And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
 Go to, go to; thou liest, Philosophy.
 Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.
 Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears
 That she might see desert and hear men's plaints
 That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
 He might fall thus upon the breast of earth
 And in her ear halloo his misery,
 Exclaiming thus: O thou all-bearing Earth,
 Which men do gape for till thou cramm'st their mouths
 And chok'st their throats with dust, open thy breast,
 And let me sink into thee; look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But O, she's deaf and blind.
 A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

FROM *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602

PROLOGUE

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
 The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
 Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numbed earth,
 While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
 From the nak'd shuddering branch, and pills the skin
 From off the soft and delicate aspects.
 O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
 Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
 May we be happy in our weak devoir,
 And all part pleas'd in most wish'd content.
 But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
 So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
 If any spirit breathes within this round
 Un capable of weighty passion,
 (As from his birth being hugged in the arms
 And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness)
 Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
 Of common sense of what men were, and are;
 Who would not know what men must be; let such

Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows,
 We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
 Nailed to the earth with grief, if any heart
 Pierced through with anguish pant within this ring,
 If there be any blood whose heat is choked
 And stifled with true sense of misery;
 If aught of these strains fill his consort up,
 They arrive most welcome. O that our power
 Could lackey or keep wing with our desires,
 That with unused poise of style and sense
 We might weigh massy in judicious scale!
 Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes;
 When our scenes falter or invention halts,
 Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

FROM *Satire V*

Ambitious Gorgons, wide-mouthed Lamians,
 Shape-changing Proteans, damned Briarans,
 Is Minos dead, is Rhadamanth asleep?
 That ye thus dare unto Jove's palace creep?
 What, hath Rhamnusia spent her knotted whip,
 That ye dare drive on Hebe's cup to sip?
 Yet know, Apollo's quiver is not spent,
 But can abate your daring hardiment.
 Python is slain, yet his accurséd race
 Dare look divine Astraea in the face;
 Chaos returns, and with confusion
 Involves the world with strange disunion;
 For Pluto sits in that adoréd chair
 Which doth belong unto Minerva's heir.
 O hecatombe! O catastrophe!
 From Mida's pomp to Irus' beggary!
 Prometheus, who celestial fire
 Did steal from heaven, therewith to inspire
 Our earthly bodies with a senseful mind,
 Whereby we might the depth of nature find,
 Is dinged to hell, and vulture eats his heart,
 Which did such deep philosophy impart
 To mortal men; when thieving Mercury,
 That even in his new-born infancy
 Stole fair Apollo's quiver and Jove's mace,
 And would have filched the lightning from his place,
 But that he feared he should have burned his wing
 And singed his downy feathers' new-come spring;
 He that in ghastly shade of night doth lead
 Our souls unto the empire of the dead;
 When he that better doth deserve a rope
 Is a fair planet in our horoscope,

And now hath caduceus in his hand,
Of life and death that hath the sole command.
Thus petty thefts are paid and soundly whipped.
But greater crimes are slightly overslipped;
Nay, he's a god that can do villainy
With a good grace and glib facility.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(1575?-1650?)

"Puck, Clouds, Away . . ."

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Black-bird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

The Rape of Lucrece, 1608

JOHN CHALKHILL

(15--?-16 --?)

Coridon's Song

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
 High trolollie lolly loe,
 High trolollie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
 High trolollie lollie loe,
 High trolollie lee,

The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride.
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives;
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

The ploughman though he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away;
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers;
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome in the spring:
*Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

This is not half the happiness
 The countryman enjoys;
 High trolollie lollie loe,
 High trolollie lee.
 Though others think they have as much
 Yet he that says so lies:
 Then come away, turn
 Countryman with me.

CYRIL TOURNEUR

(1575?-1626)

FROM *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611

Borachio: Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
 Among the slaughtered bodies of their men
 Which the full-stomached sea had cast upon
 The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
 Upon a face, whose favour when it lived,
 My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
 He lay in's armour, as if that had been
 His coffin; and the weeping sea, like one
 Whose milder temper doth lament the death
 Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
 The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
 Goes back again, and forces up the sands
 To bury him, and every time it parts
 Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
 It could no longer endure to see the man
 Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him) with
 A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
 Winding her waves one in another, like
 A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
 For grief, ebbd from the body, and descends
 As if it would sink down into the earth,
 And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

FROM *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607

1.

Vendice (addressing his mistress' skull):

My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
 Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
 When life and beauty naturally filled out
 These ragged imperfections;
 When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
 In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
 So far beyond the artificial shine
 Of any woman's bought complexion,
 That the uprightest man (if such there be,
 That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,

And made up eight with looking after her.
 O, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
 Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
 And what his father fifty yearés told,
 To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.
 But, O accurséd palace!
 Thee, when thou wert apparelled in the flesh,
 The old duke poisoned,
 Because thy purer part would not consent
 Unto his palsied lust; for old men lustful
 Do show like young men angry, eager, violent,
 Outbidden like their limited performances.
 O, 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
 "Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
 Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
 Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy,
 O keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
 For those thou hast determined. Hum! who e'er knew
 Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
 She has kept touch hitherto; be merry, merry,
 Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks,
 To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off
 As bare as this; for banquets, ease and laughter
 Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay;
 But wise men little are more great than they.

2.

Vendice: And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
 For doating on her beauty, though her death
 Shall be revenged after no common action.
 Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
 For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
 Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
 For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute?
 Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
 And put his life between the judge's lips,
 To refine such a thing—keeps horse and men
 To beat their valours for her?
 Surely we are all mad people, and they
 Whom we think are, are not; we mistake those;
 'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

Does every proud and self-affecting dame
 Camphire her face for this, and grieve her Maker
 In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
 For her superfluous outside—all for this?
 Who now bids twenty pounds a night? prepares
 Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hushed.
 Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
 To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
 And unclean brothels! sure, 'twould fright the sinner,

And make him a good coward; put a reveller
 Out of his antic amble,
 And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
 Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
 Look through and through herself. See, ladies, with
 false forms
 You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.

HENRY FARLEY

(15—?-16—?)

"To See a Quaint Outlandish Fowl"

To see a quaint outlandish fowl,
 A quaint baboon, an ape, an owl,
 A dancing bear, a giant's bone,
 A foolish engine move alone,
 A morris dance, a puppet-play,
 Mad Tom to sing a roundelay,
 A woman dancing on a rope,
 Bull-baiting also at the *Hope*,
 A rimer's jests, a juggler's cheats,
 A tumbler showing cunning feats,
 Or players acting on the stage—
 There goes the bounty of our age:
 But unto any pious motion
 There's little coin and less devotion.

St. Paul's Church, Her Bill for the Parliament, 1621

JOHN FLETCHER

(1579-1625)

"Hold Back Thy Hours . . ."

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
 The Day will come too soon;
 Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away
 And leav'st their losses open to the day:
 Stay, stay, and hide
 The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
 The kisses of her lover;
 Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
 Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;
 Stay, and hide all:
 But help not, though she call.

The Maid's Tragedy, 1619

"Lay a Garland on My Hearse"

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

The Maid's Tragedy, 1619

"Sing His Praises . . ."

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow murmuring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke!

The Faithful Shepherdess, 1609-10

"Now the Lusty Spring . . ."

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.

Cherries kissing as they grow,
 And inviting men to taste,
 Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist:
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 "Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

The Tragedy of Valentinian, 1619?

"Hear, Ye Ladies . . ."

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done;
 Fear examples, and be wise:
 Fair Callisto was a nun;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy:
 The chaste moon he makes to woo;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

The Tragedy of Valentinian, 1619?

"Care-Charming Sleep . . ."

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
 In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

The Tragedy of Valentinian, 1619?

"God Lyaeus, Ever Young"

God Lyaeus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine:

God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

The Tragedy of Valentinian, 1619?

'Cast Our Caps and Cares Away'

Cast our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holiday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we?
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest:
To the field we are not pressed;
Nor are called into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by!
When the subsidy's increased,
We are not a penny sessed;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Beggar's Bush, 1622

"Dearest, Do Not You Delay Me"

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou knowest, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
 But perfume this neighbouring air,
 Else dull silence, sure, will sterve me:
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

The Spanish Curate, 1622

"'Tis Late and Cold . . ."

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
 Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
 Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
 A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold:
 Your beds of wanton down the best,
 Where you shall tumble to your rest;
 I could wish you wenches too,
 But I am dead, and cannot do.
 Call for the best the house may ring,
 Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
 And drink apace, while breath you have;
 You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
 Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
 And a capon for a sinner,
 You shall find ready when you're up,
 And your horse shall have his sup:
 Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
 And I shall smile, though under ground.

The Lovers' Progress, 1623?

"Hence, All You Vain Delights"

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 Oh, sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome, folded arms, and fix'd eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

The Nice Valour, 16—?

"Beauty Clear and Fair"

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss—
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

The Elder Brother, 1637

"Drink To-day . . ."

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do't to-morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ache, cough and phthisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

The Bloody Brother, 1639

"Hide, Oh, Hide Those Hills . . ."

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The Bloody Brother, 1639

"Tell Me, Dearest . . ."

Tell me, dearest, what is love?
'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
'Tis a grave
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

Tell me more, are women true?
Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
Yes, and sicken sore, but live:
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.
Then I see,
Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.

The Captain, 1613?

"Away, Delights . . ."

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die:
Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to overgrow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
"Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."

The Captain, 1613?

"Weep No More . . ."

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see,
Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

The Queen of Corinth, 1617?

"Roses Their Sharp Spines . . ."

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
 May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly.

[Also attributed to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]
The Two Noble Kinsmen 1634

"Orpheus with His Lute . . ."

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers,
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

[Also attributed to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]
King Henry VIII, 1613

FROM *The Faithful Shepherdess*

1.

Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
 Is the learned poets' good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
 Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.
 For these black-eyed Dryope
 Hath often times commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb:
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green;
 These are of that luscious meat,
 The great god Pan himself doth eat:
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.

2.

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curléd streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make thee a ring
For thy pale fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

JOHN WEBSTER

(1580-1630?)

"Call for the Robin . . ."

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

*The White Devil, 1612**"Hark, Now Everything Is Still"*

Hark, now everything is still,
 The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
 Call upon our dame aloud,
 And bid her quickly don her shroud!
 Much you had of land and rent;
 Your length in clay's now competent:
 A long war disturbed your mind;
 Here your perfect peace is signed.
 Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
 Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
 Their life a general mist of error,
 Their death a hideous storm of terror.
 Strew your hair with powders sweet,
 Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
 And (the foul fiend more to check)
 A crucifix let bless your neck:
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
 End your groan, and come away.

*The Duchess of Malfi, 1623**"All the Flowers of the Spring"*

All the flowers of the spring
 Meet to perfume our burying;
 These have but their growing prime,
 And man does flourish but his time:
 Survey our progress from our birth;
 We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
 Courts adieu, and all delights,
 All bewitching appetites!

Sweetest breath and clearest eye,
 Like perfumes, go out and die;
 And consequently this is done
 As shadows wait upon the sun.
 Vain the ambition of kings
 Who seek by trophies and dead things
 To leave a living name behind,
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.

The Devil's Law Case, 1623

RICHARD CORBET

(1582-1635)

FROM *The Fairies' Farewell*

Farewell, rewards and fairies,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late for cleanliness
 Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeyes,
 The fairies' lost command;
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land;
 And all your children sprung from thence
 Are now grown puritans,
 Who live as changelings ever since
 For love of your demesnes.

At morning and at evening both
 You merry were and glad,
 So little care of sleep or sloth
 These pretty ladies had;
 When Tom came home from labour
 Or Ciss to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their tabor
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
 Of theirs, which yet remain,
 Were footed in queen Mary's days
 On many a grassy plain;
 But since of late Elizabeth
 And later James came in,
 They never danced on any heath
 As when the time hath bin.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

(1582-1650)

FROM *The Purple Island*

But ah! let me under some Kentish hill
 Near rolling Medway 'mong my shepherd peers,
 With fearless merry-make and piping still,
 Securely pass my few and slow-paced years:
 While yet the great Augustus of our nation
 Shuts up old Janus in the long cessation,
 Strengthening our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

There may I, master of a little flock,
 Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare:
 My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
 And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
 Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.
 Health be my feast, Heaven hope, content my gain:
 So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
 While down I sit, and chant to th'echoing wood:
 Ah, singing might I live and singing die!
 So by fair Thames or silver Medway's flood,
 The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
 In music-strains breathes out her life and verse;
 And chanting her own dirge rides on her wat'ry hearse.

What shall I then need seek a patron out,
 Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
 To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
 Or shine upon me with her Geminis?
 What care I, if they praise my slender song?
 Or reck I, if they do me right or wrong?
 A shepherd's bliss nor stands nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

FROM *Elisa, or an Elegy upon the Unripe Decease
 of Sir Antony Irbv*

My dearest Betty, my more lov'd heart,
 I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
 Heaven knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
 All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
 Yet never full of thy sweet love's enjoying,
 Thy constant loves, next Heaven I did refer them:
 Had not much grace prevailed 'fore Heaven I should prefer them.

I leave them now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
 In them and for them stay thy too much grieving:
 Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Married with thee again thy twicc-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah careless) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying
 And in their face some part of me surveying,
 In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more, defend them;
 And when green age permits to goodness bend them:
 A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Curb their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold when they have used to stray:
And when for me one asks and weeping plaineth,
 Point thou to Heaven, and say, he there remaineth:
 And if they live in grace, grow and persevere,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me never.

My God, oh, in Thy fear here let them live;
Thy wards are they, take them to Thy protection:
Thou gav'st them first, now back to Thee I give;
Direct then Thou, and help her weak direction;
 That reunited by Thy strong election,
 Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee;
And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glory see.

Betty, let these last words long with thee dwell:
If yet a second hymen do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I loved as well:
Yet if his presence make thee less respect me,
 Ah, do not in my children's good neglect me:
 Let me this faithful hope departing have;
More easy shall I die, and sleep in careless grave.

Farewell, farewell; I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;

Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
 So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
 Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
 Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

(1583-1627)

FROM *Of My Dear Son, Gervase Beaumont*

Can I, who have for others oft compiled
 The songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,
 Which like a flower crushed, with a blast is dead,
 And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
 Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
 Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
 To me was like a friendship, far above
 The course of nature or his tender age,
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage;
 Let his pure soul ordained sev'n years to be
 In that frail body, which was part of me,
 Remain my pledge in Heav'n, as sent to show
 How to this port at ev'ry step I go.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

(1583-1648)

Sonnet

Thus ends my love, but this doth grieve me most
 That so it ends; but that ends too; this yet
 Besides the wishes, hopes and time I lost
 Troubles my mind awhile, that I am set
 Free, worse than denied. I can neither boast
 Choice nor success, as my case is, nor get
 Pardon from myself that I loved not
 A better mistress, or her worse. This debt
 Only's her due still, that she be forgot
 Ere changed lest I love none; this done, the taint
 Of foul inconstancy is cleared at least
 In me. There only rests but to unpaint
 Her form in my mind, that so dispossess
 It be a temple, but without a saint.

Madrigal

How should I love my best?
What though my love unto that height be grown
That taking joy in you alone
I utterly this world detest;
Should I not love it as the only place
Where beauty hath his perfect grace
And is possest?

But I beauties despise;
You universal beauty seem to me,
Giving and showing form and degree
To all the rest in your fair eyes;
Yet should I not love them as parts whereon
Your beauty, their perfection
And top, doth rise?

But even myself I hate;
So far my love is from the least delight
That at my very self I spite,
Senseless of any happy state;
Yet may I not with justest reason fear
How hating her I truly her
Can celebrate?

Thus unresolvéd still
Although world, life, nay what is fair beside
I cannot for your sake abide,
Methinks I love not to my fill;
Yet if a greater love you can devise
In love you some other wise,
Believe't, I will.

Kissing

Come hither Womankind and all their worth,
Give me thy kisses as I call them forth.
Give me the billing-kiss, that of the dove,
A kiss of love;
The melting-kiss, a kiss that doth consume
To a perfume;
The extract-kiss, of every sweet a part,
A kiss of art;
The kiss which ever stirs some new delight,
A kiss of might;
The twaching smacking kiss, and when you cease
A kiss of peace;
The music-kiss, crotchet and quaver time,
The kiss of rhyme;

The kiss of eloquence, which doth belong
 Unto the tongue;
 The kiss of all the sciences in one,
 The Kiss alone.
 So 'tis enough.

Elegy over a Tomb

Must I then see, alas! eternal night
 Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
 And closing all those beams, which once did rise
 So radiant and bright,
 That light and heat in them to us did prove
 Knowledge and Love?

Oh, if you did delight no more to stay
 Upon this low and earthly stage,
 But rather chose an endless heritage,
 Tell us at least, we pray,
 Where all the beauties that those ashes owed
 Are now bestowed?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew?
 Have Waves the curling of your hair?
 Did you restore unto the Sky and Air,
 The red and white and blue?
 Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death
 That sweetest breath?

Had not Heaven's Lights else in their houses slept,
 Or to some private life retired?
 Must not the Sky and Air have else conspired,
 And in their Regions wept?
 Must not each flower else the earth could breed
 Have been a weed?

But thus enriched, may we not yield some cause
 Why they themselves lament no more?
 That must have changed the course they held before,
 And broke their proper laws,
 Had not your beauties given this second birth
 To Heaven and Earth?

Tell us, for Oracles must still ascend,
 For those that crave them at your tomb;
 Tell us, where are those beauties now become,
 And what they now intend;
 Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
 Or hope relief.

*FROM An Ode upon a Question Moved,
Whether Love Should Continue for Ever?*

O no, beloved, I am most sure
Those virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the Soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

For if where sins and vice reside
We find so foul a guilt remain,
As never dying in his stain
Still punished in the Soul doth bide;

Much more that true and real joy
Which in a virtuous love is found
Must be more solid in its ground
Than Fate or Death can e'er destroy.

Else should our Souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting Cause
They gave a perishing Effect.

Nor here on earth, then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair;
For where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excludeth Love?

WILLIAM BASSE

(1583?-1653?)

On Mr. Wm. Shakespeare

Renowned Spenser lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.

If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess as Lord, not tenant, of thy grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

PHILIP MASSINGER

(1583-1640)

Song

The blushing rose and purple flower,
 Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;
 Dainty fruit, though sweet, will sour,
 And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
 Yet here is one more sweet than these;
 The more you taste, the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
 Is a shadow chaste as rare;
 Then how much those sweets entice,
 That have issue full as fair!
 Earth cannot yield from all her powers
 One equal for dame Venus' bowers.

*The Picture, 1629**Song*

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
 To stop a wretch's breath,
 That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
 A prey unto thy dart?
 I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold;
 Sorrow hath made me old,
 Deformed and wrinkled; all that I can crave
 Is, quiet in my grave.
 Such as live happy hold long life a jewel;
 But to me thou art cruel,
 If thou end not my tedious misery;
 And I soon cease to be.
 Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me
 In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

The Emperor of the East, 1631

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(1584-1616)

"Shake Off Your Heavy Trance!"

Shake off your heavy trance!
 And leap into a dance
 Such as no mortals use to tread:
 Fit only for Apollo
 To play to, for the moon to lead,
 And all the stars to follow!

The Masque of the Inner Temple, 1612-3

"Ye Should Stay Longer . . ."

Ye should stay longer if we durst:

Away! Alas that he that first
 Gave Time wild wings to fly away—
 Hath now no power to make him stay!
 And though these games must needs be played,
 I would this pair, when they are laid,
 And not a creature nigh 'em,
 Could catch his scythe, as he doth pass,
 And clip his wings, and break his glass,
 And keep him ever by 'em.

The Masque of the Inner Temple, 1612-3

*On the Marriage of a Beauteous Young
 Gentlewoman with an Ancient Man*

Fondly, too curious Nature, to adorn
 Aurora with the blushes of the morn:
 Why do her rosy lips breathe gums and spice
 Unto the East, and sweet to Paradise?
 Why do her eyes open the day? her hand
 And voice entrance the panther, and command
 Incenséd winds; her breasts, the tents of love,
 Smooth as the godded swan or Venus' dove,
 Soft as the balmy dew whose every touch
 Is pregnant—but why those rich spoils, when such
 Wonder and perfection must be led
 A bridal captive unto Tithon's bed?
 Aged and deforméd Tithon! Must thy twine
 Circle and blast at once what care and time
 Had made for wonder? Must pure beauty have
 No other foil but ruin and a grave?
 So have I seen the pride of Nature's store,
 The orient pearl, chained to the sooty Moor;
 So hath the diamond's bright ray been set
 In night and wedded to the negro jet.
 See, see, how thick those showers of pearl do fall
 To weep her ransom or her funeral;
 Whose every treasured drop congealed might bring
 Freedom and ransom to a fettered king;
 While tyrant Wealth stands by, and laughs to see
 How he can wed love and antipathy.
 Hymen, thy pine burns with adulterate fire.
 Thou and thy quivered boy did once conspire
 To mingle equal flames, and then no shine
 Of gold, but beauty dressed the Paphian shrine.
 Roses and lilies kissed; the amorous vine
 Did with the fair and straight-limbed elm entwine.

On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

Mortality, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones;
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
 They preach: "In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royalest seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin.
 Here the bones of birth have cried:
 "Though gods they were, as men they died."
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FROM Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson

The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring
 To absent friends, because the self-same thing
 They know they see, however absent, is
 Here our best hay-maker—forgive me this!
 It is our country style. In this warm shine
 I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
 Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtle flame
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life. Then when there hath been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past, wit that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone
 We left an air behind us which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 Right witty, though but downright fools mere wise.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN
(1585-1649)*Madrigal*

Like the Idalian Queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breasts' ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the Morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danced about the place,
The winds and trees amazed
With silence on her gazed,
The flowers did smile, like those upon her face,
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wished me in her hand.

Sonnet

Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing dawn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains that night attends
Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me, so may thou Fortune milder try
And long, long sing, for what thou thus complains?
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods and plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sobbed forth, *I love, I love.*

Song

Phoebus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she thy cariere may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair;
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray)
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring into this grove
My love to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise,
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay,
Let zephyr only breathe
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place
And everything save Her who all should grace.

Sonnet

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes, be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
Be therefore silent as in woods before;
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

Sonnet

A passing glance, a lightning long the skies
 That ush'ring thunder dies straight to our sight,
 A spark, of contraries which doth arise,
 Then drowns in the huge depths of day and night,
 Is this small Small called life, held in such price
 Of blinded wights who nothing judge aright:
 Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight
 As life, that wastes itself and living dies.
 Oh, what is human greatness, valour, wit?
 What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
 To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
 Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise?
 All is a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
 In whom, save death, naught mortal was at all.

GILES EARLE

(15—?-16—?)

Tom o' Bedlam's Song

From the hag and hungry goblin
 That into rags would rend ye,
 And the spirit that stands
 By the naked man
 In the book of moons defend ye,
 That of your five sound senses
 You never be forsaken,
 Nor wander from
 Yourselves with Tom
 Abroad to beg your bacon.

*While I do sing, "Any food, any feeding,
 Feeding, drink or clothing?
 Come, dame or maid,
 Be not afraid,
 Poor Tom will injure nothing."*

Of thirty bare years have I
 Twice twenty been enragéd,
 And of forty been
 Three times fifteen
 In durance sadly cagéd
 On the lordly lofts of Bedlam
 With stubble soft and dainty,
 Brave bracelets strong,
 Sweet whips, ding-dong,
 With wholesome hunger plenty.

And now I do sing, &c.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
 And a cruse of cockle pottage,
 With a thing thus tall,
 Sky bless you all!
 I befell into this dotage.
 I slept not since the conquest,
 Till then I never wakéd,
 Till the roguish boy
 Of love where I lay
 Me found and stript me naked.

And now I do sing, &c.

When I short have shorn my sow's face
 And swigged my horny barrel
 In an oaken inn
 I pound my skin
 As a suit of gilt apparel.
 The moon's my constant mistress
 And the lowly owl my morrow;
 The flaming drake
 And the night-crow make
 Me music to my sorrow.

While I do sing, &c.

The palsy plagues my pulses
 When I prig your pigs or pullen,
 Your culvers take,
 Or matchless make
 Your chanticleer or sullen—
 When I want provant with Humphrey
 I sup, and when benighted,
 I repose in Paul's
 With waking souls
 Yet never am affrighted.

But I do sing, &c.

I know more than Apollo,
 For oft, when he lies sleeping,
 I see the stars
 At bloody wars
 In the wounded welkin weeping,
 The moon embrace her shepherd
 And the queen of love her warrior,
 While the first doth horn
 The star of the morn
 And the next the heavenly farrier.

While I do sing, &c.

The gipsy Snap, and Pedro,
 Are none of Tom's comrades;
 The punk I scorn
 And the cutpurse sworn
 And the roaring-boys' bravadoes;
 The meek, the white, the gentle,
 Me handle, touch, and spare not,
 But those that cross
 Tom Rhinoceros
 Do what the panther dare not.

Although I do sing, &c.

With a heart of furious fancies
 Whereof I am commander,
 With a burning spear
 And a horse of air
 To the wilderness I wander;
 By a knight of ghosts and shadows
 I summoned am to tourney
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide world's end
 —Methinks it is no journey.

*Yet will I sing, "Any food, any feeding,
 Feeding, drink or clothing?
 Come, dame or maid,
 Be not afraid,
 Poor Tom will injure nothing."*

JOHN FORD

(1586-1639)

"Fly Hence, Shadows . . ."

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
 Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep!
 Though the eyes be overtaken,
 Yet the heart doth ever waken
 Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
 Of continual woes and cares;
 Love and griefs are so expressed,
 As they rather sigh than rest.
 Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
 Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep.

The Lover's Melancholy, 1628

"Can You Paint a Thought? . . ."

Can you paint a thought? or number
 Every fancy in a slumber?
 Can you count soft minutes roving
 From a dial's point by moving?
 Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
 Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
 No, oh no! yet you may
 Sooner do both that and this,
 This and that, and never miss,
 Than by any praise display
 Beauty's beauty; such a glory
 As beyond all fate, all story,
 All arms, all arts,
 All loves, all hearts,
 Greater than those or they,
 Do, shall, and must obey.

*The Broken Heart, 1639**"Oh, No More, No More . . ."*

Oh, no more, no more, too late
 Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
 Of a life as chaste as fate,
 Pure as are unwritten papers,
 Are burned out; no heat, no light
 Now remains; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
 Locked in endless dreams,
 Th' extremes of all extremes,
 Ope no more, for now Love dies.
 Now Love dies—implying
 Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

*The Broken Heart, 1639**"Glories, Pleasures . . ."*

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease
 Can but please
 The outward senses, when the mind
 Is or untroubled or by peace refined.

Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.

Youth may revel, but it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.

Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

The Broken Heart, 1639

"Pleasures, Beauty . . ."

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whilst the Spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts befriend ye,
Use the time ere Winter hasteth.
Active blood and free delight
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair,
Lose not opportunity for air.

She is cruel that denies it,
Bounty best appears in granting,
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whilst the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no pains,
For in all the loser gains.

The Lady's Trial, 1638

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

(1587-1642)

To Cynthia

(ON CONCEALMENT OF HER BEAUTY)

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies,
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to Chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curled hair,
Lest finding neither gold nor ore
The curious silkworm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine,
Lest if there be like cold or frost
The lily be for ever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
 Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
 Perfumes, lest it being supprest
 No spices grow in all the East.

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
 Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice,
 Lest Music hearing no such thing
 The nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceal nor yet eclipse
 Thy pearly teeth with coral lips,
 Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
 Gems which from thee have all their worth

Do not conceal no beauty-grace,
 That's either in thy mind or face,
 Lest virtue overcome by vice
 Make men believe no Paradise.

GEORGE WITHER

(1588-1667)

The Author's Resolution

Shall I wasting in despair
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 If she think not well of me
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own?
 Be she with that goodness blessed
 Which may merit name of best,
 If she be not such to me
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 She that bears a noble mind,
 If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do
 That without them dares her woo;
 And unless that mind I see
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair;
 If she loves me, this believe,
 I will die, ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo
 I can scorn and let her go,
 For if she be not for me
 What care I for whom she be?

A Love Sonnet

I loved a lass, a fair one,
 As fair as e'er was seen;
 She was indeed a rare one,
 Another Sheba queen.
 But fool as then I was,
 I thought she loved me too;
 But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
 Each eye was like a star;
 She did surpass her sister,
 Which passed all others far
 She would me honey call;
 She'd, O she'd kiss me too;
 But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley,
 My love and I would go;
 The boatmen there stood ready,
 My love and I to row.
 For cream there would we call,
 For cakes, and for prunes too;
 But now, alas! sh' 'as left me.
 Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
 My love and I have had;
 She was my only sweeting,
 She made my heart full glad

The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew;
But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked
The sun should steal a kiss.
The wind upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew;
But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her chæcks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow;
When she was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did show.
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe;
But now, alas! sh' 'as left me
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire.
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew;
But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather
O'er her I'd cast my gown.
No cold my love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do;
But now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast;
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last.
They're Judas-kisses now,
Since that they proved untrue;
For now, alas! sh' 'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe.
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue;
For mine, alas! has left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

'Twas I that paid for all things,
'Twas others drank the wine;
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a fool to pine.
'Twas I that beat the bush,
The bird to others flew;
For she, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that dame Nature,
For this false lover's sake,
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true;
For this, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair;
No misery amaze me,
Not yet for want I care.
I have lost a world itself.
My earthly heaven, adieu,
Since she, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

A Christmas Carol

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
The ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor.
Young men, and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth,
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country-folk themselves advance,
For crowdy-mutton's come out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to fail of these
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone.
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride in London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their land away,
Which may be ours another day;
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark how the roofs with laughter sound!
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depths have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play at noddy.
 Some youths will now a mumming go,
 Some others play at rowland-hoe,
 And twenty other gameboys moe,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No; let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
 And, whilst thus inspired we sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring;
 Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

GILES FLETCHER THE YOUNGER

(1588?-1623)

FROM *Christ's Victory in Heaven*
(JUSTICE)

She was a Virgin of austere regard,
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with Heav'n's, so, and more brightly shined
Her laming sight: for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart, and with her ears
 The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

The wingéd Lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kerchered head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round,
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt and rocks to water roll,
And aery mountains shake and frightened shadows howl.

Upon two stony tables spread before her
She leaned her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward,
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
 Where good and bad, and life and death were painted:
 Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wandering Israel, with the sight afeared,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
 On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
 Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

FROM *Christ's Victory on Earth*

Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows,
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild;

Love no medicine can appease,
 He burns the fishes in the seas,
 Not all the skill his wounds can stanch,
 Not all the sea his fire can quench;
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leafy coat to wear,
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for love that sing and play;
 And of all Love's joyful flame
 I the bud and blossom am.
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below
 Now as fresh as morning blow,
 And of all the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows,
 How they all unleaved die,
 Losing their virginity:
 Like unto a summer shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.
 Everything doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay,
 Come, come gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus' shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore;
 All the valley's swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine.
 While ten thousand kings, as proud
 To carry up my train have bowed,
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me:
 All the stars in heaven that shine
 And ten thousand more are mine:
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK

(1591-1643?)

FROM *Britannia's Pastorals*

1.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
 Love's neglect is time's abusing,
 They and beauty are but lent you,
 Take the one and keep the other;
 Love keeps fresh what age doth smother;
 Beauty gone, you will repent you.

'Twill be said when ye have proved,
 Never swains more truly loved;
 Oh then, fly all nice behaviour.
 Pity fain would, as her duty,
 Be attending still on beauty,
 Let her not be out of favour.

2.

So shuts the marigold her leaves
 At the departure of the sun;
 So from the honeysuckle sheaves
 The bee goes when the day is done;
 So sits the turtle when she is but one,
 And so all woe, as, I, since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
 Made all the summer as one day;
 Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
 As night they sleeping pass away.
 Those happy creatures are that know not yet
 The pain to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
 Some that with confidence profess
 The helpful Art of Memory;
 But could they teach forgetfulness
 I'd learn, and try what further art could do
 To make me love her and forget her too.

FROM *The Inner Temple Masque*

1.

Steer hither, steer your wingéd pines,
 All beaten mariners,
 Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
 A prey to passengers;
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best
 Which make the Phoenix' urn and nest.
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips,
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

2.

Son of Erebus and Night,
 Hie away; and aim thy flight
 Where consort none other fowl
 Than the bat and sullen owl;
 Where upon thy limber grass
 Poppy and mandragoras,

With like simples not a few,
 Hang for ever drops of dew.
 Where flows Lethe without coil
 Softly like a stream of oil,
 Hie thee hither, gentle Sleep;
 With this Greek no longer keep.
 Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
 Thrice with moly from my hand
 Do I touch Ulysses' eyes,
 And with the jaspis. Then arise,
 Sagest Greek . . .

"Shall I Love Again . . ."

Shall I love again, and try
 If I still must love to lose,
 And make weak mortality
 Give new birth unto my woes?
 No, let me ever live from Love's enclosing,
 Rather than love to live in fear of losing.

One whom hasty Nature gives
 To the world without his sight,
 Not so discontented lives,
 As a man deprived of light;
 'Tis knowledge that gives vigour to our woe,
 And not the want but loss that pains us so.

With the Arabian bird then be
 With the lover and beloved;
 By thy lines thy progeny
 By some gracious fair approved;
 So may'st thou live, and be beloved of many,
 Without the fear of loss or want of any.

"Welcome, Welcome, Do I Sing"

Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
 Far more welcome than the spring;
 He that parteth from you never
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that to the voice is near,
 Breaking from your iv'ry pale,
 Need not walk abroad to hear
 The delightful nightingale.
 Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that looks still on your eyes
 Though the winter have begun
 To benumb our arteries,
 Shall not want the summer's sun.
 Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that still may see your cheeks
 Where all rareness still reposes,
 Is a fool if e'er he seeks
 Other lilies, other roses.
 Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, to whom your soft lips yields,
 And perceives your breath in kissing,
 All the odours of the fields
 Never, never shall be missing.
 Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that question would anew
 What fair Eden was of old,
 Let him rightly study you
 And a brief of that behold.
 Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

A Round

Now that the Spring hath filled our veins
 With kind and active fire,
 And made green liveries for the plains,
 And every grove a choir;

Sing we a song of merry glee,
 And Bacchus fill the bowl.
 Then here's to thee! And thou to me
 And every thirsty soul.

Nor care nor sorrow e'er paid debt,
 Nor never shall do mine;
 I have no cradle going yet,
 Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,
 No hogs are in my ground,
 No suit at law to pay a fee;
 Then round, old jockey, round!

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
 But see that no man 'scape
 To drink of the sherry
 That makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty grape.

FROM *Visions*

A rose, as fair as ever saw the north,
 Grew in a little garden all alone;
 A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
 Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
 The maidens danced about it more and more,
 And learned bards of it their ditties made;
 The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
 Watered the root and kissed her pretty shade.
 But well-a-day, the gardener careless grew,
 The maids and fairies both were kept away,
 And in a drought the caterpillars threw
 Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
 God shield the stock! if Heaven send no supplies,
 The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

On the Dowager Countess of Pembroke

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learn'd and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

The Argument of His Book

I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds and Bowers:
 Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.
 I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,
 Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridal-cakes.
 I write of Youth, of Love, and have access
 By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonness.
 I sing of Dews, of Rains, and piece by piece
 Of Balm, of Oil, of Spice and Ambergris.
 I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write
 How Roses first came red, and Lilies white.
 I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing
 The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy-King.
 I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
 Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A Lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction:

An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat:
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

To His Mistress

Choose me your Valentine;
Next, let us marry:
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never:
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice
(Dear) to undo me;
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

To Dianeme

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours, yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air:
When as that ruby, which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

To Violets

Welcome Maids of Honour,
You do bring
In the Spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the maiden posies,
And so grac'd,
To be plac'd,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie
Poor girls, neglected.

The Primrose

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, (yet it doth not break?)
I will answer, These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
—O how that glittering taketh me!

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting;
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
 And while ye may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

FROM *The Hock-Cart or Harvest Home*

Come sons of Summer, by whose toil,
 We are the lords of wine and oil:
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
 And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Dressed up with all the country art.
 See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
 As spotless pure, as it is sweet:
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad, all, in linen, white as Lilies.
 The harvest swains, and wenches bound
 For joy, to see the Hock-cart crowned.
 About the cart, hear, how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout;
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves;
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
 Some cross the fill-horse; some with great
 Devotion, stroke the home-borne wheat:
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers, than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire; where for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef:
 With upper stories, mutton, veal
 And bacon, (which makes full the meal)
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,

And here all-tempting frumenty.
 And for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that, which drowns all care, stout beer.

To Primroses Fill'd with Morning-Dew

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest Morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas, you have not known that shower,
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th'unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warped, as we,
 Who think it strange to see,
 Such pretty flowers, (like to orphans young)
 To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason, why
 Ye droop, and weep;
 Is it for want of sleep?
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart, to this?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 The things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

FROM Oberon's Feast

A little mushroom table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
 His choice bits with; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not think his ear was starv'd:
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirring grasshopper;

The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The elves present to quench his thirst
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spys
 The horns of papery butterflies,
 Of which he eats, and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
 A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coarse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
 And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag:
 Gladding his palate with some store
 Of emmit's eggs; what would he more?

To Virgins

Hear ye virgins, and I'll teach,
 What the times of old did preach.
 Rosamund was in a bower
 Kept, as Danaë in a tower:
 But yet Love (who subtle is)
 Crept to that, and came to this.

Be ye locked up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides;
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nunneries;
 Notwithstanding Love will win,
 Or else force a passage in:
 And as coy be, as you can,
 Gifts will get ye, or the man.

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you.
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the Summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

*To the Most Fair and Lovely Mistress, Anne Soame,
 Now Lady Abdie*

So smell those odours that do rise
 From out the wealthy spiceries:
 So smells the flower of blooming clove;
 Or roses smother'd in the stove:
 So smells the air of spiced wine;
 Or essences of jessamine:
 So smells the breath about the hives,
 When all the work of honey thrives;
 And all the basic factors come
 Laden with wax and honey home:
 So smell those neat and woven bowers,
 All over-arched with orange flowers;
 And almond blossoms, that do mix
 To make rich these aromatics:
 So smell those bracelets, and those bands
 Of amber chaf'd between the hands,
 When thus enkindled they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of respases;
 The smell of morning's milk, and cream;
 Butter of cowslips mixed with them;
 Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
 These are not to be reckon'd here;
 When as the meanest part of her,
 Smells like the maiden-pomander.
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

The Mad Maid's Song

Good morrow to the day so fair;
 Good morrow Sir to you:
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair
 Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morrow to this primrose too;
 Good morrow to each maid;
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack and well-a-day!
 For pity, Sir, find out that bee,
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
 I'll seek him in your eyes;
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave
 I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
 But I will go, or send a kiss
 By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him,
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed)
 With bands of cowslips bind him;
 And bring him home, but 'tis decreed,
 That I shall never find him.

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast

Have ye beheld (with much delight)
 A red rose peeping through a white?
 Or else a cherry (double grac'd)
 Within a lily? Centre plac'd?
 Or ever mark'd the pretty beam,
 A strawberry shows half drown'd in cream?
 Or seen rich rubies blushing through
 A pure smooth pearl, and orient too?
 So like to this, nay all the rest,
 Is each neat niplet of her breast.

To the Water Nymphs, Drinking at the Fountain

Reach, with your whiter hands, to me,
 Some crystal of the spring;
 And I, about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else sweet nymphs do you but this;
To th' glass your lips incline;
And I shall see by that one kiss,
The water turn'd to wine.

Upon Her Feet

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

To Anthea, Who May Command Him in Anything

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

To Meadows

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld, how they
 With wicker arks did come
 To kiss, and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round:
 Each virgin, like a Spring,
 With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
 Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
 And with dishevell'd hair,
 Adorned thus smother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 Y'are left here to lament
 Your poor estate, alone.

Grace for a Child

Here a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand;
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

A Thanksgiving to God, for His House

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft, and dry;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat:
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small:

A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipp'd, unflead:
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits, that be
 There plac'd by thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou has sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth;
 And giv'st me wassa'il bowls to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soils my land;
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one:
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day:
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year:
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, (for wine)
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart;
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resign,
 As wholly Thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

HENRY KING

(1592-1669)

"Sonnet"

Tell me no more how fair she is,
 I have no mind to hear
 The story of that distant bliss
 I never shall come near:
 By sad experience I have found
 That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
 To tempt a daring fate,
 From whence no triumph ever came,
 But to repent too late:
 There is some hope ere long I may
 In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame,
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame:
 Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

FROM *The Exequy*
 (ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH)

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
 Instead of dirges this complaint;
 And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
 Receive a strew of weeping verse
 From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
 Quite melted into tears for thee.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
 Never to be disquieted!
 My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
 Till I thy fate shall overtake:
 Till age or grief or sickness must
 Marry my body to that dust
 It so much loves; and fill the room
 My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
 Stay for me there; I will not fail
 To meet thee in that hollow vale;
 And think not much of my delay;
 I am already on the way,
 And follow thee with all the speed
 Desire can make or sorrows breed.
 Each minute is a short degree,
 And ev'ry hour a step towards thee.
 At night, when I betake to rest,
 Next morn I rise nearer my West
 Of Life, almost by eight hours' sail
 Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
 The thought of this bids me go on,
 And wait my dissolution
 With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
 The crime) I am content to live
 Divided, with but half a heart,
 Till we shall meet and never part.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633)

Man's Medley

Hark, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other angels have a right by birth.
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching Heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimmed with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one.
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip,
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

The Collar

I struck the board, and cried, No more!
I will abroad.
What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it. There was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
 No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart! But there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee:
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! Take heed!
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there. Tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load.
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, *Child!*
 And I replied, *My Lord.*

Discipline

Throw away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath.
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
 Unto Thine is bent.
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
 I affect to own,
 But by book,
 And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep.
 Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove.
 Love will do the deed:
 For with love
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot.
 Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
 That which wrought on Thee,
 Brought Thee low,
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod,
 Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God.
 Throw away Thy wrath.

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky;
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie;
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Sin

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound

To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in.
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

— *Love*

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here.
 Love said, You shall be he.
 I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on thee.
 Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
 Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.
 And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
 My dear, then I will serve.
 You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat.
 So I did sit and eat.

Mortification

How soon doth man decay!
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way,
 Those clouts are little winding sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntary graves;
 Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
 Makes them not dead.
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,
 Convey them quickly who are bound for death

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company,
That music summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes,
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt and drown his breath
When he would speak,
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare;
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

The Pulley

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining, restlessness;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

THOMAS MAY?

(1595-1650)

"Dear, Do Not Your Fair Beauty Wrong"

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong
 In thinking still you are too young;
 The rose and lily in your cheek
 Flourish, and no more ripening seek;
 Inflaming beams shot from your eye
 Do show Love's midsummer is nigh;
 Your cherry lip, red, soft and sweet,
 Proclaims such fruit for taste is meet;
 Love is still young, a buxom boy,
 And younglings are allowed to toy:
 Then lose no time, for love hath wings,
 And flies away from aged things.

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596-1666)

"You Virgins . . ."

You virgins, that did late despair
 To keep your wealth from cruel men,
 Tie up in silk your careless hair:
 Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
 A flame that will not kill;
 The drum was angry, but the lute
 Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io! for his sake
 That hath restored your drooping heads;
 With choice of sweetest flowers make
 A garden where he treads;

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
 A petty triumph for his brow,
 Who is the master of our spring
 And all the bloom we owe.

The Imposture, 1640?

"*The Glories of Our Blood . . .*"

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, 1659

THOMAS CAREW

(1598?-1639?)

FROM *Persuasions to Love*

For that lovely face will fail,
 Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
 Than summer's rain or winter's sun,
 Most fleeting when it is most dear;
 'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twined,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their auburn hue and grow
 White and cold as winter's snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose.
 Nor lily shall be found nor rose;
 And what will then become of all
 Those whom now you servants call?
 Like swallows, when your summer's done
 They'll fly and seek some warmer sun.

For when the storms of time have moved
 Waves on that cheek that was beloved,
 When a fair lady's face is pined
 And yellow spread where red once shined,
 When beauty, youth and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but lovers never.

Oh, love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute.

Song

Give me more love or more disdain,
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Bring equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate affords me none,
 Either extreme of love or hate
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
 Like Danaë in that golden shower
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes; and he's possessed
 Of heaven that's but from hell released.

Then crown my joys or cure my pain,
 Give me more love or more disdain.

FROM Disdain Returned

He that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Song

Ask me no more where Jove bestows
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauties' orient deep
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For in pure love Heaven did prepare
 These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit and there
 Fixéd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
 Under this stone: with weeping eyes
 The parents that first gave her breath,
 And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
 If any of them, reader, were
 Known unto thee, shed a tear.
 Or if thyself possess a gem
 As dear to thee as this to them,
 Though a stranger to this place
 Bewail in theirs thine own hard case,
 For thou perhaps at thy return
 May'st find thy darling in an urn.

FROM *A Rapture*

I will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come,
 And fly with me to Love's Elysium.
 The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out
 Is but a masquer, and the servile rout
 Of baser subjects only bend in vain
 To the vast idol; whilst the nobler train
 Of valiant lovers daily sail between
 The huge Colossus' legs, and pass unseen
 Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wir
 And we shall enter; the grim Swiss der
 Only to tame fools a passage, that ne
 He is but form and only frights ir

The duller eyes that look from far; draw near
 And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to fear.
 We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
 With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those
 That made and bear him; not, as we once thought,
 The seed of gods, but a weak model wrought
 By greedy men, that seek to enclose the common,
 And within private arms empale free woman.

Come, then, and mounted on the wings of Love
 We'll cut the flitting air and soar above
 The monster's head, and in the noblest seats
 Of those blest shades quench and renew our heats.
 There shall the queens of love and innocence,
 Beauty and Nature, banish all offence
 From our close ivy-twines; there I'll behold
 Thy baréd snow and thy unbraided gold;
 There my enfranchised hand on every side
 Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
 No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
 Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawn;
 But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
 Exposed, shall ready still for mintage lie,
 And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
 Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread,
 Under the cooler shades of cypress groves;
 Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
 Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay,
 In the faint respites of our active play;
 That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisure
 To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure,
 And so our souls, that cannot be embraced,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.
 Meanwhile the bubbling stream shall court the shore,
 Th' enamour'd chirping wood-choir shall adore
 In varied tunes the deity of love;
 The gentle blasts of western winds shall move
 The trembling leaves, and through their close boughs breathe
 Still music, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
 Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
 From souls entranced in amorous languishment,
 Rouse us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 Till we in their sweet ecstasy expire.

the empty bee that lately bore
 common treasure all her store,
 the painted field with nimble wing,
 fresh virgins of the spring,
 the sweets that dwell
 radise, and swell

My bag with honey, drawn forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses from each spicy flower.
 I'll seize the rose-buds in their perfumed bed,
 The violet knots, like curious mazes spread
 O'er all the garden, taste the ripen'd cherry,
 The warm firm apple, tipp'd with coral berry;
 Then will I visit with a wand'ring kiss
 The vales of lilies and the bower of bliss;
 And where the beauteous region doth divide
 Into two milky ways, my lips shall slide
 Down those smooth alleys, wearing as they go
 A track for lovers on the printed snow;
 Thence climbing o'er the swelling Apennine,
 Retire into thy grove of eglantine,
 Where I will all those ravish'd sweets distill
 Through Love's alembic, and with chemic skill
 From the mix'd mass one sovereign balm derive,
 Then bring that great elixir to thy hive.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Art Thou That She . . ."

"Art thou that she than whom no fairer is,
 Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"
 "Say I am: how then?
 Maids may not kiss
 Such wanton-humour'd men."

"Art thou that she the world commends for wit?
 Art thou so wise and makest no use of it?"
 "Say I am: how then?
 My wit doth teach me shun
 Such foolish foolish men."

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Hey Nonny No!"

Hey nonny no!
 Men are fools that wish to die!
 Is't not fine to dance and sing
 When the bells of death do ring?
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,
 And turn upon the toe
 And sing hey nonny no,
 When the winds blow and the seas flow?
 Hey nonny no!

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Yet If His Majesty . . ."

Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord
 Should of his own accord
 Friendly himself invite,
 And say "I'll be your guest to morrow night",
 How should we stir ourselves, call and command
 All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
 Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
 See they be fitted all;
 Let there be room to eat,
 And order taken that there want no meat.
 See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
 That without tapers they may give a light.
 Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
 The dais o'er the head,
 The cushions in the chairs,
 And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
 Perfume the chambers, and in any case
 Let each man give attendance in his place."
 Thus if the king were coming would we do,
 And 'twere good reason too;
 For 'tis a duteous thing
 To show all honour to an earthly king,
 And after all our travail and our cost,
 So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
 But at the coming of the King of Heaven
 All's set at six and seven:
 We wallow in our sin,
 Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
 We entertain Him always like a stranger,
 And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Daphnis Came on a Summer's Day"

Daphnis came on a summer's day
 Where fair Phyllis sleeping lay,
 With breast half naked bare:
 He ran and gathered stores of lilies,
 Wherewith he covered his fair Phyllis,
 She being nought aware.
 Fond youth, why dost thou mar
 Those lily bowers and lose the pain!
 Her lily breast doth stain
 All flowers and lilies far.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"On a Fair Morning . . ."

On a fair morning, as I came by the way,
 Met I with a merry maid in the merry month of May,
 When a sweet love song sings his lovely lay
 And every bird upon the bush bechirps it up so gay,
 With a heave and ho! with a heave and ho!
 Thy wife shall be thy master, I trow.
 Sing, care away, care away, let the world go!
 Hey, lustily all in a row, all in a row,
 Sing, care away, care away, let the world go!

Thomas Morley's *Madrigals to Four Voices*, 1600

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"I Saw My Lady Weep"

I saw my lady weep,
 And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
 Her face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
 And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
 Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
 She made her sighs to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadness move
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
 The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
 Enough, enough; your joyful look excels:
 Tears kill the heart, believe.
 O strive not to be excellent in woe,
 Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow

John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Ayres*, 1600

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Fine Knacks for Ladies . . ."

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap choice, brave and new,
 Good pennyworths—but money cannot move:
 I keep a fair but for the Fair to view,—
 A beggar may be liberal of love.
 Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true,
 The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again,
 My trifles come as treasures from my mind;
 It is a precious jewel to be plain;
 Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we find:
 Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain!
 Of me a grain.

Within this pack pins, points, laces, and gloves,
 And divers toys fitting a country fair,
 But my heart, wherein duty serves and loves,
 Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly pair—
 Happy the heart that thinks of no removes!
 Of no removes!

John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Aires*, 1600

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"My Love in Her Attire . . ."

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
 It doth so well become her:
 For every season she hath dressings fit,
 For winter, spring, and summer.
 No beauty she doth miss,
 When all her robes are on:
 But Beauty's self she is,
 When all her robes are gone.

Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Flow Not so Fast . . ."

Flow not so fast, ye fountains,
 What needeth all this haste?
 Swell not above your mountains,
 Nor spend your time in waste!
 Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Weep not apace, whom Reason
 Or lingering Time can ease;
 My sorrow can no season,
 Nor ought beside appease.
 Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Time can abate the terror
 Of every common pain:
 But common grief is error,
 True grief will still remain.
 Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs or Aires, 1603

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Weep You No More . . ."

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
 But my sun's heavenly eyes,
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets;
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at ev'n he sets?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs or Aires, 1603

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Fain Would I Change . . ."

Fain would I change that note
 To which fond love hath charm'd me
 Long long to sing by rote,
 Fancying that that harm'd me:
 Yet when this thought doth come,
 "Love is the perfect sum
 Of all delight,"
 I have no other choice
 Either for pen or voice
 To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter.
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I do adore thee;
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

Captain Tobias Hume's *The First Part of Airs*, 1605

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Ye Little Birds . . ."

Ye little birds that sit and sing
 Amidst the shady valleys,
 And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
 Within her garden-alleys;
 Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
 Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
 Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
 As you by me are bidden,
 To her is only known my love,
 Which from the world is hidden.
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
 See that your notes strain not too low,
 For still, methinks, I see her frown;
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
 And sing, I am her lover;
 Strain loud and sweet, that every note
 With sweet content may move her:
 And she that hath the sweetest voice,
 Tell her I will not change my choice;
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
 Into a pretty slumber.
 Sing round about her rosy bed,
 That waking, she may wonder.
 So to her, 'tis her lover true
 That sendeth love to you, to you;
 And when you hear her kind reply,
 Return with pleasant warblings.

Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607 [THOMAS HEYWOOD?]

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Ha Ha! Ha Ha! This World . . ."

Ha ha! ha ha! this world doth pass
 Most merrily, I'll be sworn;
 For many an honest Indian ass
 Goes for an Unicorn.
 Fara diddle dino;
 This is idle fino.

Ty hye! ty hye! O sweet delight!
 He tickles this age that can
 Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte
 And Leda's goose a swan.
 Fara diddle dino;
 This is idle fino.

So so! so so! fine English days!
 When false play's no reproach;
 For he that doth the coachman praise,
 May safely use the coach.
 Fara diddle dino;
 This is idle fino.

Thomas Weelkes's *Airs or Fantastic Spirits*, 1608

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"Love Not Me . . ."

Love not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part:
 No, nor for a constant heart!
 For these may fail or turn to ill:
 So thou and I shall sever.
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why!
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever.

John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"The Sea Hath Many Thousand Sands"

The sea hath many thousand sands,
 The sky hath motes as many;
 The sky is full of stars, and love
 As full of woes as any:
 Believe me, that do know the elf,
 And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
 For babes to play withal;
 But O the honies of our youth
 Are oft our age's gall!
 Self-proof in time will make thee know
 He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
 Tells truth without belief;
 For headstrong youth will run his race,
 Although his goal be grief:
 Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
 Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Robert Jones's *The Muses' Garden of Delights* 1610

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"*Sweet, Let Me Go!*"

Sweet, let me go! sweet, let me go!
 What do you mean to vex me so?
 Cease your pleading force!
 Do you think thus to extort remorse?
 Now, now! no more! alas, you overbear me,
 And I would cry—but some would hear, I fear me.

William Corkine's *Airs*, 1610

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

"*Sweet Cupid, Ripen Her Desire*"

Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire,
 The joyful harvest may begin;
 If age approach a little nigher,
 'Twill be too late to get it in.

Cold winter storms lay standing corn,
 Which once too ripe will never rise,
 And lovers wish themselves unborn,
 When all their joys lie in their eyes.

Then, sweet, let us embrace and kiss:
 Shall beauty shale upon the ground?
 If age bereave us of this bliss,
 Then will no more such sport be found.

William Corkine's *Airs*, 1610

(17TH CENTURY)

On a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, "Sweet, how do you?
Kiss me this once and then God be wi' you,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then God be wi' you,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that her fairest bosom showing,
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, "Now kiss me and be going,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And, spying where the day was peeping,
He said, "Now take my soul in keeping,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me, and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near."

John Attye's *First Booke of Aiers*, 1622

(17TH CENTURY)

Love in thy youth, fair maid; be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining:
But ere another day be sprung,
All these will be declining.

Then winter comes with all his fears
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I too late shall sorrow.

Walter Porter's *Madrigals and Aires*, 1632

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

Phillada Flouts Me

O! what a plague is love!
 How shall I bear it?
 She will inconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it.
 She so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth,
 And wavers with the wind,
 As a ship saileth.
 Please her the best I may,
 She loves still to gainsay:
 Alack and well a day!
 Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday,
 She did pass by me;
 She looked another way,
 And would not spy me.
 I wooed her for to dine,
 But could not get her.
 Will had her to the wine—
 He might intreat her.
 With Daniel she did dance,
 On me she looked askance.
 O thrice unhappy chance!
 Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me:
 I am my mother's joy,
 Sweet, entertain me.
 She'll give me when she dies
 All that is fitting,
 Her poultry and her bees
 And her geese sitting.
 A pair of mattress beds,
 And a bag full of shreds.
 And yet for all this gudes,
 Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity.
 But i' faith, if she flinch,
 She shall not wear it;

To Tibb, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So soon from her to part.
Death strikes me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou lust
And bramble-berries;
Pie-lid and pasty-crust,
Pears, plums and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin:
Yet all's not worth a pin,
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair
If you forsake me.
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laughed on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanton signs are those?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season;
Love wounds my heart so deep
Without all reason.
I gin to pine away,

In my love's shadow,
 Like as a fat beast may,
 Penned in a meadow.
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within this thousand year:
 And all for that my dear
 Phillada flouts me.

Wit Restored, 1638, but written much earlier

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

FROM *The New Jerusalem*

Hierusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints,
 O sweet and pleasant soil,
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
 No hurt, no ache, no sore,
 There is no death nor ugly devil,
 There is life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
 No cold nor darksome night,
 There every soul shines as the sun,
 There God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway,
 There is no hunger, heat nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

Hierusalem, Hierusalem,
 God grant I once may see
 Thy endless joys and of the same
 Partaker aye to be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

Ah! my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
There is musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound;
What tongue can tell or heart conceive
The joys that there are found.

Quiet through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life does flow,
Upon whose bank at every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit
And evermore do spring,
There evermore the angels sit
And evermore do sing.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

The Old and Young Courtier

An old song made by an agéd old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
 Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
 And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachman, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
 Like an old courtier &c.

With an old study filled full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch quite worn off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintained half a dozen old cooks:
 Like an old courtier &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose:
 Like an old courtier &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
 Like an old courtier &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds:
 Like an old courtier &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined:
 Like a young courtier of the King's,
 And the King's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
 Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care,
 Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
 And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
 Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
 And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon victuals ne'er stood;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets, and plays,
 And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
 With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
 And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
 On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
 And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
 With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
 Who when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
 Like a young courtier &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
 Among the young courtiers of the King,
 Or the King's young courtiers.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

Robin Goodfellow

From Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersce,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done beneath the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go:
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I hurry laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maid I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;

I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require:
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cheat and lie:
To make debate and mischief too,
"Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes newborn steal as we go;
And elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Goodfellow.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told,
 So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

The Queen of Fairies

Come follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be,
 Which circle on the green;
 Come follow me, your queen.
 Hand in hand, let's dance a round,
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest;
 Unheard and unespied,
 Through key-holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul,
 Or platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep:
 There we pinch their arms and thighs -
 None escapes; nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the household maid,
 And surely she is paid:
 For we do use before we go,
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,
 Our table we do spread;
 A grain of rye, or wheat,
 Is manchet, which we eat;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous dew of snails,
 Between two nutshells stewed,
 Is meat that's easily chewed;
 And the beards of little mice
 Do make a feast of wondrous price.

On tops of dewy grass,
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we, the night before, have been.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile:
 And when the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY)

In Praise of Ale

When as the chill Charoko blows,
 And Winter tells a heavy tale,
 And pyes and daws and rooks and crows
 Do sit and curse the frosts and snows;
 Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make grim Malkin prate;
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poet's wits and pen,
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swedish drum,
 Disputes the princes' laws, and rights,
 What's past and done tells mortal wights,
 And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart up-keeps,
 And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
 That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
 Their very bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wine's emulous neighbour, though but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each man's heart with laughter—
 Ha! Ha! give me ale!

ANONYMOUS

(17TH CENTURY?)

The Farewell

It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear—
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land, farewell!
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear—
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore;
 And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 With Adieu for evermore,
 My dear—
 With Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear—
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear—
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

[Attributed to BURNS]

WILLIAM HABINGTON

(1605-1654)

To Roses in the Bosom of Castara

Ye blushing virgins happy are
 In the chaste nunnery of her breasts,
 For he'd profane so chaste a fair
 Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus, how bright ye grow,
 How rich a perfume do ye yield!
 In some close garden cowslips so
 Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In these white cloisters live secure
 From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
 Each hour more innocent and pure,
 Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,
 Your glorious sepulchre shall be;
 There wants no marble for a tomb,
 Whose breast hath marble been to me.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

(1605-1635)

*An Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford
to Hasten Him into the Country*

Come, spur away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay;
 But must go down
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
 I will the country see,
 Where old simplicity,
 Though hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you City wits, that are
 Almost at civil war;
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puisne of the Inns of Court.
 Then worthy Stafford, say
 How shall we spend the day,
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights?

When from the tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry.
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay;
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show.
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My Muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs; when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this, no more;
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full we'll seek a shade
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell;
And how the other birds do fill the choir;
The thrush and blackbird lend their notes,
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they choose,

The buck shall fall,
 The stag and all.
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
 For to my Muse, if not to me,
 I'm sure all game is free;
 Heaven, earth are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
 And drink by stealth
 A cup or two to noble Berkeley's health,
 I'll take my pipe and try
 The Phrygian melody,
 Which he that hears
 Lets through his ears
 A madness to distemper all the brain.
 Then I another pipe will take
 And Doric music make
 To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

To One Admiring Herself in a Looking Glass

Fair lady, when you see the grace
 Of beauty in your looking glass:
 A stately forehead smooth and high
 And full of princely majesty;
 A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
 Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
 A glorious cheek divinely sweet
 Wherein both roses kindly meet;
 A cherry lip that would entice
 Even gods to kiss at any price;
 You think no beauty is so rare
 That with your shadow might compare,
 That your reflection is alone
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas, your glass doth lie,
 And you are much deceived; for I
 A beauty know of richer grace.
 Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
 Hence then, oh learn more mild to be,
 And leave to lay your blame on me;
 If me your real substance move
 When you so much your shadow love.
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Look on her own bright majesty,
 Which had you once but gazed upon,
 You could except yourself love none.
 What then you cannot love, let me,
 That face I can, you cannot see.
 Now you have what to love, you'll say,
 What then is left for me, I pray?

My face, sweetheart, if it please thee;
 That which you can, I cannot see.
 So either love shall gain his due;
 Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

FROM *A Pastoral Courtship*

Being set, let's sport a while, my fair;
 I will tie love-knots in thy hair.
 See, Zephyr through the leaves doth stray
 And has free liberty to play,
 And braids thy locks; and shall I find
 Less favour than a saucy wind?
 Now let me sit and fix my eyes
 On thee that art my paradise.
 Thou art my all. The Spring remains
 In the fair violets of thy veins;
 And that it is a Summer's day,
 Ripe cherries in thy lips display;
 And when for Autumn I would seek,
 'Tis in the apples of thy cheek;
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see Winter in thy heart.
 Strange, when at once in one appear
 All the four seasons of the year!
 I'll clasp that neck, where should be set
 A rich and orient carcanet;
 But swains are poor; admit of, then,
 More natural chains, the arms of men.
 Come, let me touch those breasts that swell
 Like two fair mountains, and may well
 Be styled the Alps, but that I fear
 The snow has less of whiteness there.
 But stay, my love; a fault I spy.
 Why are these two fair mountains dry?
 Which, if they run, no Muse would please
 To taste of any spring but these.
 And Ganymede employed should be
 To fetch his Jove nectar from thee.
 Thou shalt be nurse, fair Venus swears,
 To the next Cupid that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two run?
 Fie, fie, this belly, beauty's mint,
 Blushes to see no coin stamped in't.
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is your royalty;
 And beauty will have current grace
 That bears the image of your face.
 How to the touch the ivory thighs
 Vail gently, and again do rise,

As pliable to impression
 As virgin wax or Parian stone
 Dissolved to softness, plump and full,
 More white and soft than Cotswold wool,
 Or cotton from the Indian tree,
 Or pretty silkworm's housewifery.
 These on two marble pillars raised,
 Make me in doubt which should be praised,
 They or their columns, most; but when
 I view those feet which I have seen
 So nimbly trip it o'er the lawns
 That all the satyrs and the fawns
 Have stood amazed when they would pass
 Over the leas, and not a grass
 Would feel the weight, nor rush nor bent,
 Drooping betray which way you went;
 Oh then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more and flame with double fires.

Now let us kiss. Would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one.
 Blush you at this, pretty one? Stay,
 And I will take that kiss away
 Thus, with a second, and that too
 A third wipes off; so will we go
 To numbers that the stars outrun
 And all the atoms in the sun.
 For though we kiss till Phoebus' ray
 Sink in the seas, and kissing stay
 Till his bright beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain;
 And if for one good manners call,
 In one good manners grant me all.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(1606-1668)

"The Lark Now Leaves . . ."

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
 He takes this window for the East,
 And to implore your light he sings—
 Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn!
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

FROM *Song*

Roses and pinks will be strewn where you go;
 Whilst I walk in shades of willow, willow.
 When I am dead let him that did slay me
 Be but so good as kindly to lay me
 There where neglected lovers mourn,
 Where lamps and hallowed tapers burn,
 Where clerks and choirs sad dirges sing,
 Where sweetly bells at burials ring.

My rose of youth is gone,
 Withered as soon as blown.
 Lovers, go ring my knell.
 Beauty and love, farewell.
 And lest virgins forsaken
 Should perhaps be mistaken
 In seeking my grave, alas! let them know
 I lie near a shade of willow, willow.

The Unfortunate Lovers, 1638

EDMUND WALLER

(1606-1687)

To a Very Young Lady

Why came I so untimely forth
 Into a world which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity,
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love?

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon;
 The rosy morn resigns her light,
 And milder glory, to the noon;
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warns us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
 And summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not looked on as a time
 Of declination or decay;
 For with a full hand that doth bring
 All that was promised by the spring.

On a Girdle

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Go, Lovely Rose!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Of the Last Verses in the Book

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So, calm are we when passions are no more!
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

Sonnet

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love: O if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh:
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet William Shakespeare

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piléd stones,
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,

Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Sonnet

How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

FROM *Arcades*

SECOND SONG

O'er the smooth enamelled green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof,
 Follow me;
 I will bring you where she sits
 Clad in splendour as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

THIRD SONG

Nymphs and shepherds dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks.
 On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks.
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Maenalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,

Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

L' Allegro

Hence loathéd Melancholy
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovéd pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landskip round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers, and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony:
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso

Hence, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O'er-laid with black, staid wisdom's hue:
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea nymphs, and their power offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His sister she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast,
And join with thee calm peace, and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retiréd leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub, contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon
Like one that hath been led astray
Through the heav'ns wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,

With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those daemons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else, great bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke,

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flower work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heav'n doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

*FROM A Mask Presented at Ludlow Castle
 (Comus)*

1.

Comus: The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the moon in wavering morris move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim
 The wood nymphs decked with daisies trim
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veiled Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on the Indian steep
 From her cabined loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our concealed solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastic round.

2.

SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
 So mayst thou be transplanted to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

3.

Comus: O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched th'all-worshipped ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th'all-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility;
 Th'earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

4.

SONG

Sabrina fair
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the song of sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.
 Listen and save.

5.

"TO THE OCEAN NOW I FLY"

Spirit: To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring.
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard, and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show

And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son advanced,
 Holds his dead Psyche sweet entranced
 After her wandering labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove has sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Lycidas

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occlusion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to th' oaten flute,
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damaetas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! What boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory.
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quothe he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their belly's sake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Beside what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal showers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
The cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills.
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropped into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

To the Lord General Cromwell

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and His work pursu'd,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war, new foes arise
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free Conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves whose Gospel is their maw.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

Avenge O Lord Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them that kept Thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones
 Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who having learnt Thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

"When I Consider . . ."

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide:
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's works or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

FROM *Paradise Lost*

1.

Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n's first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachéd light
 Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and from the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou celestial light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

2.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath engulfed, for God had thrown
 That mountain as His garden mould high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Or porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Embrowned the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspired
Castalian spring might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock, 'A
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad

In naked majesty seemed lords of all,
 And worthy seemed, for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
 For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

FROM *Paradise Regained*

Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
 Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
 Where on the Aegean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream; within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next;
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
 Aeolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer called,
 Whose poem Phoebus challenged for his own.

Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the Arsenal and fulminated over Greece,
 To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne;
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates, see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

FROM *Samson Agonistes*

Samson: A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade,
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
 Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
 The air imprisoned also, close and damp
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends
 The breath of heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold

Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits; if I must die
Betrayed, captive, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when He gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,

They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched?
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light;
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried; but O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609-1642)

The Siege

'Tis now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,—
 Time strangely spent—a year or more,
 And still I did my part,

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town;
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes and this relief?
A spy informed Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, quoth I; the word straight give;
Let's lose no time, but leave her:
That giant upon air will live
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove,
As will no siege abide:
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been;
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
 Forty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine,
His beard no bigger though than thine,
 Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King, God bless him!, 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so dressed.

At Course-a-Park without all doubt
He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
 Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale:
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
 Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
 It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light:
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kissed her once or twice;
 But she would not, she was so nice,
 She would not do't in sight:
 And then she looked as who should say,
 "I will do what I list to-day,
 And you shall do't at night."

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison;
 Who sees them is undone:
 For streaks of red were mingled there
 Such as are on a Catherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly:
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
 The parson himself had guilty been,
 She looked that day so purely;
 And, did the youth so oft the feat
 At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoiled him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey:
 Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
 Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
 Presented, and away.

The business of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that man should eat;
 Nor was it there denied—
 Passion o' me, how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off and youths carouse,
Heaths first go round and then the house:
 The bride's came thick and thick;
And, when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
 And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh and glance;
 Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
 But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay
Like new-fallen snow melting away;
 'Twas time, I trow, to part:
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as one would say,
 Good-bye with all my heart.

But, just as Heavens would have, to cross it,
In came the bridesmaids with the posset;
 The bridegroom ate in spite:
For, had he left the women to't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out; and now
All that they had not done they do;
 What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
 With Bridget and with Nell.

A Poem

Out upon it! I have loved
 Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Song

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.

Song

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't win her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move;
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her!

Aglaura, 1646

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

(1611-1643)

*To Chloe,
 Who Wished Herself Young Enough for Me*

Chloe, why wish you that your years
 Would backward run, till they meet mine,
 That perfect likeness which endears
 Things unto things might us combine?
 Our ages so in date agree
 That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
 First strikes the new awakened sense;
 The other when two souls unite;
 And we must count our life from thence.
 When you loved me and I loved you,
 Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
 And in those souls did plant new powers;
 Since when another life we live,
 The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
 Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
 And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
 Our bodies from the silent grave,
 Unto one age doth raise us all,
 None too much, none too little have.
 Nay, that the difference may be none,
 He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine.
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you as you for me.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUESS OF MONTROSE

(1612-1650)

Montrose to His Mistress

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore,
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
 And faithful of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before:
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee evermore.

His Metrical Vow

(ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES I)

Great, Good and Just, could I but rate
 My grief to thy too rigid fate!
 I'd weep the world in such a strain,
 As it would once deluge again:
 But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
 More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
 I'll tune thy elegies to trumpet-sounds,
 And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds.

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612-1680)

FROM *Hudibras*

1

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion, as for punk;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick:
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.
 A wight he was whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bowed his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.

Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of War, as well as Peace
 (So some rats of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water):
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he was more wise or stout:
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But, howso'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, called a Fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write):
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H'was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either could afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty as sufficed
 To make some think him circumcised:
 And truly so perhaps he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

2.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant Saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;

Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended:
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss:
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
 That with more care kept holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite:
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th'apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th'advowson of his conscience.

3.

This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
 As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold lace:
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't:
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-Light;
 A lib'ral art, that cost no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.

His wit was sent him for a token,
 But in the carriage cracked and broken;
 Like commendation ninepence crooked,
 With—To and from my Love—it looked.
 He ne'er considered it, as loath
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth;
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too:
 For Saints themselves will sometimes be
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlightened stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle;
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way;
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
 Which none sees by but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon
 The nose of Saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear:
 So Phoebus, or some friendly Muse,
 Into small poets song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

RICHARD CRASHAW

(1613?-1649)

FROM *Epithalamium*

Come, virgin tapers of pure wax,
 Made in the hive of love, all white
 As snow and yet as cold, where lacks
 Hymen's holy heat and light;

Where blooming kisses
Their beds yet keep,
And steep their blisses
In rosy sleep;
Where sister buds yet wanting brothers
Kiss their own lips in lieu of others;
Help me to mourn a matchless maidenhead
That now is dead.

A fine thin negative thing it was,
A nothing with a dainty name,
Which pruned her plumes in self-love's glass,
Made up of fancy and fond fame;
Within the shade
Of its own wing
It sate and played
A self-crowned King;
A froward flower, whose peevish pride
Within itself itself did hide,
Flying all fingers, and even thinking much
Of its own touch.

The bird indeed the phoenix was
Late chased by Love's revengeful arrows,
Whose wars now left the wonted pass
And spared the little lives of sparrows;
To hunt this fool,
Whose froward pride
Love's noble school
And courts denied,
And froze the fruits of fair desire
Which flourisheth in mutual fire,
'Gainst Nature, who 'mong all the webs she spun
Ne'er wove a Nun.

She of Cupid's shafts afraid
Left her own balm-breathing East,
And in a western bosom made
A softer and a sweeter nest:
There did she rest
In the sweet shade
Of a soft breast,
Whose beauties made
Thames oft stand still and lend a glass
While in her own she saw heaven's face,
And sent him full of her fair name's report
To Thetis' Court.

And now poor Love was at a stand.
The crystal castle which she kept
Was proof against the proudest hand;
There in safest hold she slept;

His shafts' expence
 Left there no smart,
 But bounding thence
 Broached his own heart;
 At length a fort he did devise
 Built in noble Brampston's eyes,
 And aiming thence this matchless maidenhead
 Was soon found dead.

Yet Love in death did wait upon her,
 Granting leave she should expire
 In her fumes, and have the honour
 T'exhale in flames of his own fire.
 Her funeral pile
 The marriage bed,
 In a sighed smile
 She vanished.
 So rich a dress of death ne'er famed
 The cradles where her kindred flamed;
 So sweet her mother phoenixes of th'East
 Ne'er spiced their nest.

[*Author doubtful*]

FROM *Wishes. To His Supposed Mistress*

Whoe'er she be,
 That not impossible she
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
 Locked up from mortal eye
 In shady leaves of Destiny:

Till that ripe birth
 Of studied fate stand forth,
 And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
 Of crystal flesh through which to shine:

Meet you her my wishes,
 Bespeak her to me blisses,
 And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty
 That owes not all his duty
 To gaudy tire or glist'ring shoe-tie.

Something more than
 Taffata or tissue can,
 Or rampant feather or rich fan.

More than the spoil
Of shop or silkworms' toil,
Or a bought blush or a set smile.

A Face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.

A Face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek where youth
And blood with pen of truth
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness

Eyes, that displaces
The neighbour diamond, and outfaces
That sunshine by their own sweet graces.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are;

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well tamed Heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue, their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight,
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a forespent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by th'absence of the day.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

A Song

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire
I die in love's delicious fire.
O Love, I am thy Sacrifice.
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes.
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I die .

Though still I die, I live again,
Still longing so to be still slain;
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while Thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to myself I live in Thee.

For Hope

Dear hope! Earth's dowry and heav'n's debt!
The entity of those that are not yet.
Subtlest, but surest being! Thou by whom
Our nothing has a definition!
Substantial shade! whose sweet allay
Blends both the noons of night and day.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From Thee their lean dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, as the sick moon from the wholesome morn.
Rich hope! Love's legacy under lock
Of faith! still spending and still growing stock!
Our crown-land lies above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.
Nor will the virgin joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed
Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss
Thou steal'st us down a distant kiss.
Hope's chaste stealth harms no more joy's maidenhead
Than spousal rites prejudice the marriage bed.
Fair hope! Our earlier heav'n, by thee
Young time is taster to eternity.
Thy generous wine with age grows strong, not sour.
Nor does it kill the fruit to smell the flower.
Thy golden, growing head never hangs down,
Till in the lap of love's full noon
It falls, and dies! O no, it melts away
As does the dawn into the day,
As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine
Their supple essence with the soul of wine.
Fortune? Alas, above the world's low wars,
Hope walks, and kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.
Her keel cuts not the waves where these winds stir;
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly far above
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet hope! Kind cheat! Fair fallacy! By thee
We are not Where nor What we be,

But What and Where we would be. Thus art thou
 Our absent Presence and our future Now.
 Faith's sister! Nurse of fair desire!
 Fear's antidote! A wise and well-stay'd fire!
 Temper 'twixt chill despair and torrid joy!
 Queen Regent in young Love's minority!
 Though the vext chymick vainly chases
 His fugitive gold through all her faces,
 Though Love's more fierce, more fugitive fires assay
 One face more fugitive than all they,
 True hope's a glorious hunter, and her chase
 The God of Nature in the fields of grace.

FROM *A Hymn of the Nativity*

Gloomy Night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay;
 The Babe looked up, and shewed his face,
 In spite of darkness it was day.
 It was thy day, sweet, and did rise
 Not from the East, but from thy eyes.

Winter chid the world, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars;
 The North forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars;
 By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers
 Where he meant frosts he scattered flowers.

We see thee in thy balmy nest,
 Bright Dawn of our eternal day;
 We saw thine eyes break from the East
 And chase the trembling shades away;
 We saw thee (and we blessed the sight)
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

I saw the curled drops soft and slow
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
 To furnish the fair Infant's bed.
 Forbear, (said I) be not too bold,
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold

I saw th'officious angels bring
 The down that their soft breasts did strow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 When Heaven itself lies here below.
 Fair youth, (said I) be not too rough,
 Thy down though soft's not soft enough.

The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek
Where to lay his lovely head,
But straight his eyes advised his cheek
'Twixt Mother's breasts to go to bed.
Sweet choice (said I) no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

Welcome to our wondering sight,
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! Day in night!
Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great little one, whose glorious birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

FROM *The Weeper*

Hail Sister Springs!
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! Snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sowest, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

But we are deceived all,
Stars they are indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heaven's other spangles do;
It is not for our earth and us
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep;
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.
Where the milky rivers meet
Thine crawls above and is the cream.
Heaven, of such fair floods as this
Heaven the crystal ocean is.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
 Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
 Makes Sorrow half so rich
 As the drops distilled from thee.
 Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
 Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

Not in the Evening's eyes
 When they red with weeping are
 For the sun that dies,
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
 Nowhere but here did ever meet
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Well does the May that lies
 Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
 The April in thine eyes;
 Mutual sweetness they express.
 No April e'er lent softer showers
 Nor May returned fairer flowers.

Whither away so fast?
 O whither? for the sluttish earth
 Your sweetness cannot taste,
 Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
 Whither haste ye then? O say
 Why ye trip so fast away?

We go not to seek
 The darlings of Aurora's bed,
 The rose's modest cheek
 Nor the violet's humble head.
 No such thing; we go to meet
 A worthier object, Our Lord's feet.

JOHN CLEVELAND

(1613-1658)

Mark Antony

When as the nightingale chanted her vespers,
 And the wild forester couched on the ground,
 Venus invited me in th'evening whispers
 Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes' compliment;
 Unto my heart's content
 Played with me on the green.
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen. -

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eye feasted,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire;
 Next on her warmer lips, which, when I tasted,
 My duller spirits were active as fire.
 Then we began to dart,
 Each at another's heart,
 Arrows that know no smart,
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

Wanting a glass to plait her amber tresses
 Which like a bracelet rich deckéd mine arm,
 Gaudier than Juno wears when as she graces
 Jove with embraces more stately than warm,
 Then did she peep in mine
 Eyes' humor crystalline;
 I in her eyes was seen
 As if we one had been.
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

Mystical grammar of amorous glances;
 Feeling of pulses, the physic of love;
 Rhetorical courtings and musical dances;
 Numbering of kisses arithmetic prove;
 Eyes like astronomy;
 Straight-limbed geometry;
 In her art's ingeny
 Our wits were sharp and keen.
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

FROM *The Rebel Scot*

Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet
 And badger-like bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help, ye tart satirists, to imp my rage
 With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
 Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.
 Now, as the martyrs were enforced to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes;
 A Scot within a beast is no disguise.
 No more let Ireland brag her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom since the Scot's plantation:

Nor can ours feigned antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown
 Within the grate of his own breast alone,
 The leopard and the panther, and engrossed
 What all those wild collegiates had cost
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees;
 First to the salvage lawyer, next to these.
 Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness:
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 God's omnipresence, but that Charles came thence,
 But that Montrose and Crawford's loyal band
 Atoned their sins and christened half the land.
 Nor is it all the nation hath these spots;
 There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots.
 As in a picture where the squinting paint
 Shows fiend on this side, and on that side saint.
 He, that saw Hell in's melancholy dream
 And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
 Scared from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he viewed Scotland, had turned proselyte.
 A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
 "Oh may they never suffer banishment!"
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
 Not forced him wander but confined him home!

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(1615-1669)

FROM *Cooper's Hill*

My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays.
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
 By his old sire to his embraces runs,
 Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet Eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay.
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes nor mock the ploughman's toil,

But God-like his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind;
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.

RICHARD LOVELACE

(1618–1658)

The Rose

Sweet serene sky-like flower,
 Haste to adorn her bower:
 From thy long cloudy bed
 Shoot forth thy damask head.

New-startled blush of Flora!
 The grief of pale Aurora,
 Who will contest no more;
 Haste, haste, to strew her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
 From lip to lip in Heaven;
 Love's couch's coverlet;
 Haste, haste, to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleased Venus
 And jolly, plump Silenus:
 Haste, haste, to deck the hair
 Of the only, sweetly fair.

See! rosy is her bower,
 Her floor is all this flower;
 Her bed a rosy nest
 By a bed of roses prest.

But early as she dresses,
 Why fly you her bright tresses?
 Ah! I have found, I fear—
 Because her cheeks are near.

To Amarantha

Amarantha sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly!

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelléd.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night
Like the sun in's early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear t' assuage
The foaming blue god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

To Althea from Prison

When Love with unconfined wing
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller voice shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlargéd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an Hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To wars and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase:
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-1667)

FROM *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
 Scarce could the morn drive on th'unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possess.
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable Fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever and my life to moan?
 Oh, thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
 If once my griefs prove tedious too.
 Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hidden treasures lie;
 Alas, my treasure's gone, why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
 A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name
 By friendship given of old to fame.
 None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
 Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
 And even in that we did agree,
 For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
 Till the Ledaean stars so famed for love
 Wondered at us from above.
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts or wine;
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?
 Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven.
 The hard and rarest union which can be
 Next that of Godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
 Like Moses thou, though spells and charms withstand,
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of Earth! but thou
 Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now,
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine.
 Equal society with them to hold,
 Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.

And they, kind spirits! shall all rejoice to see
 How little less than they exalted man may be.
 Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
 The heav'nliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell.
 Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;
 Still idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
 And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
 Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we,
 Vain men! the monster woman deify;
 Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
 And Paradise in them by whom we lost it place.
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
 Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
 That her eternal verse employed should be
 On a less subject than eternity;
 And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
 But her whom God Himself scorned not his spouse to make.
 It, in a kind, her miracle did do;
 A fruitful mother was and virgin too.

How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death;
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great Mistress' arms! thou most divine
 And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
 Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
 A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
 Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent
 That angels led him when from thee he went,
 For even in error sure no danger is
 When joined with so much piety as his.
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief,
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
 And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
 His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
 And I myself a Catholic will be,
 So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below!
 Opposed by our old en'my, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
 Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
 Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires.
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
 Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
 More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
 Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
 So humble to esteem, so good to love)
 Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me.
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

The Wish

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
And they methinks deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buzz and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends and many books, both true,
Both wise and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only beloved and loving me!

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
O fields, O woods, when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood;
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but echo flatter.
The gods when they descended hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

FROM *Essay on Solitude*

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat!
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying
 Hear the soft winds above me flying
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself too mute.

Ah wretched and too solitary he
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
 The monster London laugh at me,
 I should at thee too, foolish city,
 If it were fit to laugh at misery,
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

The Chronicle

Margarita first possessed,
 If I remember well, my breast;
 Margarita first of all!
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine,
 Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had not she evil counsels ta'en.
 Fundamental laws she broke;
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Anne
Both to reign at once began.
 Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear;
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose
And did the rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-sceptered queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
 But soon these pleasures fled,
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame
 And the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about
Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
 To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary next began;
 Then Joan and Jane and Audria,
 And then a pretty Thomasine,
 And then another Katherine,
 And then a long et cetera.

But should I now to you relate
 The strength and riches of their state,
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
 The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint and warlike things
 That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts,
 The letters, embassies and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
 Numberless, nameless, mysteries;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
 By Machiavel, the waiting-maid,
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
 All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be.
 Since few of them were long with me.
 A higher and a nobler strain
 My present Empresse doth claim:
 Eleonora first o' th' name,
 Whom God grant long to reign.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1678)

Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along
 The listening winds received this song:
 What should we do but sing His praise
 Who led us through the watery maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
 That lift the deep upon their backs.

He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels every thing;
 And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night;
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet;
 But apples plants of such a price
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple, where to sound His name.
 Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which then perhaps rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay.
 Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way to guide their chime
 With falling oars they kept the time.

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough and time,
 This coyness, lady, were no crime.
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
 Should'st rubies find; I by the tide
 Of Humber would complain. I would
 Love you ten years before the flood;
 And you should if you please refuse
 Till the conversion of the Jews.
 My vegetable love should grow
 Vaster than empires and more slow.
 A hundred years should go to praise
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
 Two hundred to adore each breast;
 But thirty thousand to the rest.

An age at least to every part,
 And the last age should show your heart.
 For, lady, you deserve this state,
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
 Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near;
 And yonder all before us lie
 Deserts of vast eternity.
 Thy beauty shall no more be found,
 Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
 My echoing song; then worms shall try
 That long preserved virginity,
 And your quaint honour turn to dust,
 And into ashes all my lust.
 The grave's a fine and private place,
 But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore while the youthful hue
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
 And while thy willing soul transpires
 At every pore with instant fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may;
 And now like amorous birds of prey
 Rather at once our time devour
 Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
 Let us roll all our strength and all
 Our sweetness up into one ball,
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife
 Thorough the iron gates of life.
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
 And their incessant labours see
 Crowned from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all flow'rs and all trees do close
 To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
 And innocence, thy sister dear!
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow.
 Society is all but rude,
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas:
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While Man there walked without a mate.
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there;
 Two paradises 'twere in one
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flow'rs and herbs this dial new,
 Where from above the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
 And as it works th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

FROM *A Horatian Ode upon Cromwell*

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urged his active star.
 And, like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide.
 'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The force of angry Heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true
 Much to the man is due.
 What field of all the civil wars
 Where his were not the deepest scars?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art.
 Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
 He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrooke's narrow case.
 That thence the royal actor borne,
 The tragic scaffold might adorn;
 While round the arméd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.
 He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene;
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try:
 Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right,
 But bowed his comely head
 Down as upon a bed.

FROM *A Poem upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell*

I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lies
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour, stretched along,
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
O human glory vain, O death, O wings,
O worthless world, O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed
That still, though dead, greater than death he laid;
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens death he yet will live again.

FROM *The Loyal Scot*

But who considers well will find indeed
'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed.
Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,
No Scotch was ever like a Bishop's feud.
All litanies in this have wanted faith;
There's no "deliver us from a Bishop's wrath."
Never shall Calvin pardoned be for sales,
Never for Burnet's sake the Lauderdale,
For Becket's sake Kent always shall have tails.
Who sermons e'er can pacify and prayers?
Or to the joint stools reconcile the chairs?
Nothing, not bogs, not sands, not seas, not alps.
Separate the world so as the Bishops' scalps.
Stretch for your Line their circingle alone,
'Twill make a more inhabitable zone.
The friendly loadstone hath not more combined
Than Bishops cramped the commerce of mankind.
A Bishop will like Mahomet tear the moon
And slip one half into his sleeve as soon.
The juggling prelate on his hocus calls,
Shows you first one, then makes that one two balls.
Instead of all the plagues, had Bishops come,
Pharaoh at first would have sent Israel home.
From church they need not censure men away,
A Bishop's self is an anathema.
Where foxes dung their earths, the badgers yield;
At Bishops' dung the foxes quit the field.
Their rank ambition all this heat hath stirred;
A Bishop's rennet makes the strongest curd.
How reverend things are Lord, lawn sleeves and ease!
How a clean laundress and no sermons please!

They wanted zeal and learning, so mistook
 The Bible and grammar for the service book.
 Religion has the world too long depraved,
 A shorter way's to be by clergy saved.
 Believe but only as the Church believes,
 And learn to pin your faith upon their sleeves.
 Ah! like Lot's wife they still look back and halt,
 And surpliced show like pillars too of salt.
 Who that is wise would pulpit toil endure?
 A Bishopric is a great sinecure.
 Enough for them, God knows, to count their wealth,
 To excommunicate, and study health;
 A higher work is to their Court annexed:
 The nation they divide, their curates text.
 No Bishop rather than it should be so!
 No Church, no trade, no king, no people, no!
 All mischiefs moulded by those state divines;
 Aaron casts calves, but Moses them calcines.
 The legion devil did but one man possess,
 One Bishop fiend spirits a whole diocese.
 That power alone can loose this spell that ties,
 For only Kings can Bishops exorcise.
 Will you be treated princes? Here fall to,
 Fish and flesh Bishops are the ambigü;
 Howe'er insipid, yet the sauce will mend 'em;
 Bishops are very good when in commendum.
 If wealth or vice can tempt your appetites,
 These Templar Lords exceed the Templar Knights,
 And in a Baron Bishop you have both
 Leviathan served up and Behemoth.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1622-1695)

A Song to Amoret

If I were dead, and in my place
 Some fresher youth designed
 To warm thee with new fires, and grace
 Those arms I left behind;

Were he as faithful as the sun,
 That's wedded to the sphere;
 His blood as chaste and temp'rate run,
 As April's mildest tear;

Or were he rich, and with his heaps
 And spacious share of earth,
 Could make divine affection cheap,
 And court his golden birth:

For all these arts I'd not believe,
 No, though he should be thine—
 The mighty amorist could not give
 So rich a heart as mine.

Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,
 And greater men than I;
 But my true resolvéd mind
 They never shall come nigh.

For I not for an hour did love,
 Or for a day desire,
 But with my soul had from above
 This endless, holy fire.

FROM *To His Retired Friend*

Come! leave this sullen state, and let not wine
 And precious wit lie dead for want of thine.
 Shall the dull market-landlord with his rout
 Of sneaking tenants dirtily swill out
 This harmless liquor? shall they knock and beat
 For sack, only to talk of rye and wheat?
 Oh, let not such prepost'rous tipping be
 In our metropolis; may I ne'er see
 Such tavern-sacrilege, nor lend a line
 To weep the rapes and tragedy of wine!
 Here lives that chymic quick fire which betrays
 Fresh spirits to the blood, and warms our lays.
 I have reserved 'gainst thy approach a cup
 That were thy Muse stark dead, shall raise her up,
 And teach her yet more charming words and skill
 Than ever Celia, Chloris, Astrophil,
 Or any of the threadbare names inspired
 Poor rhyming lovers with a mistress fired.
 Come then! and while the slow icicle hangs
 At the stiff thatch, and winter's frosty pangs
 Benumb the year, blithe—as of old—let us
 'Midst noise and war, of peace and mirth discuss.
 This portion thou wert born for; why should we
 Vex at the time's ridiculous misery?
 An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will
 —Spite of thy teeth and mine—persist so still.
 Let's sit then at this fire, and while we steal
 A revel in the town, let others seal,
 Purchase or cheat, and who can let them pay,
 Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
 Innocent spenders we! a better use
 Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse
 Rout to their husks; they and their bags at best
 Have cares in earnest; we care for a jest.

FROM *The Waterfall*

With what deep murmurs, through Time's silent stealth,
 Doth thy transparent, cool and watery wealth
 Here flowing fall,
 And chide and call,
 As if his liquid, loose retinue stayed
 Lingering, and were of this steep place afraid,
 The common pass,
 Where clear as glass,
 All must descend
 Not to an end,
 But quickened by this deep and rocky grave,
 Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

The Shower

'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
 From her faint bosom breathed thee, the disease
 Of her sick waters and infectious ease.

 But now at even,
 Too gross for Heaven,
 Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.

Ah! it is so with me. Oft have I pressed
 Heaven with a lazy breath, but fruitless this
 Pierced not; love only can with quick access

 Unlock the way,
 When all else stray,
 The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

Yet, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
 Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
 O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;

 Perhaps at last,
 Some such showers past,
 My God would give a sunshine after rain.

The Morning-Watch

O joys! infinite sweetness! with what flowers
 And shoots of glory my soul breaks and buds!

 All the long hours
 Of night and rest,
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep and clouds,
 This dew fell on my breast.
 Or, how it bloods

And spirits all my earth! hark! in what rings
And hymning circulations the quick world

Awakes and sings!

The rising winds,

And falling springs,

Birds, beasts, all things

Adore Him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurled

In sacred hymns and order; the great chime

And symphony of Nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,

A spirit-voice,

And vocal joys,

Whose echo is Heaven's bliss.

Oh, let me climb

When I lie down! The pious soul by night

Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said

To shed their light

Under some cloud,

Yet are above,

And shine and move

Beyond that misty shroud.

So in my bed,

That curtained grave, though sleep like ashes hide

My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

The Retreat

Happy those early days when I

Shined in my angel-infancy!

Before I understood this place

Appointed for my second race,

Or taught my soul to fancy aught

But a white, celestial thought;

When yet I had not walked above

A mile, or two, from my first love,

And looking back (at that short space)

Could see a glimpse of his bright face;

When on some gilded cloud or flower

My gazing soul would dwell an hour.

And in those weaker glories spy

Some shadows of eternity;

Before I taught my tongue to wound

My conscience with a sinful sound,

Or had the black art to dispense

A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense;

But felt through all this fleshly dress

Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back

And tread again that ancient track!

That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train,
 From whence th'enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm trees;
 But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move,
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

The World

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights;
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,
 He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Worked underground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
 That policy.
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves.

Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heav'n in sense,
 And scorned pretence;
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 Oh, fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way;
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!
 But as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,
 "This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for His bride."

"They Are All Gone . . ."

They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit lingering here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

THOMAS STANLEY

(1625-1678))

Song

When I lie burning in thine eye,
Or freezing in thy breast,
What martyrs, in wished flames that die,
Are half so pleased or blest?

When thy soft accents through mine ear
Into my soul do fly,
What angel would not quit his sphere
To hear such harmony?

Or when the kiss thou gav'st me last
My soul stole in its breath,
What life would sooner be embraced
Than so desired a death?

When I commanded am by thee,
Or by thine eye or hand,
What monarch would not prouder be
To serve than to command?

Then think no freedom I desire,
Or would my fetters leave,
Since Phoenix-like I from this fire
Both life and youth receive.

Song

I prithee let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis raised above thee,
Not all the beauty thou dost own
Again can make me love thee:

He that was shipwrecked once before
By such a siren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Thou dost in vain bestow,
Some other lovers might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art,
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move,
As now thou sufferest mine.

JOHN HALL

(1627-1656)

The Call

Romira, stay
And run not thus like a young roe away;
No enemy
Pursues thee, foolish girl! 'tis only I:
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'll be pleased to garrison mine arms;
What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here

To paleness shred,
 And lilies stand disguised in new red,
 If that I lay
 A snare wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay.
 See, see, the sun
 Does slowly to his azure lodging run;
 Come, sit but here,
 And presently he'll quit our hemisphere:
 So, still among
 Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
 Here will we spin
 Legends for them that have love-martyrs been;
 Here on this plain
 We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
 Come here, and choose
 On which of these proud plats thou would repose;
 Here may'st thou shame
 The rusty violets with the crimson flame
 Of either cheek,
 And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
 Nay, thou may'st prove
 That man's most noble passion is to love.

CHARLES COTTON

(1630-1687)

FROM *To Mr. Izaak Walton*

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
 We never meet again;
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short day,
 Than he who his whole age out-wears
 Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
 Where naught but vice and vanity do reign.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
 How beautiful the fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
 What peace! what unanimity!
 How innocent from the lewd fashion
 Is all our business, all our conversation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
 Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
 O ye valleys, O ye mountains,
 O ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love at liberty
 By turn to come and visit ye!

O Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learned to practise and to try!

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
And from the vales to view the noble heights above!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despoised recess,
Would I maugre winter's cold
And the summer's worst excess
Try to live out to sixty full years old,
And all the while
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

FROM *Old Tityrus to Eugenia*

Eugenia, young and fair and sweet,
 The glories of the plains,
 In thee alone the graces meet
 To conquer all the swains;
 Tall as the poplar of the grove,
 Straight as the wingéd shaft of Love,
 As the spring's early blossoms white,
 Soft as the kisses of the light,
 Serene and modest as the morn,
 Ere vapours do from fens arise
 To dim the glory of the skies,
 Untainted, or with pride or scorn,
 T' oblige the world, bright nymph, thou sure wast born.

Ode

Good night, my Love, may gentle rest
 Charm up your senses till the light,
 Whilst I with care and woe oppress
 Go to inhabit endless night.

There, whilst your eyes shall grace the day,
 I must in the despairing shade
 Sigh such a woeful time away,
 As never yet poor lover had.

Yet to this endless solitude
 There is one dangerous step to pass,
 To one that loves your sight, so rude,
 As flesh and blood is loath to pass.

But I will take it to express
 I worthily your favours wore,
 Your merits, sweet, can claim no less,
 Who dies for you can do no more.

Sonnet

Chloris, whilst thou and I were free,
 Wedded to naught but liberty,
 How sweetly happy did we live,
 How free to promise, free to give!

Then, monarchs of ourselves, we might:
 Love here or there, to change delight,
 And tied to none, with all dispense,
 Paying each Love its recompense.

Be in that happy freedom, we
Were so improvidently free,
To give away our liberties;

And now in fruitful sorrow pine
At what we are, what might have been,
Had thou or I or both been wise.

Song

Join once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which, though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal;
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone;
Thou breathest silent darts;
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

Laura Sleeping

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps
From pure and yet unrivalled springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
Neither too rude nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams and crisp her hair
With such a gale as wings soft Love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning door;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born crystal streams
Under the bright enamoured sun.

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar;
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.

FROM *Ode*

Without the evening dew and showers
The Earth would be a barren place,
Of trees and plants, or herbs and flowers,
To crown her now enamelled face;

Nor can wit spring or fancies grow
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump autumn's wealthy overflow
And sprightly issue of the vine.

Wine is the cure of cares and sloth
That rust the metal of the mind,
The juice that man to man does both
In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the monarch's cloudy brows
And cheers the hearts of sullen swains,
To wearied souls repose allows,
And makes slaves caper in their chains.

Wine, that distributes to each part
Its heat and motion, is the spring,
The poet's head, the subject's heart,
'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the night
Serves but to hide such guilty souls,
As fly the beauty of the light
Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

Song

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green;
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guessed
 By the tousing and tumbling and touching her breast;
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah, she cried, ah, for a languishing maid
 In a country of Christians to die without aid!
 Not a Whig or a Tory or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant parson or Catholic priest,
 To instruct a young virgin that is at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
 By their praying &c.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear;
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
 Then showed her his arrow and bid her not fear,
 For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear;
 When the balm was infused, she was not at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
 By their praying &c.

Rondelay

Chloe found Amyntas lying
 All in tears upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself and crying:
 Wretched I to love in vain!
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself and crying:
 Wretched I to love in vain!
 Ever scorning and denying
 To reward your faithful swain.
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Ever scorning and denying
 To reward your faithful swain.
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he loved in vain.
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he loved in vain;
 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kissed, she kissed again;
 Kissed him up, before his dying;
 Kissed him up, and eased his pain.

"Ah, Fading Joy . . ."

Ah, fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
 Yet we thy ruin haste;
 As if the cares of human life were few,
 We seek out new,
 And follow fate that does too fast pursue.
 See how on ev'ry bough the birds express
 In their sweet notes their happiness.
 They all enjoy and nothing spare;
 But on their mother Nature lay their care.
 Why then should Man, the lord of all below,
 Such troubles choose to know,
 As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
 And with a murmuring sound
 Dash, dash upon the ground,
 To gentle slumbers call.

The Indian Emperor, 1665

"After the Pangs of a Desperate Lover"

After the pangs of a desperate lover,
 When day and night I have sighed all in vain;
 Ah, what a pleasure it is to discover
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
 And both have punished ourselves with the pain,
 Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
 Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
 Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture,
 Ah, what a trembling does usher my joy!

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
 And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
 Ah, what a joy 'tis beyond all expressing,
 Ah, what a joy to hear: Shall we again?

An Evening's Love, 1668

"Ah, How Sweet It Is to Love"

Ah, how sweet it is to love,
 Ah, how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach Love's fire.
 Pains of Love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart;
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone
 Cure like trickling balm their smart.
 Lovers when they lose their breath
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend,
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send;
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again.
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

Tyrannic Love, 1669

"Why Should a Foolish Marriage Vow"

Why should a foolish marriage vow
 Which long ago was made
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decayed?
 We loved, and we loved, as long as we could,
 Till our love was loved out in us both;
 But our marriage is dead when the pleasure is fled;
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend
 And further love in store,
 What wrong has he whose joys did end,
 And who could give no more?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Should be jealous of me,
 Or that I should bar him of another;
 For all we can gain is to give ourselves pain
 When neither can hinder the other.

Marriage a-la-Mode, 1672

"Long betwixt Love and Fear . . ."

Long betwixt love and fear Phillis tormented
 Shunned her own wish, yet at last she consented;
 But loath that day should her blushes discover:
 Come gentle night, she said,
 Come quickly to my aid,
 And a poor shamefaced maid
 Hide from her lover.

Now cold as ice I am, now hot as fire,
 I dare not tell myself my own desire,
 But let day fly away and let night haste her.
 Grant, ye kind powers above,
 Slow hours to parting love,
 But when to bliss we move,
 Bid them fly faster.

How sweet it is to love when I discover
 That fire which burns my heart warming my lover;
 'Tis pity love so true should be mistaken.
 But if this night he be
 False or unkind to me,
 Let me die ere I see
 That I'm forsaken.

The Assignment, 1673

"Can Life Be a Blessing"

Can life be a blessing
 Or worth the possessing,
 Can life be a blessing if love were away?
 Ah no! though our love all night keep us waking,
 And though he torment us with cares all the day,
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking,
 There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

In ev'ry possessing
 The ravishing blessing,
 In ev'ry possessing the fruit of our pain,
 Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
 Whate'er they have suffered and done to obtain;
 'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Troilus and Cressida, 1679

"Farewell, Ungrateful Traitor"

Farewell, ungrateful traitor,
 Farewell, my perjured swain;
 Let never injured creature
 Believe a man again.
 The pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing,
 But 'tis too short a blessing,
 And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us
 In pity of your pain,
 But when we love you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have described it,
 There is no bliss beside it,
 But she that once has tried it
 Will never love again.

The passion you pretended
 Was only to obtain,
 But when the charm is ended
 The charmer you disdain.
 Your love by ours we measure
 Till we have lost our treasure,
 But dying is a pleasure,
 When living is a pain.

The Spanish Fair, 1681

"Fair Iris and Her Swain"

Thyrsis: Fair Iris and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where Thyrsis long in vain
 Had sought the shepherd's hour.
 At length his hand advancing upon her snowy breast,
 He said, Oh kiss me longer,
 And longer yet and longer,
 If you will make me blest.

Iris: An easy trusting maid
 By trusting is undone;
 Our sex is oft betrayed
 By granting love too soon.
 If you desire to gain me, your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 And longer yet, and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

Thyrsls: The little care you show
 Of all my sorrows past
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last.
 Fair Iris, kiss me kindly, in pity of my fate;
 And kindly still, and kindly,
 Before it is too late.

Iris: You fondly court your bliss
 And no advances make;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take.
 So you may kiss me kindly, and I will not rebel;
 But kindly still, and kindly,
 But kiss me not and tell.

Chorus: Thus at the height we love and live,
 And fear not to be poor;
 We give, and give, and give, and give,
 Till we can give no more:
 But what to day will take away
 To morrow will restore.
 Thus at the height we love and live,
 And fear not to be poor.

Amphitryon, 1690

"How Happy the Lover"

How happy the lover,
 How easy his chain,
 How pleasing his pain!
 How sweet to discover
 He sighs not in vain.
 For love ev'ry creature
 Is formed by his nature;
 No joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

In vain are our graces,
 In vain are your eyes,
 If love you despise;
 When age furrows faces,
 'Tis time to be wise.
 Then use the short blessing,
 That flies in possessing:
 No joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

King Arthur, 1691

"No, No, Poor Suffering Heart . . ."

No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour;
 Choose to sustain the smart rather than leave her;
 My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
 I can die with her, but not live without her.
 One tender sigh of hers to see me languish
 Will more than pay the price of my past anguish;
 Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
 And she will end my pain who did begin it;
 Then no day void of bliss or pleasure leaving
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
 Cupid shall guard the door the more to please us,
 And keep out time and death when they would seize us;
 Time and death shall depart and say in flying
 Love has found out a way to live by dying.

Cleomenes, 1692

FROM *Annus Mirabilis*

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
 By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
 Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
 Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides
 To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
 His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
 And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
 And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
 His prince, surprised at first, no ill could doubt,
 And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid;
All was the night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smould'ring as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lightened all the river with a blaze:
The wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The Fire meantime walks in a broader gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

To every nobler portion of the town
 The curling billows roll their restless tide;
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As armies unopposed for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped
 Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste;
 By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
 The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind;
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against th' imperial palace is designed.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
 To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends;
 Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
 To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
 And with full eyes each wonted room require;
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
 As murdered men walk where they did expire.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

FROM *Absalom and Achitophel*

1.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst.
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pygmy body to decay;
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honours blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

And all to leave what with his toil he won
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
 Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.

2.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon,
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to show his judgment) in extremes,
 So over violent or over civil
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art.
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

FROM *MacFlecknoe*

All human things are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons monarchs must obey;
 This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus young
 Was called to empire, and had governed long,
 In prose and verse was owned without dispute
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
 This aged prince now flourishes in peace
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the State;
 And pondered which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried: 'Tis resolved, for nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me;
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dullness from his tender years,
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval,
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day;
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.

FROM *Religio Laici*

Dim, as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few whose lamp shone brighter have been led
From cause to cause to Nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be.
But what or who that universal He,
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form (the noble work of chance)
Or this great All was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guessed as well as he.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive,
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
Oh, early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?

It might (what Nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betrayed.
 Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
 Still shewed a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
 Once more, hail and farewell! farewell, thou young,
 But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
 Thy brow's with ivy and with laurels bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

FROM *Tyrannic Love*, 1669

PROLOGUE

Self-love (which never rightly understood)
 Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
 And malice in all critics reigns so high,
 That for small errors, they whole plays decry;
 So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
 You'd think that none but madmen judge or write.
 Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
 To impose upon you what he writes for wit
 So hopes that, leaving you your censures free,
 You equal judges of the whole will be:
 They judge but half, who only faults will see.
 Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
 They spoil their business with an over-care;
 And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
 Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
 Hence 'tis, our Poet, in his conjuring,
 Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
 But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
 He loos'd the reins, and bid his Muse run mad;
 And though he stumbles in a full career,
 Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
 He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
 To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
 They then, who of each trip th' advantage take,
 Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

EPILOGUE

*Spoken by Mrs. Ellen [i.e., Nell Gwynn] when she was to be carried off
 by the Bearers*

To the Bearer:

Hold! are you mad? you damned, confounded dog!
 I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience:

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
 I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
 Sweet ladies, be not frightened; I'll be civil;
 I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
 For, after death, we sprites have just such natures,
 We had, for all the world, when human creatures;
 And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
 Play all my tricks in Hell, a goblin there.
 Gallants, look to 't, you say there are no sprites;
 But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
 And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
 When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
 To tell you true, I walk, because I die
 Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
 O poet, damned dull poet, who could prove
 So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
 Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
 Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
 I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
 T' excuse his godly, out of fashion play;
 A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
 You'll all be slandered, and be thought devout.
 But farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
 I'm sure ere long to have your company.
 As for my epitaph when I am gone,
 I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:
 "Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slater'n,
 Yet died a princess, acting in S. Cathar'n.

FROM *The Secular Masque*

CHORUS

All, all of a piece throughout:
 Thy chase had a beast in view;
 Thy wars brought nothing about;
 Thy lovers were all untrue.
 'Tis well an old age is out,
 And time to begin a new.

KATHERINE PHILIPS

(1631-1664)

Friendship's Mystery
 (TO MY DEAREST LUCASIA)

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
 That miracles men's faith do move,
 By wonder and by prodigy
 To the dull angry world let's prove
 There's a religion in our love.

For though we were designed t' agree,
 That Fate no liberty destroys,
 But our election is as free
 As angels', who with greedy choice
 Are yet determined to their joys.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss;
 Here mixture is addition grown;
 We both diffuse, and both engross:
 And we whose minds are so much one,
 Never, yet ever are alone.

We court our own captivity
 Than thrones more great and innocent:
 'Twere banishment to be set free
 Since we wear fetters whose intent
 Not bondage is but ornament.

Divided joys are tedious found,
 And griefs united easier grow:
 We are ourselves but by rebound,
 And all our titles shuffled so,
 Both princes, and both subjects too.

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,
 While they (such power in friendship lies)
 Are altars, priests and off'rings made:
 And each heart which thus kindly dies,
 Grows deathless by the sacrifice.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

(1635?-1691)

Song

Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From love's imperial chain,
 Take warning and be taught by me,
 T' avoid th' enchanting pain.
 Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
 To careless seamen hidden rocks,
 To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
 The snake's beneath the flower:
 Whoever gazed on beauteous eyes
 That tasted quiet more?
 How faithless is the lover's joy!
 How constant is their care,
 The kind with falsehood to destroy,
 The cruel with despair!

Upon the Downs . . .

Upon the downs when shall I breathe at ease,
Have nothing else to do but what I please?
In a fresh cooling shade upon the brink
Of Arden's spring have time to read and think.
And stretch, and sleep, when all my care shall be
For health, and pleasure my philosophy?
When shall I rest from business, noise, and strife,
Lay down the soldier's and the courtier's life,
And in a little melancholy seat
Begin at last to live and to forget
The nonsense and the farce of what the fools call great?

*To a Lady, Asking Him How Long He Would
Love Her*

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste;
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure passed:
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we're sure to die?

To a Very Young Lady

Sweetest bud of beauty, may
No untimely frost decay
Th' early glories which we trace
Blooming in thy matchless face!
But kindly opening like the rose
Fresh beauties every day disclose,
Such as by nature are not shown
In all the blossoms she has blown.
And then what conquests shall you make
Who hearts already daily take!
Scorched in the morning with thy beams,
How shall he bear those sad extremes,
Which must attend thy threatening eyes
When thou shalt to thy noon arise!

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

(1639-1701)

Song

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in Woman is adored
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

Song

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celimene,
Offends the wingéd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

Song

Ah Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid in my heart
Still as his mother favoured you
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover he
Employed the utmost of his art,
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

APHRA BEHN

(1640-1689)

The Coquet

Melinda, who had never been
Esteemed a beauty at fifteen,
Always amorous was and kind;
To every swain she lent an ear,
Free as air but false as wind;
Yet none complained she was severe.
She eased more than she made complain,
Was always singing, pert, and vain.

Where-e'er the throng was, she was seen,
And swept the youths along the green;
With equal grace she flattered all;
And fondly proud of all address,
Her smiles invite, her eyes do call,
And her vain heart her looks confess.
She rallies this, to that she bowed,
Was talking ever, laughing loud.

On every side she makes advance,
And everywhere a confidence;
She tells for secrets all she knows,
And all to know she does pretend.
Beauty in maids she treats as foes,
But every handsome youth as friend.
Scandal still passes off for truth,
And noise and nonsense, wit and youth.

Coquet all o'er and every part,
Yet wanting beauty even of art,
Herds with the ugly and the old,
And plays the critic on the rest;
Of men the bashful and the bold
Either and all by turns likes best;
Even now, though youth be languished, she
Sets up for love and gallantry.

The Willing Mistress

Amyntas led me to a grove
Where all the trees did shade us;
The sun itself though it had strove
It could not have betrayed us.
The place secured from human eyes
No other fear allows,
But when the winds that gently rise
Do kiss the yielding boughs.

Down there we sat upon the moss,
 And did begin to play
 A thousand amorous tricks, to pass
 The heat of all the day.
 A many kisses he did give,
 And I returned the same,
 Which made me willing to receive
 That which I dare not name.

His charming eyes no aid required
 To tell their softening tale;
 On her that was already fired
 'Twas easy to prevail.
 He did but kiss and clasp me round,
 Whilst those his thoughts exprest;
 And laid me gently on the ground:
 Ah, who can guess the rest?

Song

Love in fantastic triumph sate
 Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
 For whom fresh pains he did create
 And strange tyrannic power he show'd:
 From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
 But 'twas from mine he took desires
 Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
 From thee his pride and cruelty;
 From me his languishments and fears,
 And every killing dart from thee.
 Thus thou and I the god have arm'd
 And set him up a deity;
 But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is, and free!

Abdelazer, 1676

THOMAS SHADWELL

(1642?-1692)

Song

The fringed vallance of your eyes advance,
 Shake off your canopied and downy trance;
 Phoebus already quaffs the morning dew,
 Each does his daily lease of life renew.

He darts his beams on the lark's mossy house,
 And from his quiet tenement does rouse
 The little charming and harmonious fowl,
 Which sings its lump of body to a soul;
 Swiftly it clammers up in the steep air
 With warbling throat, and makes each note a stair.

This the solicitous lover straight alarms,
 Who too long slumbered in his Celia's arms.
 And now the swelling sponges of the night
 With aching heads stagger from their delight;
 Slovenly tailors to their needles haste;
 Already now the moving shops are placed
 By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
 And all those gems the ripening summer yields.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1647-1680)

FROM *The Mistress*

An age in her embraces past
 Would seem a winter's day,
 Where life and light with envious haste
 Are torn and snatched away.

But oh! how slowly minutes roll
 When absent from her eyes;
 That fed my love, which is my soul,
 It languishes and dies.

For then no more a soul, but shade,
 It mournfully does move,
 And haunts my breast by absence made
 The living tomb of love.

A Song

Absent from thee I languish still;
 Then ask me not, when I return?
 The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
 That my fantastic mind may prove
 The torments it deserves to try,
 That tears my fixed heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe,
 To thy safe bosom I retire,
 Where love and peace and truth do flow,
 May I contented there expire.

Lest once more wandering from that heaven
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

Love and Life

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

Upon His Leaving His Mistress

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone,
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine?
You, whom some kinder power did fashion
By merit and by inclination
The joy at least of a whole nation.

Let meaner spirits of your sex
With humble aims their thoughts perplex,
And boast if by their arts they can
Contrive to make one happy man;
While moved by an impartial sense
Favours, like Nature, you dispense
With universal influence.

See the kind seed-receiving earth
To every grain affords a birth:
On her no showers unwelcome fall,
Her willing womb retains 'em all,
And shall my Cælia be confined?
No, live up to thy mighty mind,
And be the mistress of Mankind!

Upon Nothing

Nothing! Thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
And well-fixed art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere time and place were, time and place were not,
With primitive Nothing something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—what?

Something, the general attribute of all,
Severed from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguished fall.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatched men, beasts, birds, fire, air and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted flew from thy embrace,
And rebel Light obscured thy reverend dusky face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join,
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And bribed by thee assists thy short-lived reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

Though mysteries are barred from laic eyes,
And the divine alone with warrant pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative, how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies!

Is or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate,

When they have racked the politician's breast
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And when reduced to thee are least unsafe and best.

But, Nothing, why does Something still permit
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

Whilst weighty something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns?

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves and furs and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' despatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

The King's Epitaph

Here lies a great and mighty king,
Whose promise none relies on;
He never said a foolish thing.
Nor ever did a wise one.

THOMAS OTWAY

(1652-1685)

The Enchantment

I did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art
And quickly steal the rest.

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653-1683)

FROM *A Satire**(The ghost of Spenser speaks)*

But, grant thy poetry should find success,
 And, which is rare, the squeamish critics please;
 Admit it read, and praised, and courted be
 By this nice age and all posterity;
 If thou expectest aught but empty fame,
 Condemn thy hopes and labours to the flame.
 The rich have now learned only to admire;
 He, who to greater favours does aspire,
 Is mercenary thought, and writes for hire.

"Bless me! how great his genius! how each line
 Is big with sense! how glorious a design
 Does through the whole and each proportion shine!
 How lofty all his thoughts and how inspired!
 Pity, such wondrous thoughts are not preferred,"
 Cries a gay wealthy sot, who would not bail
 For bare five pounds the author out of jail
 Should he starve there and rot; who if a brief
 Came out the needy poets to relieve
 To the whole tribe would scarce a tester give.
 But fifty guineas for a punk—good hap!
 The peer's well used, and comes off wondrous cheap;
 A poet would be dear, and out o' th' way,
 Should he expect above a coachman's pay.
 For this will any dedicate, and lie,
 And daub the gaudy ass with flattery?
 For this will any prostitute his sense
 To coxcombs void of bounty as of brains?
 Yet such is the hard fate of writers now,
 They're forced for alms to each great name to bow;
 Fawn, like her lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
 Commend her beauty, and belie her glass,
 By which she every morning primes her face;
 Sneak to his Honour, call him witty, brave,
 And just, though a known coward, fool or knave;
 And praise his lineage and nobility
 Whose arms at first came from the Company.

'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
 The blind old bard with dog and bell before
 Was fain to sing for bread from door to door;
 The needy Muses all turned gipsies then,
 And of the begging trade e'er since have been.

My own hard usage here I need not press,
Where you have every day before your face
Plenty of fresh resembling instances.
Great Cowley's muse the same ill treatment had,
Whose verse shall live for ever to upbraid
The ungrateful world that left such worth unpaid.
Waller himself may thank inheritance
For what he else had never got by sense.
On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown,
Courtied, and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed;
But what reward for all had he at last,
After a life in dull expectance passed?
The wretch at summing up his misspent days
Found nothing left but poverty and praise;
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave;
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interred on tick;
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

All trades and all professions here abound,
And yet encouragement for all is found;
Here a vile empiric, who by license kills,
Who every week helps to increase the bills,
Wears velvet, keeps his coach, and jade beside,
For what less villains must to Tyburn ride.
There a dull trading sot, in wealth o'ergrown
By thriving knavery, can call his own
A dozen manors, and, if fate still bless,
Expects as many counties to possess.
Punks, panders, bawds, all their due pensions gain,
And every day the great men's bounty drain;
Lavish expense on wit, has never yet
Been taxed among the grievances of state.

Then be advised, the slighted Muse forsake,
And Coke and Dalton for thy study take;
For fees each term sweat in the crowded hall,
And there for charters and cracked titles bawl;
Or else to orders and the church betake
Thyself, and that thy future refuge make;
There fawn on some proud patron to engage
The advowson of cast punk and parsonage.
Or soothe the Court, and preach up kingly right,
To gain a prebend or a mitre by 't.

In fine, turn pettifogger, canonist,
 Civilian, pedant, mountebank or priest,
 Soldier or merchant, fiddler, painter, fencer,
 Jack-pudding, juggler, player or rope-dancer;
 Preach, plead, cure, fight, game, pimp, beg, cheat or thief;
 Be all but poet, and there's way to live.

DANIEL DEFOE

(1661-1731)

FROM *The True-Born Englishman*

The Romans first with Julius Caesar came,
 Including all the nations of that name,
 Gauls, Greeks and Lombards; and by computation,
 Auxiliaries or slaves of ev'ry nation.
 With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,
 In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
 Scots, Picts and Irish from th' Hibernian shore:
 And Conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their Barb'rous offspring left behind,
 The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;
 Blended with Britons who before were here,
 Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the character.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
 That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
 The customs, surnames, languages and manners
 Of all these nations are their own explainers:
 Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
 They ha' left a shibboleth upon our tongue;
 By which with easy search you may distinguish
 Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great invading Norman let us know
 What conquerors in after-times might do.
 To ev'ry musketeer he brought to town,
 He gave the lands that never were his own.
 When first the English Crown he did obtain,
 He did not send his Dutchmen home again.
 No reassumptions in his reign were known,
 Davenant might there ha' let his book alone.
 No Parliament his army could disband;
 He raised no money, for he paid in land.
 He gave his legions their eternal station,
 And made them all freeholders of the nation.
 He canton'd out the country to his men,
 And ev'ry soldier was a denizen.
 The rascals thus enrich'd, he called them "Lords",
 To please their upstart pride with new-made words;
 And Doomsday Book his tyranny records.

And here begins the ancient pedigree
 That so exalts our poor nobility:
 'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
 Who with the Norman bastard did arrive:
 The trophies of the families appear;
 Some show the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
 Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did wear,
 These in the heralds' register remain,
 Their noble mean extraction to explain.
 Yet who the hero was no man can tell,
 Whether a drummer or a colonel:
 The silent record blushes to reveal
 Their undescended dark original.

But grant the best, how came the change to pass—
 A true-born Englishman of Norman race?
 A Turkish horse can show more history,
 To prove his well-descended family.
 Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis expressed,
 May give a title to the lands possessed:
 But that the longest sword should be so civil,
 To make a Frenchman English, that's the devil.

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
 And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
 Forgetting that themselves are all derived
 From the most scoundrel race that ever lived,
 A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
 Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns:
 The Pict and painted Briton, treach'rous Scot,
 By hunger, theft and rapine hither brought;
 Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
 Whose red-haired offspring ev'rywhere remains:
 Who joined with Norman-French compound the breed
 From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.

ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA

(1661?–1720)

A Song

If for a woman I would die,
 It should for Gloriana be;
 But lovers, you that talk so high,
 Inform, whilst in the grave I lie,
 What reward shall reach to me?

If I my freedom would resign,
 That freedom she alone should have;
 But tell me, you that can define,
 If I by marriage make her mine
 Which may be called the greater slave?

Then Gloriana, since 'tis plain,
 Love with these two can ne'er agree,
 Since death and marriage are his bane,
 Those melancholy thoughts we'll flee,
 And cheerful lovers always be.

WILLIAM WALSH

(1663–1708)

Song

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are cursed;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst!
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest!
 How great so e'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

Sonnet on Death

What has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
 After a life in pain and sorrow past,
 After deluding hope and dire despair,
 Death only gives us quiet at the last.
 How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!
 Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
 Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
 And shunning Death that only sets us free.
 'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains—
 Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?—
 That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see;
 'Tis not the loss of riches or of fame,
 Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name:
 'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664-1721)

An Ode

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with the numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed, I played and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

Cupid's Mistaken

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried,
O cruel, couldst thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake,
I took you for your likeness. Cloe.

The Lady Who Offers Her Looking Glass

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

From the Greek of PLATO

To Cloe Jealous, a Better Answer

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face;
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
 Prythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong:
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
 I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
 They were all but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

A Description of the Morning

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
 Appearing, showed the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own;
 The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had pared the dirt and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirled her mop with dext'rous airs,
 Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
 Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
 And brickdust Moll had screamed through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

FROM *A Description of a City Shower*

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.

FROM *On the Death of Doctor Swift*

1.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends:
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
 "See, how the dean begins to break!
 Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him till he's dead.

Besides, his memory decays;
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 Forgets the place where last he dined;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter;
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.
 For poetry he's past his prime;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
 His fire is out, his wit decayed,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 I'd have them throw away his pen—
 But there's no talking to some men."
 And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 "He's older than he would be reckoned,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail;
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing;
 I wish he may hold out till spring!"
 They hug themselves, and reason thus:
 "It is not yet so bad with us!"

2.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the dean?" "He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read.
 "He hardly breathes." "The dean is dead."
 Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "O! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."
 "To public uses! There's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

3.

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at Court, "the dean is dead."
 And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries: "Is he gone? 'Tis time he should.
 He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
 I'm glad the medals were forgot.
 I promised him, I own; but when?
 I only was the Princess then;
 But now, as consort of the King,
 You know 'tis quite another thing."
 Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
 "Why, if he died without his shoes,"
 Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news;
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will!
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
 Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains;
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

4.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learned to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The dean is dead—pray what is trumps?—
 The Lord have mercy on his soul!
 —Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.—
 Six deans, they say, must bear the pall—
 I wish I knew what king to call.—
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend?
 No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
 And he's engaged to-morrow night;
 My Lady Club will take it ill
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He loved the dean—I lead a heart—
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come, he ran his race:
 We hope he's in a better place."

5.

"He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 And showed by one satiric touch
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he had left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better."

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670-1729)

Song

False though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met;
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

Amoret

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
 Pursue and seek her, every lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both studied, though both seem neglected;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes;
 And, while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

FROM *The Mourning Bride*, 1697

Almeria: Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
 I've read that things inanimate have moved,
 And, as with living souls, have been informed,
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
 What then am I? O force of constant woe!
 'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs . . .
 Why do I live to say you are no more?

ABEL EVANS

(1679-1737)

Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh

Under this stone, reader, survey
 Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay.
 Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
 Laid many heavy loads on thee!

EDWARD YOUNG

(1683-1765)

Extempore to Voltaire Criticising Milton

You are so witty, profligate and thin,
 At once we think you Milton, death, and sin.

JOHN GAY

(1685-1732)

Ballad

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined.
 Wide o'er the rolling billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crowned with willows
 That tremble o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

The merchant robbed of pleasure
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wailed she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bowed her head, and died.

The What D'ye Call It, 1715

Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love in her lips sits straying,
 And warbling in her breath.
 Love on her breast sits panting,
 And swells with soft desire;
 No grace, no charm is wanting
 To set the heart on fire.

Acis and Galatea, 1732

O Ruddier Than the Cherry

O ruddier than the cherry,
 O sweeter than the berry,
 O Nymph more bright
 Than moonshine night,
 Like kidlings blithe and merry.

Ripe as the melting cluster,
 No lily has such lustre,
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster.

Acts and Galatea, 1732

Air XXXV

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But while you thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say.
 But tol de rol.

The Beggar's Opera, 1728

Air XXIII

Sleep, O sleep,
 With thy rod of incantation,
 Charm my imagination.
 Then, only then, I cease to weep.
 By thy power,
 The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
 For years forlorn, forsaken,
 Enjoys the happy hour.
 What's to sleep?
 'Tis a visionary blessing;
 A dream that's past expressing;
 Our utmost wish possessing;
 So may I always keep.

Polly, 1729

FROM *The Fan*

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway,
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.
 The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
 And polished sticks the waving engine spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;

Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show,
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
 And silver figures gild their loose array;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies;
 Here cross-legged nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care,
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various actions raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue.
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

His Own Epitaph

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
 I thought so once, and now I know it.

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1686-1758)

Peggy

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just entered in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wauking of the fauld.

Wauking, watching. The lave, the rest.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look doun on a' the toun,
 That I look doun upon a croun.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confessed,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.

HENRY CAREY

(1687-1743)

Sally in Our Alley

Of all the girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There's ne'er a lady in the land
 That's half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And thro' the street does cry 'em;
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely:
 My master comes like any Turk
 And bangs me most severely;
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday,
 For then I'm dressed in all my best
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named;
 I leave the church in sermon time
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O, then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
 I'll give it to my honey;
 And would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O, then I'll marry Sally;
 O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1744)

Ode on Solitude

Happy the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breath his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

FROM *An Essay on Criticism*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light.
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

FROM *The Rape of the Lock*

1.

Not with more glories, in th'etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet grateful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

2.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
 By laws eternal to th'aërial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest aether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
 Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th'imprisoned essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
 That ere deserved a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doomed that Shock must fall.
 Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th'important charge, the Petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopped in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or Alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivet'd flower:
 Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

3.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned.
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in Romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched th' Ideas rising in her mind,

Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his pow'r expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T'enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

FROM *Eloisa to Abelard*

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart,
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

FROM *Essay on Man*

1.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God by all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

2.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

3.

For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity;
 All must be false that thwart this One great End;
 And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.

4.

What's Fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 As Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t'oblivion better were resigned,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.
 In Parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
 Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife:
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damned to everlasting fame!

5.

Search then the Ruling Passion: there, alone,
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
 The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue, once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him or he dies;
 Though wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him Fool.

1.

FROM *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, not yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
 The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life . . .

2.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

3.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile Antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

FROM *The Dunciad*

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Power.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primaeval and of Chaos old!
 Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heaped o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that leaned on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unaware Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word;
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

Epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
 God said: "Let Newton be", and all was light.

THOMAS WARTON THE ELDER

(1688-1745)

FROM *Retirement, an Ode*

Joy, rose-lipped dryad, loves to dwell
 In sunny field or mossy cell,
 Delights on echoing hills to hear
 The reaper's song or lowing steer;
 Or view with tenfold plenty spread
 The crowded cornfield, blooming mead;
 While beauty, health, and innocence
 Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

Nymphs of the grove in green arrayed,
 Conduct me to your thickest shade,
 Deep in the bosom of the vale,
 Where haunts the lonesome nightingale;
 Where Contemplation, maid divine,
 Leans against some aged pine,
 Wrapped in steadfast thought profound,
 Her eyes fixed steadfast on the ground.

O Virtue's nurse! retired Queen,
 By saints alone and virtues seen,
 Beyond vain mortals' wishes wise,
 Teach me St. James's to despise;
 For what are courts, but schools
 For fops, or hospitals for fools?
 Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
 Meet to adore some Calf of Gold.

JOHN BYROM

(1692-1763)

A Toast

God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's defender;
 God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
 But who Pretender is, or who is King—
 God bless us all! that's quite another thing.

ROBERT BLAIR

(1699-1746)

FROM *The Grave*

See yonder hallowed fane, the pious work
 Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried midst the wreck of things which were:
 There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark how it howls! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.

Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rooked in the spire, screams loud. The gloomy aisles,
 Black-plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
 And tattered coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horribly, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
 Again the screech owl shrieks—ungracious sound.
 I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
 Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 Co-eval near with that, all ragged show,
 Long lashed by the rude winds; some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks, others so thin atop
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here.
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
 Dead men have come again, and walked about;
 And the great bell has tolled unring, untouched.
 Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near the witching time of night.

JOHN DYER

(1700?–1758)

FROM *Grongar Hill*

Old castles on the cliff arise,
 Proudly towering in the skies.
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires.

Below me, trees unnumbered rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love,
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are clothed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps.

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state.
 But transient is the smile of fate;
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

JAMES THOMSON THE ELDER

(1700-1748)

FROM *The Castle of Indolence*

1.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne caréd even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-droves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclinéd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood

Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was:
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease;
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.

2.

The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curséd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretched around in seemly band;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
 With wines high-flavoured and rich viands crowned;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
 And all old Ocean genders in his round—
 Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
 You need but wish, and instantly obeyed,
 Fair-ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

Here freedom reigned without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gail,
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenomed tongues our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
Or, looking tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depeinten was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here soothed the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
 They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

FROM *Spring*

At length the finished garden to the view
 Its vistas opens and its alleys green.
 Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace—
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
 The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemones, auriculas, enriched
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculus of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks: from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break,
 On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks
 With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting—from the bud
 First-born of Spring to Summer's musky tribes;
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, showered from every bush, the damask-rose:
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells.
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

FROM *Winter*

The keener tempests come: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784)

FROM *The Vanity of Human Wishes*

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign:
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins, in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay!—
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

FROM *London*

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
 This, only this the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this provokes the snarling muse.
 The sober trader at a tattered cloak
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
 Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?
Quick, let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confest:
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

FROM *On the Death of Mr. Robert Levett,
a Practiser in Physic*

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

FROM *On the Coming of Age of a Rich
Extravagant Young Man*

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste;
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pothor—
You can hang or drown at last.

"Hermit Hoar . . ."

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life's evening gray,
 Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
 What is bliss? and which the way?

Thus I spoke; and speaking sighed;
 Scarce repressed the starting tear;
 When the smiling sage replied:
 "Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Boswell's Life of Johnson

RICHARD GLOVER

(1712-1785)

Admiral Hosier's Ghost

As near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode:
 There while Vernon sat all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat;
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their watery grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the Burford reared her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail:

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injured ghost,
 You, who now have purchased glory
 At this place where I was lost;
 Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were England's captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did thus Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fallen, my country crying,
He has played an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam deprived of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request.
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England shamed in me."

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714-1763)

Written at an Inn at Henley

To thee, fair freedom, I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
 And every health which I begin,
 Converts dull port to bright champagne;
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to win;
 It buys, what courts have not in store;
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill poverty repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him from the customary hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Stanzas Cancelled from the Elegy

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Him have we seen the greenwood-side along,
 While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
 What time the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
 The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th'approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The strings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild,
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

The Progress of Poesy

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,

And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures.
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feathered-cinctured chief and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th'Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Maeander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latin plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 "This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th'abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion

That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

Sonnet on the Death of Mr. Richard West

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require:
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
 To warm their little loves the birds complain:
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

FRANCIS FAWKES

(1720–1777)

The Brown Jug

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale,)
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl,
 In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease
 In his flower-woven arbour as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolved it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

From the Latin of AMALTHEUS

JAMES GRAINGER

(1721-1767)

FROM *Ode to Solitude*

O solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or hunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's savage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721-1759)

Ode

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Ode to Evening

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
 Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name!

Dirge in Cymbeline

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
 No goblins lead their nightly crew:
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or midst the chase, on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

(1722–1771)

FROM *Song to David*

O servant of God's holiest charge,
 The minister of praise at large,
 Which thou mayst now receive;
 From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
 From topmost eminence appear
 To this the wreath I weave.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
 Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
 For all the pangs that rage;
 Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
 The more than Michal of his bloom,
 The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power and enterprise
 Commences, reigns and ends.

The world—the clustering spheres he made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Whose secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—even every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace, or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
Among the mines beneath.

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
His wisdom drew the plan;
His word accomplished the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From Christ enthroned to man.

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light and blaze of day;
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
Have motion, life and ordinance,
And heaven itself its stay.

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires paved;
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds that lift
The crimson veil, are waved.

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flowery wreathes
Of never-wasting bloom;
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom.

Next Theta stands to the supreme—
Who formed in number, sign and scheme,
The illustrious lights that are;
And one addressed his saffron robe,
And one, clad in a silver globe,
Held rule with every star.

Iota's tuned to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot, and chapter, and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

Sigma presents the social droves
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress his hallowed name,
For ocular belief.

Omega! greatest and the best,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought;
Which blessed the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And closed the infernal draught.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

For Adoration all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least,
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

For Adoration seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus checks;
And polished porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis, with her gorgeous vest,
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flowering shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss;
For Adoration beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The weaned adventurer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmine cleaves,
For Adoration 'mong the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

The wealthy crop of whitening rice
'Mongst thyrine woods and groves of spice,
For Adoration grow;
And, marshalled in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand.
Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth;
For Adoration myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence;
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For Adoration is descried,
Where frosts and waves condense.

For Adoration, beyond match,
The scholar bullfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's ivory touch;
And careless, on the hazel spray
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch.

For Adoration, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The dog, the ram, the rose;
The planets' ring, Orion's sword;
Nor is his greatness less adored
In the vile worm that glows.

For Adoration, on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to soothe—
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth!

For Adoration, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums,
And from the civet's fur;
But as for prayer, or e'er it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum or myrrh.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,
And on his olives perch:
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes.
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young Nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
 Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
 Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
 Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea the man of prayer,
 And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Ranked arms, and crested heads;
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, decked and filled,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The Shepherd King upon his knees,
 For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
 And precious, for extreme delight,
 The largess from the churl:
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
 And alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;
 And precious is the sigh sincere;
 Acceptable to God;
 And precious are the winning flowers,
 In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
 Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
 Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful, and new:
 In all things, where it was intent,
 In all extremes, in each event,
 Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
 Glorious the assembled fires appear;
 Glorious the comet's train:
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
 Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
 Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
 Glorious the thunder's roar:
 Glorious hosannah from the den;
 Glorious the catholic amen;
 Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
 Of Him that brought salvation down,
 By meekness called thy Son;
 Thou that stupendous truth believed,
 And now the matchless deed's achieved,
 Determined, Dared, and Done.

JANE ELLIOT

(1727–1805)

Lament for Flodden

I've heard them liltin at our ewe-milkin,
 Lasses a-liltin before dawn o' day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loanin:
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Liltin, singing. Ilka, every. Loanin, field-track. Wede, weeded.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Lassies are lonely and dowie and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing.
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching:
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits cerie, lamenting her dearie:
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltung at our ewe-milking;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning:
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER

(1728-1790)

Sonnet, to the River Loddon

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun,
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun.
 While pensive memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between,
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, mark the scene.
 Sweet native stream, those skies and suns so pure
 No more return to cheer my evening road.
 Yet still one joy remains; that not obscure
 Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

Bughts, sheepfolds. Dowie, low-spirited. Wae, woe. Daffing, joking. Gabbing, prattling. Leglin, milk-pail. Hairst, harvest. Shearing, reaping. Bandsters, binders. Lyart, grizzled. Runkled, wrinkled. Fleeching, coaxing. Swankies, lusty lads. Bogle, hide-and-seek. Dool, mourning.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728?-1774)

FROM *The Traveller*

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po;
Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the homeless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blessed be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blessed that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blessed be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

FROM *The Deserted Village*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green.
 One only master grasps thy whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall:
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Song

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1765

Song

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppressed oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

Song

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes and Stygians;
Their quis and their quaes and their quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll

She Stoops to Conquer, 1773

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1800)

John Gilpin

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before his customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs:
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed!

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig!

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—Who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
" 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin: "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because you horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware!"

So, turning to his horse, he said:
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell—
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at the rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief, stop thief!—a highwayman!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing Long live the King,
 And Gilpin long live he;
 And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735–1803)

FROM *The Munstrel*

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings,
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE

(1735–1788)

FROM *Cumnor Hall*

The dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

The Mariner's Wife

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the mickle pot;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockins white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
 Hae fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins pearl blue—
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very fit has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman's awa.

MICHAEL BRUCE

(1746-1767)

To the Cuckoo

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

(1750-1817)

The Deserter

If sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Would end my woes.
But as in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Death unfailing
Will strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
 A way-worn ranger,
 In every danger
 My course I've run;
 Now hope all ending,
 And Death befriending,
 His last aid lending,
 My cares are done:
 No more a rover,
 Or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over,
 My glass runs low;
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry
 Before we go!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751-1816)

Song

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen!
 Here's to the widow of fifty!
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean;
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass!
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize!
 Now to the maid who has none, sir!
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes;
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow!
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry!
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry!
 Let the toast pass, &c.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather!
 So fill a pint bumper, quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together!
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass!
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

The School for Scandal, 1777

THOMAS CHATTERTON

(1752-1770)

FROM *Aella*

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue;
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleaféd, unto heaven straught,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along:
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine,
I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

So Adam thought when once, in Paradise,
All heaven and earth did homage to his mind;
In woman only man's chief solace lies,
As instruments of joy are those of kind.
Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
Winter and barren hills will have a charm for thee

When Autumn sere and sunburnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight;

When the fair apples, red as evening sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air, and call the eyes around;
Then, be the evening foul, or be it fair,
Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

Angels are wrought to be of neither kind,
Angels alone from hot desire are free;
There is a somewhat ever in the mind,
That, without woman, cannot stilled be;
No saint in cell but, having blood and tere,
Doth find the spright to joy in sight of woman fair.

ANONYMOUS

(18TH CENTURY)

The Vicar of Bray

In good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant;
 A furious High-Church man was I,
 And so I got preferment.
 Unto my flock I daily preached
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And damned are those who dare resist
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law, I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
 And Popery came in fashion;
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome, I found, would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And I had been a Jesuit
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When William our deliverer came,
 To heal the nation's grievance,
 I turned the Cat in Pan again,
 And swore to him allegiance:
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance,
 Passive obedience is a joke,
 A jest is non-resistance.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When glorious Anne became our Queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional-Conformists base
 I damned, and moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was
 From such prevarication.

And this is law, I will maintain,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And mod'rate men looked big, Sir,
 My principles I changed once more,
 And I became a Whig, Sir:
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our faith's great Defender,
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is law, I will maintain,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I lustily will swear
 While they can keep possession:
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never once will falter,
 But George my lawful king shall be
 Except the times shall alter.

And this is law, I will maintain,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

ANONYMOUS

(18TH CENTURY)

*Verses Copied from the Window of an Obscure
 Lodging-House, in the Neighbourhood of London*

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind,
 Like me within these walls is cribbed, confined;
 Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sigh
 A woman's soft solitudes supply.
 From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
 Or fly the magic circle of her arms;
 While souls exchanged alternate grace acquire,
 And passions catch from passion's glorious fire:
 What though to deck this roof no arts combine,
 Such forms as rival every fair but mine;
 No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
 Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
 No silver lamp with sculptured Cupids gay
 O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;

Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
Soothe every care, and make each dungeon smile:
In her, what kings, what saints have wished, is given,
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven.

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1827)

Song

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow,
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty

To the Muses

Whether on Ida's shady brow
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

Introduction to Songs of Innocence

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

A Cradle Song

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows and infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
 All creation slept and smil'd;
 Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
 While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
 Holy image I can trace.
 Sweet babe, once like thee,
 Thy Maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
 When He was an infant small.
 Thou His image ever see,
 Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
 Who became an infant small.
 Infant smiles are His own smiles;
 Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 All pray in their distress;
 And to these virtues of delight
 Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is God, our Father dear,
 And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
 Pity, a human face,
 And Love, the human form divine,
 And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine,
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
 { Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell }
 There God is dwelling too.

Infant Joy

"I have no name:
 "I am but two days old."
 What shall I call thee?
 "I happy am,
 "Joy is my name."
 Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
 Sweet joy but two days old,
 Sweet joy I call thee:
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee!

On Another's Sorrow

'
 N
 N.

An
 He:
 Hea
 Hea,

And
 Pouri
 And ne
 Weepir.

And not
 Wiping a
 O, no! nev
 Never, neve

He doth give his joy to all;
 He becomes an infant small;
 He becomes a man of woe;
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
 And thy maker is not by;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear
 And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
 That our grief he may destroy;
 Till our grief is fled and gone
 He doth sit by us and moan.

The Clod and the Pebble

"I've seeketh not myself to please

, despite."

ht
 ,
 ye
 ymmetry?"

r skies
 eyes?
 : aspire?
 size the fire?

and what art,
 /s of thy heart?
 . began to beat,
 and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?"

The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

"Ah! Sun-Flower! . . ."

Ah! Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love
And I saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames doth flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In ev'ry cry of every Man,
In ev'ry Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infant's tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

A Little Boy Lost

"Nought loves another as itself,
"Nor venerates another so,
"Nor is it possible to thought
"A greater than itself to know:

"And Father, how can I love you
"Or any of my brothers more?
"I love you like the little bird
"That picks up crumbs around the door."

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
In trembling zeal he seiz'd his hair;
He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
"Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he,
"One who sets reason up for judge
"Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

FROM *Poems from MSS.*

Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears—
Ah, she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently, invisibly—
O, was no deny.

I laid me down upon a bank
Where love lay sleeping.
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, Weeping.

I asked a thief to steal me a peach:
He turn'd up his eyes.
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down:
Holy and meek she cries.

As soon as I went an angel came:
He wink'd at the thief
And smil'd at the dame,
And without one word spoke
Had a peach from the tree,
And 'twixt earnest and joke
Enjoy'd the Lady.

4.

Love to faults is always blind,
 Always is to joy inclin'd,
 Lawless, wing'd, and unconfin'd,
 And breaks all chains from every mind.

Deceit to secrecy confin'd,
 Lawful, cautious, and refin'd;
 To every thing but interest blind,
 And forges fetters for the mind.

5.

Abstinence sows sand all over
 The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
 But Desire Gratified
 Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

The Question Answer'd

What is it men in women do require?
 The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
 What is it women do in men require?
 The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

FROM Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
 And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
 And Eternity in an hour.

FROM Visions of the Daughters of Albion

"Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!
 Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
 Till beauty fades from off my shoulders, darken'd and cast out,
 A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

"I cry: Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the
 mountain wind!
 Can that be Love that drinks another as a sponge drinks water,
 That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weeping all the day,
 To spin a web of age around him, grey and hoary, dark,
 Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight?
 Such is self-love that envies all, a creeping skeleton
 With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed."

FROM *Vala, or the Four Zoas*

1.

The Cities send to one another saying: "My sons are Mad
With wine of cruelty. Let us plait a scourge, O Sister City."
Children are nourish'd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed
With Milk, but wherefore now are Children fed with blood?

The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tiger fierce
Laughs at the Human form; the Lion mocks and thirsts for blood.
They cry, "O Spider, spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones and, fill'd
With marrow, sinews and flesh, Exalt thyself, attain a voice.
Call to thy dark arm'd hosts; for all the sons of Men muster to-
gether
To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake, O Hosts!"

2.

O Lord, wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
Amongst these flames incessant labouring? our hard masters laugh
At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water,
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
The sand and ashes, and to mix the clay with tears and repentance
The times are now return'd upon us; we have given ourselves
To scorn, and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies.
Our beauty is cover'd over with clay and ashes, and our backs
Furrow'd with whips, and our flesh bruised with the heavy basket.
Forgive us, O thou piteous one whom we have offended! forgive
The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.

FROM *Milton*

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire.

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.

FROM *Jerusalem*

The Rhine was red with human blood,
 The Danube roll'd a purple tide,
 On the Euphrates Satan stood,
 And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zion's Hill
 From every Nation of the Earth;
 He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates
 And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the Human Form
 By laws of sacrifice for sin,
 Till it became a Mortal Worm,
 But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen,
 Still was the Human Form Divine,
 Weeping in weak and mortal clay,
 O Jesus, still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face, and thine
 The Human Hands and Feet and Breath,
 Entering thro' the Gates of Birth
 And passing thro' the Gates of Death.

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I
 Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
 Art thou return'd to Albion's Land?
 And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms and never more
 Depart but dwell for ever here:
 Create my Spirit to thy Love:
 Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!
 In clouds of blood and ruin roll'd,
 I here reclaim thee as my own,
 My Selfhood! Satan! arm'd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love,
 Thy cruel Patriarchal pride,
 Planting thy Family alone,
 Destroying all the World beside?

A man's worst enemies are those
 Of his own house and family;
 And he who makes his law a curse,
 By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land
 Shall walk, and mine in every Land,
 Mutual shall build Jerusalem,
 Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

To the Accuser Who Is the God of This World

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a Dunce,
 And dost not know the Garment from the Man.
 Every Harlot was a Virgin once,
 Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho' thou art Worship'd by the Names Divine
 Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
 The Son of Morn in weary Night's decline,
 The lost Traveller's Dream under the Hill.

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1796)

A Poet's Welcome to His Love-Begotten Daughter

Thou's welcome, wean; mishanter fa' me,
 If thoughts o' thee, or yet thy mamie,
 Shall ever daunt on me or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tyta or daddie.

Tho' now they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name wi' countra clatter,
 The mair they talk, I'm kend the better,
 E'en let them clash;
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Welcome! my bonie, sweet, wee dochter,
 Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for,
 And tho' your comin' I hae fought for,
 Baith kirk and queir;
 Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought for,
 That I shall swear!

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
 My funny toil is no a' tint,
 Tho' thou cam to the warl' asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't
 The better ha'f o't.

Mishanter, mishap. Clash, gossip. Fash, trouble. Tint, lost. Plack, a coin.

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
 Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
 And thy young years as nicely bred
 Wi' education,
 As onie brat o' wedlock's bed,
 In a' thy station.

Wee image o' my bonie Betty,
 As fatherly I kiss and daut thee,
 As dear and near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' hell.

Lord grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me more to see thee heir it,
 Than stockit mailens.

For if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee—
 The cost nor shame o't,
 But be a loving father to thee,
 And brag the name o't.

Holy Willie's Prayer

And send the godly in a pet to pray.—POPE

O Thou, that in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven an ten to hell,
 A' for Thy glory,
 And no for onie guid or ill
 They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
 When thousands Thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore Thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace
 A burning and a shining light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation,
 I wha deserv'd most just damnation
 For broken laws,
 Sax thousand years ere my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

Bienly, comfortably. Daut, pet. Mailens, farms.

When from my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell,
 To gnash my gooms, and weep and wail,
 In burnin lakes,
 Where damnéd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show Thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, and example,
 To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,
 An' singing here, an' dancing there,
 Wi' great and sma';
 For I am keepit by Thy fear
 Free frac them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust:
 An' sometimes, too, in worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd wi' sin.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg—
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
 O! may't ne'er be a livin plague
 To my dishonour,
 An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Leezie's lass, three times I trow—
 But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
 When I cam near her;
 Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
 Wad never steer her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest owre proud and high shou'd turn,
 That he's sae gifted:
 If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
 For here Thou has a chosen race:
 But God confound their stubborn face
 An' blast their name,
 Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts;
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae mony takin arts,
 Wi' great and sma',
 Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa.

An' when we chasten'd him therefor,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 An' set the wairld in a roar
 O' laughing at us;—
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
 Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
 Upo' their heads;
 Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
 My vera heart and flesh are quakin,
 To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
 An' p——'d wi' dread,
 While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
 Held up his head.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
 Nor hear their pray'r,
 But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
 An' dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me an' mine
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
 That I for grace and gear may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 And a' the glory shall be Thine,
 Amen, Amen!

Splore, uproar. Kail, broth. Snakin, sneering. Gear, money.

*To a Louse on Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet
at Church*

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin' blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her—
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet; ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it—
The verra tapmost, tow'rin height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and grey as ony groset:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.

I wad na be surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

Crowlin ferlie, crawling wonder. Strunt, strut. Fit, feet. Haffet, temple. Squattle, sprawl. Sprattle, struggle. Fatt'rels, trimmings. Bauld, bold. Groset, gooseberry. Rozet, ? . Smeddum, powder. Droddum, breech. Flainen, flannel. Aiblins, perhaps. Duddie, ragged. Wyliecoat, vest. Lunardi, balloon-bonnet.

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin:
 Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as ithers see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 An' foolish notion:
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 An' ev'n devotion!

Address to the Unco Guid or the Rigidly Righteous

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neighbours' fauts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supplied wi' store o' water;
 The heap'd happer's ebbing still,
 An' still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit Folly's portals:
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences—
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
 And shudder at the niffer;
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes the mighty differ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in;
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hidin.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop!

Abroad, abroad.

*Happer, hopper. Clap, clapper. Douce, sedate. Glaikit, giddy. Donsie, vicious.
 Niffer, exchange. Lave, rest.*

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It makes an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking:
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases;
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treach'rous inclination—
 But let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins no temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human;
 One point must still be greatly dark—
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us;
 He knows each chord, its various tone,
 Each spring, its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

Address to a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
 Aboon them a' ye take your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:
 Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
 As lang's my arm.

*Lug, ear. Aiblins, perhaps. Kennin, a very little.
 Sonsie, jolly. Painch, paunch. Thairm, gum.*

The groaning trenchers there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like ony ditch;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an strive:
 Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swail'd kytes belyve
 Are bent lyke drums;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
 "Bethankit!" hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit;
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread.
 Clap in his waleie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle;
 An' legs an' arms an' heads will send,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
 Gie her a haggis!

Hurdies, buttocks. Weel-swail'd kytes belyve, well-swollen bellies soon. Rive, burst. Staw, surfelt. Sconner, disgust. Rash, rush. Nieve, fist. Nit, nut. Walle, stout. Taps o' thrissle, thistle tops. Skinking, watery. Jaups, splashes. Luggies, wooden bowls.

Tam o' Shanter

(A TALE)

When chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neibors neibors meet;
 As market days are wearing late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate,
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
 The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;
 She prophesied that late or soon,
 Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;

Chapman billies, fellow pedlars. Drouthy, thirsty. Gate, way. Bousing at the nappy, drinking ale. Fou, drunk. Slaps, hedge gaps. Skellum, rascal. Blellum babbler. Melder, grinding of corn. Naig, nag. Shoe on, appetiser. Warlocks wizards. Gars me greet, makes me cry. Reaming swats, frothing ale.

And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 And aye the ale was growing better:
 The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himsel among the nappy.
 As bees flee home wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the Borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the Rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
 The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,

Souter, cobbler. Rair, roar. Lades, loads. Skelpit, hurried. Dub, puddle.

Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table

Bogles, *hobgoblins*. Houlets, *owls*. Smoor'd, *smothered*. Birks, *birch trees*. Meikle, *big*. Whins, *gorse*. Bore, *chink*. Tipenny, *twopenny ale*. Boddle, *twopence Scots*. Winnock-bunker, *window seat*. Tousie tyke, *shaggy dog*. Gart, *made*. Skirl, *squeal*. Dirl, *rattle*. Cantraip, *magic*. Haly table, *altar*.

A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
 Two span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.
 As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew,
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!
 Their sarks, instead of creeshie flainen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!—
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That aince were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies,
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie
 That night enlisted in the core,
 Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore
 (For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear);
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Cleekit, joined hands. Ilka carlin, each old woman. Reekit, smoked. Coost, cast. Duddies clothes. Wark, work. Linkit, tripped. Sark, chemise. Queans, girls. Creeshie flainen, greasy flannel. Hurdies, buttocks. Blink, glimpse. Burdies, girls. Rigwoodie, bony. Spean, wean. Louping an' flinging, leaping and kicking out. Crummock, staff. Brawlie, very well. Waulie, jolly. Bear, barley. Cutty, short. Harn, coarse cloth. Vauntie, proud.

Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enriched:
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-Sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clauht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Coft, bought. Lap and flang, leaped and kicked. Fidg'd, wriggled. Hotch'd, lerked. Fyke, bustle. Byke, hive. Pussie, hare. Eldritch, unearthly. Fairin, reward. Brig, bridge. Fient a, not a. Ettle, intent. Clauht, clutched.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
 Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
 Or Cutty-Sarks rin in your mind,
 Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

The Rigs o' Barley

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie;
 The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
 Till, 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley:
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely:
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinking;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
 I hae been happy thinking;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a'
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

Rig, a ridge of land. Tentless, careless.

Green Grow the Rashes

Green grow the rashes, O;
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O.
 Green grow, etc.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, etc.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gang tapsalteerie, O!
 Green grow, etc.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man that warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, etc.

The Birks of Aberfeldy

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
 Come let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

Rashes, rushes. War'ly, worldly. Cannie, gentle. Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy. Douce,

sober. Birks, birch trees. Blinks, beams. Braes, slopes.

The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy,
 Bonie lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws---
 The birks o' Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks o' Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks o' Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.
 I'm o'er young, etc.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir,
 And you and I in ae bed,—
 In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
 I'm o'er young, etc.

Fu' loud an' shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll alder be gin simmer, sir.
 I'm o'er young, etc.

Shaws, woods. Linns, waterfalls. Burnie, stream.

Unco, strange. Fley'd, scared. Eerie, frightened. Shill, shri l. Simmer, summer.

Of A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best;
 There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between:
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

My Bonie Mary

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankéd ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody;
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

John Anderson, My Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Airts, directions. Row, flow. Shaw, wood.

Tassie, goblet.

Jo, sweetheart. Brent, smooth. Beld, bald. Pow, head.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

My Love, She's but a Lassie Yet

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her O!
 I rue the day I sought her O!
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he has bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife;
 He could na preach for thinkin o't.

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allen cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony may we hope to be!
 We are na fou, etc.

Cantie, merry.

Maut, malt. Fou, drunk. Drappie, drop. Bree, julre.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, cowardly loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King amang us three.
 We are na fou, etc.

The Banks o' Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by Bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine:
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
 And my fause luvier staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ae Fond Kiss, and Then We Sever

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

The Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man."

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
 He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
 He's danced awa wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
 That's danced awa wi' the Exciseman,
 The deil's awa, etc.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels.
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 But the ae best dance ere came to the land
 Was "The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman."
 The deil's awa, etc.

Highland Mary

Ye banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery!
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie:
 There Simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But, O, fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye, My Lad

O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,
 Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

I

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me,
 And come as ye were na comin to me.

O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

At kirk, ^{an} market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd not a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin to me.

O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

Tent, take care. Back-yett, back-gate.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
 O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

A Red, Red Rose

O my luve is like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my luve is like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
 And fare-thee-weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

Charlie, He's My Darling

'Twas on a Monday morning, and
 Right early in the year, n."
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

An' Charlie, he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie, he's my darlin'
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonie lass
 The window looking through.
 An' Charlie, etc.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in.
 An' Charlie, etc.

He sets his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
 To please a bonie lass.
 An' Charlie, etc.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 An' down yon scroggie glen,
 We daur na gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men.
 An' Charlie, etc.

A Mun's a Man for A' That

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head, an' a' that;
 The coward slave—we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show an' a' that,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!

Birkie, fellow. Coof, fool. Fa', deserve.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities an' a' that,
 The pith o'sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it will for a' that,)
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Its coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

(1762—1850)

At Dover Cliffs, July 20, 1787

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part;
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
 The world his country, and his God his guide.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770—1850)

"My Heart Leaps Up . . ."

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old.
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

"Strange Fits of Passion . . ."

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

"She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways"

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

"She Was a Phantom . . ."

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

'A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal'

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

"I Wandered Lonely . . ."

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

Sonnets

1.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
 And hermits are contented with their cells;
 And students with their pensive citadels;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
 High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells;
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

2.

TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

3.

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

4.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

5.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

6.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

7.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

8.

England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean
 Thy heart from its emasculating food;
 The truth should now be better understood;
 Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
 But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step between.
 England! all nations in this charge agree:
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
 Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
 Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee!

Ode

(INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
 FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD)

*The child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural plety.*

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose;
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday—
 Thou child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While earth itself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up in his mother's arm—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.
 Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pygmy size!
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep.
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 To whom the grave
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight

Of day or the warm light,
 A place of thought where we in waiting lie;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never:
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

FROM *Tintern Abbey*

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

FROM *The Prelude*

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth

And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
 Until they melted all into one track
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
 She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
 And growing still in stature the grim shape
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
 And measured motion like a living thing,
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
 And through the silent water stole my way
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark—
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
 And serious mood; but after I had seen
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771–1832)

FROM *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

FROM *Marmion*

SONG

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Chorus:

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway
Scarce are boughs waving.
There thy rest thou shalt take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

Chorus:

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Chorus:

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never.

Chorus:

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

FROM *The Lady of the Lake*

1.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
 On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string—
 O minstrel harp, still must thine accents sleep?
 Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause, was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high.
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
 O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain,
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

2.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his ceaseless course,

3.

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

4.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears,
 The rose is sweetest washed in morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years.

5.

SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
 Yet whoop! Barnaby, off with thy liquor,
 Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
 Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
 Yet whoop! Jack, kiss Gillian the quicker,
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Correi, hollow of the hill, where game lies.

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
 Yet whoop! bully-boys, off with your liquor
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

6.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm, the fountain lending
 And the wild breeze thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp.
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now 'tis silent all—Enchantress, fare thee well!

FROM *Rokeby*

SONG

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine;
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew,
 My love,
 No more of me you knew.

This morn in merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said: Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore.

"False Love . . ."

False love, and hast thou played me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

Waverley

"Hie Away . . ."

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Waverley

"Proud Maisie . . ."

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"—
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?"—
 "The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady,
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

The Heart of Midlothian

"*When Israel . . .*"

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

Ivanhoe

"Anna-Marie, Love, Up Is the Sun"

Knight: Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
 Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
 Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
 Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.
 Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
 The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
 The echo rings merry from rock and from tree.
 'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

Wamba: O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
 Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
 For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
 Compared with these visions, O Tybalt! my love?
 Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
 Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
 Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
 But think not I dream of thee, Tybalt, my love.

*Ivanhoe**"March, March . . ."*

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order!
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.
 Many a banner spread
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

*The Monastery**"Woman's Faith . . ."*

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
 Write the characters in dust;
 Stamp them on the running stream,
 Print them on the moon's pale beam,

And each evanescent letter
 Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
 And more permanent, I ween,
 Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;
 I have weighed a grain of sand
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
 I told my true love of the token,
 How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

The Betrothed

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART I

*An ancient
 mariner meet-
 eth three gallants
 bidden to a
 wedding-feast,
 and detaineth
 one.*

It is an ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin;
 The guests are met, the feast is set:
 May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 "There was a ship," quoth he.
 "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

*The Wedding-
 Guest is spell-
 bound by the
 eye of the old
 seafaring man,
 and con-
 strained to
 hear his tale.*

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child:
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind*

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

*and fair
weather, till it
reached the
line.*

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"The
Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

*The Wedding-
Guest heareth
the bridal
music; but
the Mariner
continueth
his tale*

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The ship
driven by a
storm toward
the south pole.*

"And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

*The land of
ice, and of
fearful sounds
where no
living thing
was to be seen.*

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

*Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,*

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

*and was
received with
great joy and
hospitality.*

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

*And lo! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward
through a fog
and floating
ice. The
ancient
Mariner
inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.*

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, or mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the nights, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

*His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient
Mariner, for
killing the
bird of good
luck.*

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

*But when the
fog cleared
off, they
justify the
same, and
thus make
themselves
accomplices
in the crime
The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the ship
enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

*till it reaches
the Line.
The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.*

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

*And the Albatross
begins to
be avenged*

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

*A Spirit had
followed
them, one of
the invisible
inhabitants of
this planet,
neither de-*

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

*parted souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic
Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and
there is no climate or element without one or more.*

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

*The shipmates
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole gull on
the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.*

PART III

*The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the element
afar off.*

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

*At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him
to be a ship;
and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.*

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

*A flash
of joy.*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

*And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes onward
without wind
or tide?*

See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us woe;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

*It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship*

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

*And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the*

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!

*face of the
setting Sun.*

Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

*The Spectre-
Woman and
her Death-
mate, and no
other on
board the
skeleton ship.*

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

*Like vessel,
like crew!
Death and
Life-in-Death
have dined for
the ship's
crew, and she
(the latter)
winneeth the
ancient
Mariner.*

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold.
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.*

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-off whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

*At the rising
of the Moon*

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

*One after
another,*

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

*His shipmates
drop down
dead.*

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

*But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.*

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

*In his loneliness and
fixedness he
yearneth towards the
journeying
Moon, and
the stars that
still sojourn,
yet still move
onward; and
everywhere
the blue sky
belongs to
them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes,
which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a
silent joy at their arrival.*

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

*By the light
of the Moon
he beholdeth
God's crea-
tures of the
great calm.*

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy, green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

*Their beauty
and their
happiness.
He blesteth
them in his
heart.*

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

*The spell
begins to
break.*

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

*By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.*

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blesséd ghost.

*He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and
 commotions in
 the sky and
 the element.*

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about!
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

*The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired
 and the ship
 moves on;*

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:

The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

*But not by the
souls of the
men, nor by
daemons of
earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.*

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

*The lonesome
Spirit from
the south pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requireth
vengeance.*

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:

But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he: "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI

First Voice:

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice:

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brothers, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

The Polar Spirit's fellow daemons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

*The Mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance, for the
angelic power
causeth the
vessel to
drive north-
ward faster
than human
life could
endure.*

First Voice:

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice:

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

*The super-
natural mo-
tion is re-
tarded; the
Mariner
awakes and
his penance
begins anew.*

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

*The curse is
finally ex-
piated.*

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly too:
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

*And the
 ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth his
 native
 country.*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
 The light-house top I see?
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
 Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O let me be awake, my God!
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn!
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock:
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

*The angelic
 spirits leave
 the dead
 bodies,*

And the bay was white with silent light,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

*And appear in
 their own
 forms of light.*

A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were:
 I turned my eyes upon the deck -
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood!
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

*The Hermit
of the Wood,*

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

*Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.*

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails!
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them.
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

*The ship
 suddenly
 sinketh.*

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

*The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.*

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit;
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

*The ancient
 Mariner
 earnestly en-
 treateth the
 Hermit to
 shrieve him;
 and the
 penance of
 life falls on
 him.*

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

And ever and anon through out his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell.
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

FROM *Christabel*

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

"Hear, Sweet Spirit . . ."

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea:
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine!

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

The Old Familiar Faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are the doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed --
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

(1775-1864)

Proem to Hellenics

Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home,
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep footmarks show long strides;
Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,
Where Aphrodite from Athene won
The golden apple, and Herè too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.

Or would ye rather choose the grassy vale
Where flows Anapos through anemones,
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend
To show their rival beauty in the stream?

Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song.

To Robert Browning

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not *our* poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech; and short for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

On Catullus

Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . . .
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

To Shelley

Shelley! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore
Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines,
Under whose shadow scattered camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feathered fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stayed
My steps among you; for with you alone
Conversed I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet, and owns in shame a lie.

Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife:
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;
It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

FROM *"In Clementina's Artless Mien"*

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before . . .
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

"Fate! I Have Asked . . ."

Fate! I have asked few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more . . . then con thy task.

If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her in whispers, gentle Fate,
Not even love must last.

Tell her, I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired;
Amidst its pleasures few possess
And many undesired.

Tell her, with steady pace to come
And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb
When it has caught her sigh.

Tell her, to stand some steps apart
From others, on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
Too precious for dull clay.

"Sweet Was the Song . . ."

Sweet was the song that Youth sang once,
And passing sweet was the response;
But there are accents sweeter far
When Love leaps down our evening star,
Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
And looks into our eyes, and says,
"Come, let us talk of former days."

"Years, Many Parti-Coloured Years"

Years, many parti-coloured years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*!

"Ah, What Avails . . ."

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

"Past Ruined Ilion . . ."

Past ruined Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
In distant ages you and me.

The tear for fading beauty check,
For passing glory cease to sigh;
One form shall rise above the wreck,
One name, *Ianthe*, shall not die.

Ianthe's Troubles

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

"Twenty Years Hence . . ."

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.
Twenty years hence though it may hap
That I be called to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard;
There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sighed *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingéd word.

"Proud Word You Never Spoke . . ."

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

"Do You Remember Me? . . ."

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing through her star-trimmed crowd,
Ianthe said, and looked into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

"Well I Remember . . ."

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand . . . "*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

Dirce

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed!
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget,
 That he is old and she a shade.

A Foreign Ruler

He says, *My reign is peace*, so slays
 A thousand in the dead of night.
Are you all happy now? he says,
 And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.
 He swears he will have no contention,
 And sets all nations by the ears;
 He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*
 Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

FROM Regeneration

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
 The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
 Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
 But where the land is dim from tyranny,
 Where tiny pleasures occupy the place
 Of glories and of duties; as the feet
 Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
 Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
 Then Justice, called the eternal one above,
 Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
 That bursts into existence from the froth
 Of ever-varying ocean: what is best
 Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
 The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
 The passions flourish, the affections die.

FROM Corinna to Tanagra

Tanagra! think not I forget
 Thy beautifully-storied streets:
 Be sure my memory bathes yet
 In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
 The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
 Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
 When we accept his matted rushes
 Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me
 What thou with transport wilt receive,
 The only proper gift for thee,
 Of which no mortal shall bereave
 In later times thy mouldering walls,
 Until the last old turret falls;
 A crown, a crown from Athens won,
 A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

FROM *Pericles and Aspasia*

1.

Beauty! thou art a wanderer on the earth,
 And hast no temple in the fairest isle
 Or city over-sea, where wealth and mirth
 And all the Graces, all the Muses, smile.

Thou art a wanderer, Beauty! like the rays
 That now upon the platan, now upon
 The sleepy lake, glance quick or idly gaze,
 And now are manifold and now are none.

In more than one bright form hast thou appeared,
 In more than one sweet dialect hast thou spoken:
 Beauty! thy spells the heart within me heard,
 Grieved that they bound it, grieves that they are broken.

2.

"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
 While thou art lying faint along the couch,
 Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey
 Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
 Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
 Away, and voices like thine own come nigh
 Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
 Artemidora sighed, and would have pressed
 The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
 Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
 While thus Elpenor spake: he looked into
 Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
 To those above them, those now dim with tears
 And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
 Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
 Faithful and fond her bosom heaved once more,
 Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
 Swelled through the darkened chamber; 'twas not hers:
 With her that old boat incorruptible,
 Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
 Had plashed the water up the farther strand.

To Poets

My children! speak not ill of one another;
I do not ask you not to hate;
Cadets must envy every elder brother,
The little poet must the great.

"Leaf after Leaf . . ."

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour:
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And earth who nourished them receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?

THOMAS MOORE

(1779-1852)

"The Harp That Once . . ."

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if the soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

"At the Mid Hour of Night . . ."

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
 When our voices commingling breathed like one on the ear;
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

Child's Song

I have a garden of my own,
 Shining with flowers of every hue;
 I loved it dearly while alone,
 But I shall love it more with you:
 And there the golden bees shall come,
 In summer time at break of morn,
 And wake us with their busy hum
 Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
 On leafy buds and berries nursed;
 And you shall feed him from your hand,
 Though he may start with fear at first;
 And I will lead you where he lies
 For shelter in the noon-tide heat;
 And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
 And feel his little silvery feet.

FROM *Epistle to Lord Viscount Forbes, from the
 City of Washington*

No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
 While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
 The showy smile of young presumption plays,
 Her bloom is poisoned, and her heart decays.
 Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
 Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
 And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
 She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.
 Already has the child of Gallia's school
 The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
 With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
 Begot by brilliant heads or worthless hearts,
 Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
 The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud.
 Already has she poured her poison here
 O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
 Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
 The opening bloom of every social grace,
 And all those courtesies that love to shoot
 Round Virtue's stem, the flowerets of her fruit.

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchastened pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess;
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.
Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear.
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turned life to traffic, set the demon Gold
So loose abroad, that Virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained by Fate,
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire.
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, nor the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they numbered all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul.
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,

.

And all the piebald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God,
 Should stand before Thee, with a tyrant's rod
 O'er creatures like himself, with soul from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty:
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claimed,
 Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
 Where (motley laws admitting no degree
 Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
 Alike the bondage and the license suit,
 The brute made ruler, and the man made brute.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859)

The Nile

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
 That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
 Of high Sesostri, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
 As of a world left empty of its throng,
 And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.

The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit

TO A FISH

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
 Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
 Gulping salt water everlastingly,
 Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
 And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
 And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
 Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
 Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
 What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull goggles?
 How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
 How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
 In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
 And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A FISH ANSWERS

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
 With the first sight of thee didst make our race
 For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
 Grimly divided from the breast below!
 Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
 With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
 Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
 Long-useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow!
 O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
 How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
 And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
 Of the only blessed life, the watery?
 I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
 Go by! linked fin by fin! most odiously.

THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND THEN
 INTO A SPIRIT, AND AGAIN SPEAKS

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
 O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
 For difference must its use by difference prove,
 And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
 One of the spirits am I, that at his will
 Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
 No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
 A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.
 Man's life is warm, glad, sad, twixt loves and graves,
 Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,
 Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
 The fish is swift, small-needling, vague yet clear,
 A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
 Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

Rondeau

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in:
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add
 Jenny kissed me.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(1785-1866)

Song

In his last bin Sir Peter lies,
 Who knew not what it was to frown:
 Death took him mellow, by surprise,
 And in his cellar stopped him down.
 Through all our land we could not boast
 A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
 To rise and fill a bumper toast,
 And pass it round with three times three.

None better knew the feast to sway,
 Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;
 For Nature had but little clay
 Like that of which she moulded him.
 The meanest guest that graced his board
 Was there the freest of the free,
 His bumper toast when Peter poured,
 And passed it round with three times three.

He kept at true good humour's mark
 The social flow of pleasure's tide:
 He never made a brow look dark,
 Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
 No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
 More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
 For funeral song, and passing bell,
 To hear no sound but three times three.

*Headlong Hall**A Catch*

Seamen three! What men be ye?
 Gotham's three wise men we be.
 Whither in your bowl so free?
 To rake the moon from out the sea.
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine;
 And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
 I am he they call Old Care.
 Here on board we will thee lift.
 No: I may not enter there.
 Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
 In a bowl Care may not be;
 In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
 No: in charmed bowl we swim.
 What the charm that floats the bowl?
 Water may not pass the brim.
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine;
 And your ballast is old wine.

Nightmare Abbey

Song

It was a friar of orders free,
 A friar of Rubygill:
 At the greenwood-tree a vow made he,
 But he kept it very ill:
 A vow made he of chastity,
 But he kept it very ill.
 He kept it, perchance, in the conscious shade
 Of the bounds of the forest wherein it was made:
 But he roamed where he listed, as free as the wind,
 And he left his good vow in the forest behind:
 For its woods out of sight were his vow out of mind,
 With the friar of Rubygill.

In lonely hut himself he shut,
 The friar of Rubygill;
 Where the ghostly elf absolved himself,
 To follow his own good will:
 And he had no lack of canary sack,
 To keep his conscience still.
 And a damsel well knew, when at lonely midnight
 It gleamed on the waters, his signal-lamp-light:
 "Over! Over!" she warbled with nightingale throat,
 And the friar sprung forth at the magical note,
 And she crossed the dark stream in his trim ferry-boat,
 With the friar of Rubygill.

Maid Marlan

"Not Drunk Is He . . ."

Not drunk is he, who from the floor
 Can rise alone, and still drink more;
 But drunk is he, who prostrate lies,
 Without the power to drink or rise.

The Misfortunes of Elphin

FROM *The War-Song of Dinas Vawr*

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter.

The Misfortunes of Elphin

Chorus

If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine:
For how can a man, in his life of a span,
Do anything better than dine?
We'll dine and drink, and say if we think
That anything better can be;
And when we have dined, wish all mankind
May dine as well as we.

And though a good wish will fill no dish,
And brim no cup with sack,
Yet thoughts will spring, as the glasses ring,
To illumine our studious track.
On the brilliant dreams of our hopeful schemes
The light of the flask shall shine;
And we'll sit till day, but we'll find the way
To drench the world with wine.

*Crochet Castle**Love and Age*

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
Then I did love you, very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
 No cause she gave me to repine;
 And when I heard you were a mother,
 I did not wish the children mine.
 My own young flock, in fair progression,
 Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
 My joy in them was past expression;—
 But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
 You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
 My earthly lot was far more homely;
 But I too had my festal days.
 No merrier eyes have ever glistened
 Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
 Than when my youngest child was christened:—
 But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
 And I am now a grandsire grey;
 One pet of four years old I've carried
 Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
 In our old fields of childish pleasure,
 Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
 She fills her basket's ample measure,—
 And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
 Has passed away in colder light,
 I still have thought of you with kindness,
 And shall do, till our last good-night.
 The ever-rolling silent hours
 Will bring a time we shall not know,
 When our young days of gathering flowers
 Will be an hundred years ago.

Gryll Grange

Glee—The Ghosts

In life three ghostly friars were we,
 And now three friarly ghosts we be.
 Around our shadowy table placed,
 The spectral bowl before us floats;
 With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
 We wash our unsubstantial throats.
 Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we:
 Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
 To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
 Our old refectory still we haunt.
 The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
 "O list!" he cries, "the haunted choir!
 The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
 Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar."
 Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we:
 Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
 To be laid in that Red Sea.

Melincourt

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON

(1788–1824)

FROM *To Woman*

Woman! experience might have told me,
 That all must love thee who behold thee:
 Surely experience might have taught
 Thy finest promises are nought:
 But, placed in all thy charms before me,
 All I forget but to adore thee.
 Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
 When joined with hope, when still possessing;
 But how much cursed by every lover
 When hope is fled and passion's over.

"Farewell! If Ever Fondest Prayer"

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal availed on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thoughts that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel:
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

"When We Two Parted"

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

"Remember Thee! Remember Thee!"

Remember thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Aye, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!

FROM *Stanzas*

Could Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—
No other pleasure
With this could measure
And like a treasure
We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season:
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When linked together
In every weather
They pluck Love's feather
From out his wing—
He'll stay for ever
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage when past the Spring.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,
As from a dream.
While each bewailing
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem—
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing
All passion blight:
If once diminished
Love's reign is finished—
Then part in friendship—and bid good-night.

"So We'll Go No More a Roving"

So we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears the sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And Love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

FROM Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

1.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peel on peel afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they
 come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

2.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine;
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherished them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them, drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

3.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers.
 And such she was—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers:
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear;
 Those days are gone, but beauty still is here;
 States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

4.

Egeria, sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast! whate'er thou art
 Or wert—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair,
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep
 Prisoned in marble; bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled. The green hills
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
 Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
 Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies

5.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—wrung—
 and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreached paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy; but the cure
Is bitterer still. As charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick—unsound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late—so are we doubly cursed.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

6.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

FROM *Don Juan*

1.

. . . 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth;
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked—all's known—
 And life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

2.

They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
 'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again;
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used—I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
 And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream;
 Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
 Men have all these resources, we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before—
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
 But still I think I can collect my mind;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul.

I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete:
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you!

3.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
 By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
 When both the teacher and the taught are young,
 As was the case, at least, where I have been;
 They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
 They smile still more, and then there intervene
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss—
 I learned the little that I know by this.

4.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
 Circling all nature, hushed, and dim, and still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were planned
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turned to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled them above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckoned,
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow which momentarily grew less,
The voiceless sands and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there —

And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, asked no vows,
Nor offered any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurred;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamed of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

She loved and was beloved—she adored
And she was worshipped; after nature's fashion
Their intense souls, into each other poured,
If souls could die, had perished in that passion—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

Alas for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damned for ever;
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

•

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
 She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
 Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms;
 And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
 And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
 Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
 With all it granted, and with all it grants.

An infant when it gazes on the light,
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
 Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
 As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 All that it hath of life with us is living;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
 All it hath felt, inflicted, passed and proved,
 Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

5.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 And standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Missolonghi, January 22, 1824

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

FROM *Prometheus Unbound*

1.

Fourth Spirit:

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality!

2.

Semichorus I of Spirits:

The path through which that lovely twain
 Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
 And each dark tree that ever grew,
 Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain
 Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
 Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
 Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
 Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
 Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
 Of the green laurel, blown anew;
 And bends, and then fades silently,
 One frail and fair anemone:
 Or when some star of many a one
 That climbs and wanders through steep night,
 Has found the cleft through which alone
 Beams fall from high those depths upon
 Ere it is borne away, away,
 By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
 It scatters drops of golden light,
 Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
 And the gloom divine is all around,
 And underneath is the mossy ground.

Semichorus II:

There the voluptuous nightingales,
 Are awake through all the broad noonday.
 When one with bliss or sadness fails,
 And through the windless ivy-boughs,

Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
 On its mate's music-panting bosom;
 Another from the swinging blossom,
 Watching to catch the languid close
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high
 The wings of the weak melody,
 'Till some new strain of feeling bear
 The song, and all the woods are mute;
 When there is heard through the dim air
 The rush of wings, and rising there
 Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain
 So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

3.

Voice in the Air, Singing:

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them;
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour,
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And 'the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia:

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside a helm conducting it,

Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, for ever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wildernesses!
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions;
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
 And we sail on, away, afar,
 Without a course, without a star,
 But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
 Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided:
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
 Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
 Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
 A paradise of vaulted bowers,
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
 Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

FROM *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*

'Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the paean
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic;
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,

So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Through the broken mist they sail,
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming
 Follow, down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair;
 Underneath Day's azure eyes
 Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies,
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might,
 The breath of the moist earth is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone,—
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Break o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Song to the Men of England

Men of England, wherefore plough
 For the lords who lay ye low?
 Wherefore weave with toil and care
 The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Those ungrateful drones who would
 Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
 Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
 That these stingless drones may spoil
 The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
 Or what is it ye buy so dear
 With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
 The wealth ye find, another keeps;
 The robes ye weave, another wears;
 The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
 Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;
 Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
 Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
 In halls ye deck another dwells.
 Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
 And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
 England be your sepulchre.

FROM *To the Lord Chancellor*

Oh, let a father's curse be on thy soul,
 And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;
 Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl
 To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom!

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,
 By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,
 By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
 By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
 Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
 Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night
 Hiding the promise of a lovely birth:

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
 Which he who is a father thought to frame
 To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach—
 Thou strike the lyre of mind!—oh, grief and shame!

By all the happy see in children's growth—
 That undeveloped flower of budding years—
 Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
 Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears—

By all the days, under an hireling's care,
 Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—
 O wretched ye if any ever were,—
 Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless!

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
 Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
 By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
 Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb—

By all the hate which checks a father's love—
 By all the scorn which kills a father's care—
 By those most impious hands which dared remove
 Nature's high bounds—by thee—and by despair—

I curse thee—though I hate thee not.—O slave!
 If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming Hell
 Of which thou art a daemon, on thy grave
 This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well!

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The Indian Serenade

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The Champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart;—
 As I must on thine,
 Oh, belovéd as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last.

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the Ocean,
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle.
 Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
 What are all these kissings worth
 If thou kiss not me?

The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æry nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

To —

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou needest not fear mine;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou needest not fear mine;
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

To the Moon

Art thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

The World's Wanderers

Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
 Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

Good-Night

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
 Be it not said, thought, understood—
 Then it will be—*good* night.

To hearts which near each other move
 From evening close to morning light,
 The night is good; because, my love,
 They never *say* good-night.

To Night

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave

Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

To —

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

Mutability

The flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies;
 All that we wish to stay
 Tempt and then flies.
 What is the world's delight?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
 Friendship how rare!
 Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair!
 But we, though soon they fall,
 Survive their joy, and all
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
 Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day;
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

To —

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it;
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not,—
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

Lines: "When the Lamp Is Shattered"

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

To Stella

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

From the Greek of PLATO

FROM *Adonais*

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say: "With me
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the corpse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
 Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the libticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
The extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the ærial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With all dew turned to tears, odour, to sighing ruth.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of that loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
 All new successions to the forms they wear;
 Torturing th'unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
 The boncs of Desolation's nakedness
 Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldest be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow, where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

JOHN CLARE

(1793–1864)

Written in Northampton County Asylum

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes;
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod—
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,—
 The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794–1878)

Thanatopsis

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the contiguous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom, yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

Dedication

(TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.)

Glory and Loveliness have passed away;
 For if we wander out in early morn,
 No wreathéd incense do we see upborne
 Into the east to meet the smiling day:
 No crowd of nymphs soft-voiced and young and gay,
 In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
 Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
 The shrine of Flora in her early May.
 But there are left delights as high as these,
 And I shall ever bless my destiny,
 That in a time when under pleasant trees
 Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
 A leafy luxury, seeing I could please,
 With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

To a Nightingale

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 Being but too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

To Psyche

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
 Even into thy own soft-conchéd ear:
 Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
 The wingéd Psyche with awakened eyes?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, couchéd side by side
 In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied:
 'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
 They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;

Their arms embracéd, and their pinions too;
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu
 As if disjoinéd by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:
 The wingéd boy I knew;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
 His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
 Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-regioned star,
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heaped with flowers;
 Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.
 O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
 Yet even in these days so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
 Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours!
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swingéd censer teeming:
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
 Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
 Fledge the wild-ridgéd mountains steep by steep;
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
 And in the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
 With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
 With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
 Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same:

And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

To the Poets

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine, melodious truth,
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What does strengthen, and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An Astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story—
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old-sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a self-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

On Melancholy

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globéd peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

Sonnet on the Sea

It keeps eternal whispering around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
 Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
 Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

Sonnet to Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
 Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
 Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
 O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
 Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
 Around my bed its lulling charities;
 Then save me, or the passed day will shine
 Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
 Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
 Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
 Turn the key deftly in the oiléd wards,
 And seal the hushéd casket of my soul.

Ballad: La Belle Dame sans Merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true!"

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

FROM *The Eve of St. Agnes*

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died:
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries,
 Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where lo!—how fast she slept!

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna, and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathéd silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retiréd quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm unnervéd arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entailed in wooféd phantasies.

FROM *Isabella or The Pot of Basil*

1.

Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
 Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
 They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
 Without some stir of heart, some malady;
 They could not sit at meals but feel how well
 It soothed each to be the other by;
 They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,
 But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
 With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
 He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
 But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
 And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her than noise of trees or hidden rill;
 Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
 She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
 Before the door had given her to his eyes;
 And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,
 Because her face was turned to the same skies;
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
 "To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
 "O may I never see another night,
 Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
 So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
 Honeyless days and nights did he let pass;

Until sweet Isabella's untouched cheek
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
 "How ill she is!" said he, "I may not speak
 And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
 If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
 And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

So said he one fair morning, and all day
 His heart beat awfully against his side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide

Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away—
Fevered his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

So once more he had waked and anguished
A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flushed; so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

"O Isabella! I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever anything believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou ledest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth thus gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honeyed dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joyed his fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
 Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
 Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
 Too much of pity after they are dead,
 Too many doleful stories do we see,
 Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
 Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
 Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

But for the general award of love,
 The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
 Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
 And Isabella's was a great distress,
 Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
 Was not embalmed, this truth is not the less—
 Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
 Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

2.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
 O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
 O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
 Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
 Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
 Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
 And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
 Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
 From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
 Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
 And touch the strings into a mystery;
 Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
 For simple Isabel is soon to be
 Among the dead: she withers, like a palm
 Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
 Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
 It may not be—those Baalites of pelf,
 Her brethren, noted the continual shower
 From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
 Among her kindred, wondered that such dower
 Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
 By one marked out to be a Noble's bride.

And furthermore, her brethren wondered much
 Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
 And why it flourished, as by magic touch;
 Greatly they wondered what the thing might mean:

They could not surely give belief, that such
 A very nothing would have power to wean
 Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
 And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watched a time when they might sift
 This hidden whim; and long they watched in vain;
 For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
 And seldom felt she any hunger-pain:
 And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
 As bird on wing to breast its eggs again:
 And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
 Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
 And to examine it in secret place:
 The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
 And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
 The guerdon of their murder they had got
 And so left Florence in a moment's space,
 Never to turn again.—Away they went,
 With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
 O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
 O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
 From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
 Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
 For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
 Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
 Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
 Imploring for her Basil to the last.
 No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
 In pity of her love, so overcast.
 And a sad ditty of this story borne
 From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
 Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,
 To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

FROM *Endymion*

1.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sparkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,
 They always must be with us, or we die.

2.

And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits unknowingly;
 As does the nightingale, up-perched high,
 And cloistered among cool and bunchéd leaves—
 She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
 How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
 Just so may love, although 'tis understood
 The mere commingling of passionate breath,
 Produce more than our searching witnesseth:
 What I know not: but who, of men, can tell
 That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
 To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
 The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
 The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
 If human souls did never kiss and greet?

3.

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
 All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passé years:
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears,
 Have become indolent; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
 Stuff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
 Into some backward corner of the brain;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory!
 Many old rotten-timbered boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
 To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
 And golden-keeled, is left unlaunched and dry.
 But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
 The gluttoned Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
 Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
 Are things to brood on with more ardency
 Than the death-day of empires.

4.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
 I sat a-weeping: what enamoured bride
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
 But hides and shrouds
 Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers: the rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
 I rushed into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite;
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry Damsels, whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
 "For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
 Come hither, fair lady, and joinéd be
 To our mad minstrelsy!"

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants:
 Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains;
 A three days' journey in a moment done;
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown!
 I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring!
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce!

The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearléd hail;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
 Into these regions came I, following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer:
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

FROM *Hyperion*

1.

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charméd by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
 So came these words and went; the while in tears
 She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.

2.

O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes
 For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
 A solitary sorrow best befits
 Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief.
 Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
 Many a fallen old Divinity
 Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
 Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
 And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
 In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
 For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
 Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue,
 Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
 And let the clouds of even and of morn
 Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
 Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
 Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipped shells,
 On sands or in great deeps, vermillion turn

Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
 Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surprised.
 Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
 Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
 And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
 In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
 And hazels thick dark-stemmed beneath the shade:
 Apollo is once more the golden theme!

"Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art"

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or, gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death

GEORGE DARLEY

(1795–1846)

Siren Chorus

Troop home to silent grots and caves,
 Troop home! and mimic as you go
 The mournful winding of the waves
 Which to their dark abysses flow.

At this sweet hour all things beside
 In amorous pairs to covert creep,
 The swans that brush the evening tide
 Homeward in snowy couples keep.

In his green den the murmuring seal
 Close by his sleek companion lies,
 While singly we to bedward steal,
 And close in fruitless sleep our eyes.

In bowers of love men take their rest,
 In loveless bowers we sigh alone,
 With bosom-friends are others blest,
 But we have none! but we have none!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

(1796–1849)

Song

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

THOMAS HOOD

(1799–1845)

Autumn

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer? With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noonday,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blossoms of Summer? In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime

.

Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree.
 Where is the Dryads' immortality?
 Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
 Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
 In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
 The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
 And honey bees have stored
 The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
 The swallows all have winged across the main;
 And here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
 And sighs her tearful spells,
 Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
 Alone, alone,
 Upon a mossy stone,
 She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
 With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
 Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
 Like a dim picture of the drowned past
 In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
 Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
 Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
 Under the languid downfall of her hair:
 She wears a coronal of flowers faded
 Upon her forehead, and a face of care;
 There is enough of withered everywhere
 To make her bower—and enough of gloom;
 There is enough of sadness to invite,
 If only for the rose that died—whose doom
 Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
 Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
 There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
 Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
 Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
 Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul.

The Water Lady

Alas, the moon should ever beam
 To show what man should never see!
 I saw a maiden on a stream,
 And fair was she!

I stayed awhile, to see her throw
 Her tresses back, that all beset
 The fair horizon of her brow
 With clouds of jet.

I stayed a little while to view
 Her cheek, that wore in place of red
 The bloom of water, tender blue,
 Daintily spread.

I stayed to watch, a little space,
 Her parted lips if she would sing;
 The waters closed above her face
 With many a ring.

And still I stayed a little more,
 Alas! she never comes again;
 I throw my flowers from the shore,
 And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
 I know that I must vainly pine,
 For I am made of mortal clay,
 But she's divine.

Sonnet

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
 Be lapped in alien clay, and laid below;
 It is not death to know this—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft—and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

Silence

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
 No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground:
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, LORD MACAULAY
(1800-1859)

Epitaph on a Jacobite

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802-1839)

FROM *The Belle of the Ball-Room*

Our love was like most other loves;—
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
 We met again four summers after:
 Our parting was all sob and sigh;
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
 For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
 But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

"And When I Am Entombéd . . ."

And when I am entombéd in my place,
 Be it remembered of a single man,
 He never, though he dearly loved his race,
 For fear of human eyes swerved from his plan.

FROM *Ode Inscribed to W. H. Channing*

The God who made New Hampshire
 Faunted the lofty land
 With little men;—
 Small bat and wren
 House in the oak:—
 If earth-fire cleave
 The upheaved land, and bury the folk,
 The southern crocodile would grieve.
 Virtue palters; Right is hence;
 Freedom praised, but hid;
 Funeral eloquence
 Rattles the coffin-lid.

The horseman serves the horse,
 The neatherd serves the neat,
 The merchant serves the purse,
 The eater serves his meat;
 'Tis the day of the chattel,
 Web to weave, and corn to grind;
 Things are in the saddle,
 And ride mankind.

There are two laws discrete,
 Not reconciled,—
 Law for man, and law for thing;
 The last builds town and fleet,
 But it runs wild,
 And doth the man unking.

Let man serve law for man;
 Live for friendship, live for love,
 For truth's and harmony's behoof;
 The state may follow how it can,
 As Olympus follows Jove.

Yet do not I implore
 The wrinkled shopman to my sounding woods,
 Nor bid the unwilling senator
 Ask votes of thrushes in the solitudes.

Every one to his chosen work;—
 Foolish hands may mix and mar;
 Wise and sure the issue are.
 Round they roll till dark is light,
 Sex to sex, and even to odd;—
 The over-god
 Who marries Right to Might
 Who peoples, unpeoples,—
 He who exterminates
 Races by stronger races,
 Black by white faces,—
 Knows to bring honey
 Out of the lion;
 Grafts gentlest scion
 On pirate and Turk.

Forbearance

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Give All to Love

Give all to love;
 Obey thy heart;
 Friends, kindred, days,
 Estate, good-fame,
 Plans, credit and the Muse,—
 Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
 Let it have scope:
 Follow it utterly,
 Hope beyond hope:
 High and more high
 It dives into noon,
 With wing unspent,
 Untold intent;
 But it is a god,
 Knows its own path
 And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Bacchus

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffer no savor of the earth to scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true,—
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mould of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.
Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is,—
Music and wine are one,—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me;
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
For all I know;—
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lot!
Haste to cure the old despair,—
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched;
Give them again to shine;

Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

FROM *Concord Hymn*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Days

Daughters of Time, the hypocrite Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silently. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

April

The April winds are magical
And thrill our tuneful frames;
The garden walks are passionate
To bachelors and dames.
The hedge is gemmed with diamonds,
The air with Cupids full,
The cobweb clues of Rosamond
Guide lovers to the pool.
Each dimple in the water,
Each leaf that shades the rock

Can cozen, pique and flatter,
 Can parley and provoke.
 Goodfellow, Puck and goblins,
 Know more than any book.
 Down with your doleful problems,
 And court the sunny brook.
 The south-winds are quick-witted,
 The schools are sad and slow,
 The masters quite omitted
 The lore we care to know.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

(1803-1849)

Song

How many times do I love thee, dear?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fall'n year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity:—
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
 Tell me how many beads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of evening rain,
 Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
 And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
 So many times do I love again.

Torrismond

Dream-Pedlary

If there were dreams to sell
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a roseleaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rung the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell,
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried, well,
Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue hall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

Love-in-Idleness

He: "Shall I be your first love, lady, shall I be your first?
Oh! then I'll fall before you down on my velvet knee
And deeply bend my rosy head and press it upon thee,
And swear that there is nothing more for which my heart doth thirst,
But a downy kiss and pink
Between your lips' soft chink."

She: "Yes, you shall be my first love, boy, and you shall be my first,
And I will raise you up again unto my bosom's fold;
And when you kisses many a one on lip and cheek have told,
I'll let you loose upon the grass, to leave me if you durst:
And so we'll toy away
The night beside the day."

He: "But let me be your second love, but let me be your second,
 For then I'll tap so gently, dear, upon your window pane,
 And creep between the curtains in, where never man has lain,
 And never leave thy gentle side till the morning star hath beckoned,
 Within the silken lace
 Of thy young arms' embrace."

She: "Well thou shalt be my second love, yes, gentle boy, my second,
 And I will wait at eve for thee within my lonely bower,
 And yield unto thy kisses, like a bud to April's shower,
 From moonset till the tower-clock the hour of dawn hath reckoned,
 And lock thee with my arms
 All silent up in charms."

He: "No, I will be thy third love, lady, aye, I will be the third,
 And break upon thee, bathing, in woody place alone,
 And catch thee to my saddle and ride o'er stream and stone,
 And press thee well, and kiss thee well, and never speak a word,
 Till thou hast yielded up
 The first taste of love's cup."

She: "Then thou shalt not be my first love, boy, nor my second,
 nor my third;
 If thou'rt the first, I'll laugh at thee and pierce thy flesh with thorns;
 If the second, from my chamber pelt with jeering laugh and scorns;
 And if thou darest be the third, I'll draw my dirk unheard
 And cut thy heart in two,—
 And then die, weeping you."

Song

Who tames the lion now?
 Who smooths Jove's wrinkles now?
 Who is the reckless wight
 That in the horrid middle
 Of the deserted night
 Doth play upon man's brain,
 As on a wanton fiddle,
 The mad and magic strain,
 The reeling tripping sound,
 To which the world goes round?
 Sing heigh! ho! diddle!
 And then say—
 Love, quotha, Love? Nay, nay!
 It is a spirit fine
 Of ale or ancient wine,
 Lord Alcohol, the drunken fay,
 Lord Alcohol away!

Who maketh pipe-clay man
Think all that nature can?
Who dares the gods to flout,
Lay fate beneath the table,
And make him stammer out
A thousand monstrous things,
For history a fable,
Dish-clouts for kings?
And send the world along
Singing a ribald song
Of heighho! Babel?
Who, I pray---
Love, quotha, Love? Nay, nay!
It is a spirit fine
Of ale or ancient wine,
Lord Alcohol, the drunken fay,
Lord Alcohol alway!

The Phantom-Wooer

A ghost, that loved a lady fair,
Ever in the starry air
Of midnight at her pillow stood;
And, with a sweetness skies above
The luring words of human love,
Her soul the phantom wooed.
Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,
The little snakes' of silver throat,
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,
Ever singing, "Die, oh! die."

Young soul put off your flesh, and come
With me into the quiet tomb,
Our bed is lovely, dark, and sweet;
The earth will swing us, as she goes,
Beneath our coverlid of snows,
And the warm leaden sheet.
Dear and dear is their poisoned note,
The little snakes' of silver throat,
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,
Ever singing, "Die, oh! die."

Song

Strew not earth with empty stars,
Strew it not with roses,
Nor feathers from the crest of Mars,
Nor summer's idle posies.

'Tis not the primrose-sandalled moon,
 Nor cold and silent morn,
 Nor he that climbs the dusty noon,
 Nor mower war with scythe that drops,
 Stuck with helmed and turbanned tops
 Of enemies new shorn.

Ye cups, ye lyres, ye trumpets know,
 Pour your music, let it flow,
 'Tis Bacchus' son who walks below.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

(1803-1849)

Dark Rosaleen

O my dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep!
 The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the deep.
 There's wine from the royal Pope,
 Upon the ocean green;
 And Spanish ales shall give you hope,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My dark Rosaleen.

Over hills and through dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne, at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen!

All day long in unrest,
 To and fro do I move,
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love!
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my Queen,

My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints.
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone.
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,

And gun-peal, and slogan cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen!

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

(1803-1884)

Pelters of Pyramids

A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft
 Anchor'd off Alexandria, went ashore,
 And mounting asses in their headlong glee,
 Round Pompey's Pillar rode with hoots and taunts,
 As men oft say, "What art thou more than we?"
 Next in a boat they floated up the Nile,
 Singing and drinking, swearing senseless oaths,
 Shouting, and laughing most derisively
 At all majestic scenes. A bank they reach'd,
 And clambering up, play'd gambols among tombs;
 And in portentous ruins (through whose depths,
 The mighty twilight of departed Gods,
 Both sun and moon glanced furtive, as in awe)
 They hid, and whoop'd, and spat on sacred things.

At length, beneath the blazing sun they lounged
 Near a great Pyramid. Awhile they stood
 With stupid stare, until resentment grew,
 In the recoil of meanness from the vast;
 And gathering stones, they with coarse oaths and jibes
 (As they would say, "What art thou more than we?")
 Pelted the Pyramid! But soon these men,
 Hot and exhausted, sat them down to drink—
 Wrangled, smok'd, spat, and laugh'd, and drowsily
 Curs'd the bald Pyramid and fell asleep.

Night came:—a little sand went drifting by—
 And morn again was in the soft blue heavens.
 The broad slopes of the shining Pyramid
 Look'd down in their austere simplicity
 Upon the glistening silence of the sands
 Whereon no trace of mortal dust was seen.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(1806-1861)

Sonnets from the Portuguese

I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death, but Love.”

VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovéd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XXI

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire
 At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong
 Can the earth do to us, that we should not long
 Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
 The angels would press on us and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Belovéd,—where the unfit
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

XXVIII

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
 And yet they seem alive and quivering
 Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
 And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
 This said,—he wished to have me in his sight
 Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
 To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,
 Yet I wept for it!—this, . . . the paper's light . . .
 Said, *Dear, I love thee*: and I sank and quailed
 As if God's future thundered on my past.
 This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
 With lying on my heart that beat too fast.
 And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed
 If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

XXXII

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath
 To love me, I looked forward to the moon
 To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
 And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
 Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
 And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
 For such man's love!—more like an out-of-tune
 Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
 To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,
 Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
 I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
 A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float
 'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,—
 And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

XXXV

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
 That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
 To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
 Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

XXXVIII

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
 And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
 Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
 When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
 I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
 Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
 The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
 Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
 That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
 I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

The Cry of the Children

φεῦ, φεῦ' τί προσδέκεσθε μ' ὀμμασιν, τέκνα;*

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so?
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow
 Which is lost in Long Ago;
 The old tree is leafless in the forest,
 The old year is ending in the frost,
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
 The old hope is hardest to be lost:
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 Do you ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see,
 For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy;
 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
 Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
 Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
 For the outside earth is cold,
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen
 That we die before our time:
 Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
 Like a snowball, in the rime.
 We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
 Was no room for any work in the close clay!
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
 Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'

* "Alas, alas! why do you fix your eyes on me, children?" (*Medea*)

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! They are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
 Let them prove their living souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
 To look up to Him, and pray;
 So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.
 They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
 And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door:
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
 Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
 And at midnight's hour of harm,
 'Our Father', looking upward in the chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.
 We know no other words except 'Our Father',
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
 And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
 'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
 (For they call Him good and mild)
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
 'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
 "He is speechless as a stone:
 And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to!" say the children,—“up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
 Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
 We look up for God; but tears have made us blind.”
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
 O my brothers, what ye preach?
 For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
 And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
 They are weary ere they run;
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
 Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
 They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
 Are slaves, without the liberty of Christdom,
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
 Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,
 With eyes turned on Deity.
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitantion,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path!
 But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
 Than the strong man in his wrath."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882)

Hymn to the Night

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovéd Night!

Suspiria

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

"Some Day, Some Day"

Some day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

Divina Commedia

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
 Far off the noises of the world retreat;
 The loud vociferations of the street
 Become an undistinguishable roar.
 So, as I enter here from day to day,
 And leave my burden at this minster gate,
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
 The tumult of the time disconsolate
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Ultima Thule

(DEDICATION)

With favoring winds o'er sunlit seas,
 We sailed for the Hesperides,
 The land where the golden apples grow;
 But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean streams
 Have swept us from that land of dreams,
 That land of fiction and of truth,
 The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these
 The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
 Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,
 And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
 Here in thy harbors for a while
 We lower our sails; a while we rest
 From the unending, endless quest.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809-1883)

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
 The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
 Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
 The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
 Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
 "When all the Temple is prepared within,
 Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
 The Tavern shouted—"Open then the door!
 You know how little while we have to stay,
 And, once departed, may return no more."

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
 Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
 And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
 But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
 And many a Garden by the Water blows.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
 High-piping Péhleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
 That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
 Your Winter-garment of Repentance flung;
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
 Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
 The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
 Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
 And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
 Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
 With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
 Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will,
 Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
 And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—Lo,
 "Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
 Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
 And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears ✓
 To-Day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom!

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To-Day prepare,
 And those that after some To-Morrow stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
 "Fools! your reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
 Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
 Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by that same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
 ✓ "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
 And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"The Me Within Thee Blind!"

Then, to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live
And drink: and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay,
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human Mould?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes:

Think then you are To-Day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,

And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,

Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death address;

The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;

The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—

And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About The Secret—quick about it, Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The Master too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;

Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-Day, while You are You—how then
To-Morrow, You when shall be You no more?

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For "Is" and "Is-Not" though with Rule and Line
And "Up-And-Down" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better Reckoning? Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the Growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
 Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
 To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
 One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
 One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
 The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
 Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
 Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
 They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
 Some letter of the After-life to spell:
 And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
 And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
 Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
 And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*He* knows—*HE* knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*
As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
To-Morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwîn and Mushtarî they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of *It* within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of Senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

As under cover of departing Day
 Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
 Once more within the Potter's house alone
 I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
 That stood along the floor and by the wall;
 And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
 Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
 My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
 And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
 Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
 Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
 And He that with his hand the Vessel made
 Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
 Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
 "They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
 What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
 I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
 "All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
 Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
 Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
 The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
 He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
 My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
 But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
 Methinks I might recover by and by."

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
 The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
 And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother, Brother!
 Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * *

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
 And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
 By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

* * *

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

Tamám

ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

*Mariana**Mariana in the moated grange.*

—Measure for Measure

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarléd bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark

The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chamber, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, she said, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

Choric Song of the Lotos-Eaters

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence—ripen, fall, and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whispered speech;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold,
 Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet—while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly—
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—
 To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
 Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak,
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone;

Through every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is
blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and pray-
ing hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered—down
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

FROM *The Princess*

1.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory,
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

2.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under-world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

3.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
 The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake.
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.

4.

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
 But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spiced purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
 But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley; let the wild
 Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air.
 So waste not thou, but come; for all the vales
 Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

FROM *In Memoriam*

XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust
 Should murmur from the narrow house,
 "The cheeks drop in, the body bows;
 Man dies, nor is there hope in dust;"

Might I not say? "Yet even here
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive
 To keep so sweet a thing alive."
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
 The sound of streams that swift or slow
 Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
 The dust of continents to be;

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure
no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'—
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store.
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

•

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he
hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe, from the memories of Lenore!—
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, up-
starting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Ulalume

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispéd and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dark tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point out the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—

•

Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibillic splendour is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispéd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

The Valley of Unrest

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone into the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dew comes down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

The City in the Sea

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town:
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—

Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks giganticly down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

To One in Paradise

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
"No more—no more—no more—"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingéd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well-befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more.

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicaean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811--1863)

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse

A street there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language yields,
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
 The New Street of the Little Fields.
 And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
 But still in comfortable case;
 The which in youth I oft attended,
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
 That Greenwich never could outdo;
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
 All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
 And true philosophers, methinks,
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.
 And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
 The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
 I recollect his droll grimace:
 He'd come and sit before your table,
 And hope you like your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
 "How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner,
 So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
 "What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
 "Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
 "Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir;
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."
 "So *TERRÉ's* gone," I say, and sink in
 My old accustomed corner-place;
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
 The table still is in the nook;
 Ah! vanished many a busy year is
 This well-known chair since last I took.
 When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
 And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
 Of early days here met to dine?
 Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
 The kind old voices and old faces
 My memory can quick retrace;
 Around the board they take their places,
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
 There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
 There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
 There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
 On James's head the grass is growing:
 Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
 Since here we set the claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
 I mind me of a time that's gone,
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
 —There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down, and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

Song

Give her but a least excuse to love me!
 When—where—
 How—can this arm establish her above me,
 If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
 There already, to eternally reprove me?
 ("Hist!"—said Kate the Queen;
 But "Oh!"—cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 "'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
 Crumbling your hounds their messes!")

Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
 My heart!
 Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
 Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part.
 But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!
 ("Nay, list!"—bade Kate the Queen;
 And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 "'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
 Fitting your hawks their jesses!")

*Pippa Passes**The Lost Leader*

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 —He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,

One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

The Confessional

(SPAIN)

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
 Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
 Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
 And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
 There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
 Till spite of them I reach the world!

You think Priests just and holy men!
 Before they put me in this den
 I was a human creature too,
 With flesh and blood like one of you,
 A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
 Like lilies in your world outside.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
 This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
 Was kissed all over till it burned,
 By lips the truest, love e'er turned
 His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
 My soul out in a burning mist.

So, next day when the accustomed train
 Of things grew round my sense again,
 "That is a sin," I said: and slow
 With downcast eyes to church I go,
 And pass to the confession-chair,
 And tell the old mild father there.

But when I falter Beltran's name,
 "Ha?" quoth the father; "much I blame
 The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
 Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
 Nay I will turn this love of thine
 To lawful love, almost divine;

"For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of church and state;
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.

"For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou mayst demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright;
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride!
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning-light
To save his soul in his despite.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray
The one spot from his soul away;
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!" At night he never came.

Nor next night; and the after-morn,
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place:
Where, lo, on high, the father's face!

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That stapled block . . . God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And, on the neck these arms caressed . . .

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens
But shall bear God and man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and stull, they lie!

Meeting at Night

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

A Woman's Last Word

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
 With a charm!
 Be a man and fold me
 With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
 As I ought
 I will speak thy speech, Love,
 Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
 Both demands,
 Laying flesh and spirit
 In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow
 Not to-night:
 I must bury sorrow
 Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love,
 (Foolish me!)
 And so fall asleep, Love,
 Loved by thee.

Respectability

Dear, had the world in its caprice
 Deigned to proclaim "I know you both,
 Have recognised your plighted troth,
 Am sponsor for you: live in peace."
 How many precious months and years
 Of youth had passed, that sped so fast,
 Before we found it out at last,
 The world, and what it fears?

How much of priceless life were spent
 With men that every virtue decks,
 And women models of their sex,
 Society's true ornament,—
 Ere we dared wander, nights like this,
 Through wind and rain, and watch the Seine,
 And feel the Boulevard break again
 To warmth and light and bliss?

I know! the world proscribes not love;
 Allows my finger to caress
 Your lips' contour and downiness,
 Provided it supply a glove.

The world's good word!—the Institute!
Guizot receives Montalembert!
Eh! Down the court three lampions flare:
Put forward your best foot!

Women and Roses

I dream of a rose-red tree.
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?

Round and round, like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages.
Then follow women fresh and gay,
Living and loving and loved to-day.
Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of maidens,
Beauties yet unborn. And all, to one cadence,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose, thy term is reached,
Thy leaf hangs loose and bleached:
Bees pass it unimpeached.

Stay then, stoop, since I cannot climb,
You, great shapes of the antique time!
How shall I fix you, fire you, freeze you,
Break my heart at your feet to please you?
Oh, to possess and be possessed!
Hearts that beat 'neath each pallid breast!
Once but of love, the poesy, the passion,
Drink but once and die!—In vain, the same fashion,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose, thy joy's undimmed,
Thy cup is ruby-rimmed,
Thy cup's heart nectar-brimmed.

Deep, as drops from a statue's plinth
The bee sucked in by the hyacinth,
So will I bury me while burning,
Quench like him at a plunge my yearning,
Eyes in your eyes, lips on your lips!
Fold me fast where the cincture slips,
Prison all my soul in eternities of pleasure,
Girdle me for once! But no—the old measure,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose without a thorn,
Thy bud's the babe unborn:
First streak of a new morn.

Wings, lend wings for the cold, the clear!
What is far conquers what is near.
Roses will bloom nor want beholders,
Sprung from the dust where our flesh moulders.
What shall arrive with the cycle's change?
A novel grace and a beauty strange.
I will make an Eve, be the artist that began her,
Shaped her to his mind!—Alas! in like manner
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

FROM *In a Gondola*

He sings

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice's streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way:
"This woman's heart and soul and brain
Are mine as much as this gold chain
She bids me wear; which" (say again)
"I choose to make by cherishing
A precious thing, or choose to fling
Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
And yet once more say . . . no word more!
Since words are only words. Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet name,
Which if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all.
Ask of me, too, command me, blame—
Do, break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
What's left but—all of me to take?
I am the Three's: prevent them, slake

Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past and past!
What's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
Grey Zanobi's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchased bride:
Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried:
Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

.

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
 Thy serenader? While there's cast
 Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
 Gian pinions me, Himself has past
 His stylet through my back; I reel;
 And . . . is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
 Past every church that sains and saves,
 Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
 By Lido's wet accursed graves,
 They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
 And . . . on thy breast I sink!

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
 Is used to tie the jasmine back
 That overflows my room with sweets,
 Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
 My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
 The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreath
 A mesh of water-weeds about
 Its prow, as if he unaware
 Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
 That I may throw a paper out
 As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we.
 Only one minute more to-night with me?
 Resume your past self of a month ago!
 Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
 The lady with the colder breast than snow.
 Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
 More than I touch yours when I step to land,
 And say, "All thanks, Siora!"—

Heart to heart
 And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
 Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art!

He is surprised, and stabbed

It was ordained to be so, sweet!—and best
 Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast.
 Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
 Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
 My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
 To death, because they never lived: but I
 Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die!

*The Bishop Orders His Tomb
at Saint Praxed's Church*
(ROME, 15—)

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well—
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 "Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
 —Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
 Shrewd was the snatch from out the corner South
 He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the aery dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
 —Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-store,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
 Draw close: that conflagration of my church
 —What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
 My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
 Drop water gently till the surface sink,
 And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
 Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
 Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
 Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
 That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
 So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,

Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve.
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greck manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals, and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,

—Aha, ELUCESCĒBAT quoth our friend?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
 All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
 My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 "Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
 To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
 Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
 But in a row: and, going, turn your backs
 —Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!

Song

Nay but you, who do not love her,
 Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
 Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
 Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
 And this last fairest tress of all,
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall?

Because, you spend your lives in praising;
 To praise, you search the wide world over:
 Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
 If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
 Above this tress, and this, I touch
 But cannot praise, I love so much!

Confessions

What is he buzzing in my ears?
 "Now that I come to die,
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
 Ah, reverend sir, not I!

What I viewed there once, what I view again
 Where the physic bottles stand
 On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane,
 With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,
 From a house you could descry
 O'er the garden-wall: is the curtain blue
 Or green to a healthy eye?

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
 Blue above lane and wall;
 And that farthest bottle labelled "Ether"
 Is the house o'ertopping all.

At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,
 There watched for me, one June,
 A girl; I know, sir, it's improper,
 My poor mind's out of tune.

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
 Close by the side, to dodge
 Eyes in the house, two eyes except:
 They styled their house "The Lodge".

What right had a lounge up their lane?
 But, by creeping very close,
 With the good wall's help—their eyes might strain
 And stretch themselves to Oes,

Yet never catch her and me together,
 As she left the attic, there,
 By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether",
 And stole from stair to stair,

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,
 We loved, sir—used to meet:
 How sad and bad and mad it was—
 But then, how it was sweet!

Youth and Art

It once might have been, once only:
 We lodged in a street together,
 You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
 I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
 You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
 Then laughed "They will see some day"
 "Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air looked out on the tiles,
For fun watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of a beard too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
If you never turned your eye's tail up
As I shook upon E *in alt*,
Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
(And yet the memory rankles)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
"That foreign fellow—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
For his tuning her that piano?"

.

Could you say so, and never say
 "Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no: you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over:
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
 I've married a rich old lord,
 And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.

Each life's unfulfilled, you see;
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
 Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
 And people suppose me clever:
 This could have happened but once,
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

FROM *One Word More*

(TO E.B.B.)

There they are, my fifty men and women
 Naming me the fifty poems finished!
 Take them, Love, the book and me together:
 Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
 These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
 Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
 Did she live and love it all her life-time?
 Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
 Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
 Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it)
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
 Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
 Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
 Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
 Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
 Seen by us and all the world in circle.

You and I will never read that volume.
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
 Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
 Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
 Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
 While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
 (Peradventure with a pen corroded
 Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
 When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
 Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
 Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
 Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
 Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
 Dante, who loved well because he hated,
 Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
 Dante standing, studying his angel—
 In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
 Says he—"Certain people of importance"
 (Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
 "Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
 Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
 Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
 Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.
 While he mused on love and Beatrice,
 While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
 In they broke, those "people of importance":
 We and Bice bear the loss for ever.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
 This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
 Once, and only once, and for one only,
 (Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
 Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
 Using nature that's an art to others,

Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
 Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
 None but would forego his proper dowry,—
 Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
 Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
 Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
 Once, and only once, and for one only,
 So to be the man and leave the artist,
 Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
 Make you music that should all-express me;
 So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
 This of verse alone, one life allows me;
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
 Other heights in other lives, God willing:
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
 Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
 Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
 Lines I write the first time and the last time.
 He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
 Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
 Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
 Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
 Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
 He who blows through bronze, may breathe through silver,
 Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
 He who writes, may write for once as I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
 Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
 Enter each and all, and use their service,
 Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem.
 Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
 Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
 I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
 Karshish, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.
 Let me speak this once in my true person,
 Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,
 Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
 Pray you, look on these my men and women,
 Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
 Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
 Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
 Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
 Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.

Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
 Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
 Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
 Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
 Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
 Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
 Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
 Hard to greet, she traverses the houseroofs,
 Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
 Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?
 Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
 Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)
 All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos),
 She would turn a new side to her mortal,
 Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
 Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
 Blind to Galileo on his turret,
 Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
 Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—
 When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
 Opens out anew for worse or better!
 Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
 Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
 Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
 Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
 Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
 Only this is sure—the sight were other,
 Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
 Dying now impoverished here in London.
 God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
 One to show a woman when he loves her!

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
 This to you—yourself my moon of poets!
 Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,
 Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
 There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—
 Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
 But the best is when I glide from out them,
 Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
 Come out on the other side, the novel
 Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
 Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
 Drew one angel!—borne, see, on my bosom!

Epilogue

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned
 Low he lies who once so loved you, when you loved so,
 —Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell
 —Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
 There as here!"

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

(1816–1855)

On the Death of Anne Brontë

There's little joy in life for me,
 And little terror in the grave;
 I've lived the parting hour to see
 Of one I would have died to save.

Calmly to watch the failing breath,
 Wishing each sigh might be the last;
 Longing to see the shade of death
 O'er those beloved features cast;

The cloud, the stillness that must part
 The darling of my life from me;
 And then to thank God from my heart,
 To thank him well and fervently;

Although I knew that we had lost
 The hope and glory of our life;
 And now, benighted, tempest-tossed,
 Must bear alone the weary strife.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

(1817-1862)

"Low-Anchored Cloud"

Low-anchored cloud,
 Newfoundland air,
 Fountain-head and source of rivers,
 Dew-cloth, dream drapery,
 And napkin spread by fays;
 Drifting meadow of the air,
 Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
 And in whose fenny labyrinth
 The bittern booms and heron wades;
 Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers,
 Bear only perfumes and the scent
 Of healing herbs to just men's fields!

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

"Woof of the Sun . . ."

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
 Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
 Last conquest of the eye;
 Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
 Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,
 Fine summer spray on inland seas;
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
 From heat or stubble rising without song;
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

The Atlantides

The smothered streams of love, which flow
 More bright than Phlegethon, more low,
 Island us ever, like the sea,
 In an Atlantic mystery.
 Our fabled shores none ever reach,
 No mariner has found our beach,

Surely our mirage now is seen,
 And neighbouring waves with floating green,
 Yet still the oldest charts contain
 Some dotted outline of our main;
 In ancient times midsummer days
 Unto the western islands' gaze,
 To Teneriffe and the Azores,
 Have shown our faint and cloud-like shores.

But sink not yet, ye desolate isles,
 Anon your coast with commerce smiles,
 And richer freights ye'll furnish far
 Than Africa or Malabar.
 Be fair, be fertile evermore,
 Ye rumored but untrodden shore,
 Princes and monarchs will contend
 Who first unto your land shall send,
 And pawn the jewels of their crown
 To call your distant soil their own.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

"All Things Are Current Found"

All things are current found
 On earthly ground,
 Spirits, and elements
 Have their descents.

Night and day, year on year,
 High and low, far and near,
 These are our own aspects,
 These are our own regrets.

Ye gods of the shore,
 Who abide evermore,
 I see your far headland,
 Stretching on either hand;

I hear the sweet evening sounds
 From your undecaying grounds;
 Cheat me no more with time,
 Take me to your clime.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

"Light-Winged Smoke . . ."

Light-winged Smoke, Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;

Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

Walden

EMILY JANE BRONTË

(1818-1848)

The Old Stoic

Riches I hold in light esteem,
 And love I laugh to scorn;
 And lust of fame was but a dream,
 That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
 That moves my lips for me
 Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
 And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
 'Tis all that I implore;—
 In life and death a chainless soul,
 With courage to endure.

"Tell Me, Tell Me . . ."

Tell me, tell me, smiling child,
 What the past is like to thee?
 "An autumn evening, soft and mild,
 With a wind that sighs mournfully."

Tell me, what is the present hour?
 "A green and flowery spray,
 Where a young bird sits gathering its power
 To mount and fly away."

And what is the future, happy one?
 "A sea beneath a cloudless sun—
 A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea,
 Stretching into infinity."

"Sleep Brings No Joy . . ."

Sleep brings no joy to me,
 Remembrance never dies;
 My soul is given to misery,
 And lives in sighs.

Sleep brings no rest to me;
The shadows of the dead,
My wakening eyes may never see,
Surround my bed.

Sleep brings no hope to me;
In soundest sleep they come,
And with their doleful imagery
Deepen the gloom.

Sleep brings no strength to me,
No power renewed to brave:
I only sail a wilder sea,
A darker wave.

Sleep brings no friend to me
To soothe and aid to bear;
They all gaze on—how scornfully!
And I despair.

Sleep brings no wish to fret
My harassed heart beneath:
My only wish is to forget
In endless sleep of death.

FROM "*I Am the Only Being . . .*"

I am the only being whose doom
No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn;
I've never caused a thought of gloom,
A smile of joy, since I was born.

In secret pleasure, secret tears,
This changeful life has slipped away,
As friendless after eighteen years,
As lone as on my natal day.

"*I Gazed Within . . .*"

I gazed within thy earnest eyes,
And read the sorrow brooding there;
I heard thy young breast torn with sighs,
And envied such despair.

Go to the grave in youth's bare woe!
That dream was written long ago.

At Castle Wood

The day is done, the winter sun
 Is setting in its sullen sky;
 And drear the course that has been run,
 And dim the hearts that slowly die.

No star will light my coming night;
 No morn of hope for me will shine;
 I mourn not heaven would blast my sight,
 And I ne'er longed for joys divine.

Through life's hard task I did not ask
 Celestial aid, celestial cheer:
 I saw my fate without its mask,
 And met it too without a tear.

The grief that pressed my aching breast
 Was heavier far than earth can be;
 And who would dread eternal rest
 When labour's hour was agony?

Dark falls the fear of this despair
 On spirits born of happiness;
 But I was bred the mate of care,
 The foster-child of sore distress.

No sighs for me, no sympathy,
 No wish to keep my soul below;
 The heart is dead in infancy,
 Unwept for let the body go.

"No Coward Soul . . ."

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life, that in me hast rest
 As I, undying Life, have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thy infinity,
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and moon were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void:
 Since Thou art Being and Breath
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

(1819–1861)

The Latest Decalogue

Thou shalt have one God only; who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency:
 Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse:
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
 Honour thy parents; that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall:
 Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive
 Officiously to keep alive:
 Do not adultery commit;
 Advantage rarely comes of it:
 Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
 When it's so lucrative to cheat:
 Bear not false witness; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly:
 Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition.
 The sum of all is, thou shalt love,
 If any body, God above:
 At any rate shall never labour
More than thyself to love thy neighbour.

"Say Not the Struggle . . ."

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

FROM *Starting from Paumanok*

Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born,
Well-begotten, and rais'd by a perfect mother,
After roaming many lands, lover of populous pavements,
Dweller in Mannahatta my city, or on southern savannas,
Or a soldier camp'd or carrying my knapsack and gun, or a miner
in California,
Or rude in my home in Dakota's woods, my diet meat, my drink
from the spring,
Or withdrawn to muse and meditate in some deep recess,
Far from the clank of crowds, intervals passing rapt and happy,
Aware of the fresh free giver the flowing Missouri, aware of mighty
Niagara,
Aware of the buffalo herds grazing the plains, the hirsute and strong-
breasted bull,
Of earth, rocks, Fifth-month flowers experienced, stars, rain, snow,
my amaze,
Having studied the mocking-bird's tones and the flight of the moun-
tain-hawk,
And heard at dawn the unrivall'd one, the hermit thrush from the
swamp-cedars,
Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World . . .

FROM *Song of Myself*

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
 parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

* * *

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more
 than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green
 stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see
 and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I
 receive them the same.
And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon
 out of their mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

The grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for
nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and
women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken
soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the
end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

* * *

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from
them,
No more modest than immodest.

Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!

Whoever degrades another degrades me,
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

Through me the afflatus surging and surging, through me the
current and index.

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counter-
part of on the same terms.

Through me many long dumb voices,
Voices of the interminable generations of prisoners and slaves,
Voices of the diseas'd and despairing and of thieves and dwarfs,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars, and of wombs and of the
father-stuff,
And of the rights of them the others are down upon,
And of the deform'd, trivial, flat, foolish, despised,
Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung.

•

Through me forbidden voices,
 Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veil'd and I remove the veil,
 Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur'd.

* * *

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and
 self-contain'd,
 I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of
 owning things,
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of
 years ago,
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

* * *

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
 And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
 And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
 And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own
 funeral dressed in his own shroud,
 And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the
 earth,
 And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the
 learning of all times,
 And there is no trade or employment but the young man following
 it may become a hero,
 And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd
 universe,
 And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and com-
 posed before a million universes.

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
 For I who am curious about each am not curious about God,
 (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God
 and about death.)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in
 the least,
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.

From Pent-Up Aching Rivers

From pent-up aching rivers,
 From that of myself without which I were nothing,
 From what I am determin'd to make illustrious, even if I stand sole
 among men,

From my own voice resonant, singing the phallus,
 Singing the song of procreation,
 Singing the need of superb children and therein superb grown people,
 Singing the muscular urge and the blending,
 Singing the bedfellow's song, (O resistless yearning!
 O for any and each the body correlative attracting!
 O for you whoever you are your correlative body! O it, more than
 all else, you delighting!)

From the hungry gnaw that eats me night and day,
 From native moments, from bashful pains, singing them,
 Seeking something yet unfound though I have diligently sought it
 many a long year,

Singing the true song of the soul fitful at random,
 Renascent with grossest Nature or among animals,
 Of that, of them and what goes with them my poems informing,
 Of the smell of apples and lemons, of the pairing of birds,
 Of the wet of woods, of the lapping of waves,
 Of the mad pushes of waves upon the land, I them chanting,
 The overture lightly sounding, the strain anticipating,
 The welcome nearness, the sight of the perfect body,
 The swimmer swimming naked in the bath, or motionless on his
 back lying and floating,

The female form approaching, I pensive, love-flesh tremulous aching,
 The divine list for myself or you or for any one making,
 The face, the limbs, the index from head to foot, and what it arouses,
 The mystic deliria, the madness amorous, the utter abandonment,
 (Hark close and still what I now whisper to you,
 I love you, O you entirely possess me,
 O that you and I could escape from the rest and go utterly off, free
 and lawless,

Two hawks in the air, two fishes swimming in the sea not more
 lawless than we;)

The furious storm through me careering, I passionately trembling,
 The oath of the inseparableness of two together, of the woman that
 loves me and whom I love more than my life, that oath
 swearing,

(O I willingly stake all for you,

O let me be lost if it must be so!

O you and I! what is it to us what the rest do or think?

What is all else to us? only that we enjoy each other and exhaust
 each other if it must be so;)

From the master, the pilot I yield the vessel to,

The general commanding me, commanding all, from him permission
 taking,

From time the programme hastening (I have loiter'd too long as it is)

From sex, from the warp and from the woof,

From privacy, from frequent repinings alone,

From plenty of persons near and yet the right person not near,

From the soft sliding of hands over me and thrusting of fingers
 through my hair and beard,

From the long sustain'd kiss upon the mouth or bosom,

From the close pressure that makes me or any man drunk, fainting
 with excess,
 From what the divine husband knows, from the work of fatherhood,
 From exultation, victory and relief, from the bedfellow's embrace
 in the night,
 From the act-poems of eyes, hands, hips and bosoms,
 From the cling of the trembling arm,
 From the bending curve and the clinch,
 From side by side the pliant coverlet off-throwing,
 From the one so unwilling to have me leave, and me just as un-
 willing to leave,
 (Yet a moment O tender waiter, and I return,)
 From the hour of shining stars and dropping dews,
 From the night a moment I emerging, flitting out,
 Celebrate you act divine and you children prepared for,
 And you stalwart loins.

Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd

Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop gently to me,
 Whispering *I love you, before long I die,*
I have travel'd a long way merely to look on you to touch you,
For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
For I fear'd I might afterwards lose you.

Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe,
 Return in peace to the ocean my love,
 I too am part of that ocean my love, we are not so much separated,
 Behold the great rondure, the cohesion of all, how perfect!
 But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us,
 As for an hour carrying us diverse, yet cannot carry us diverse
 forever;
 Be not impatient—a little space—know you I salute the air, the
 ocean and the land,
 Every day at sundown for your dear sake my love.

FROM Song of the Open Road

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
 Healthy, free, the world before me,
 The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
 Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
 I do not want the constellations any nearer,
 I know they are very well where they are,
 I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free
 poems also,
 I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,
 I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever
 beholds me shall like me,
 I think whoever I see must be happy.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
 Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
 Listening to others, considering well what they say,
 Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
 Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that
 would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,
 The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
 I did not know I held so much goodness.

* * *

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze me,
 Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd it would not
 astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
 It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

* * *

Listen! I will be honest with you,
 I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
 These are the days that must happen to you:
 You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
 You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
 You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly
 settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an
 irresistible call to depart,
 You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those
 who remain behind you,
 What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with
 passionate kisses of parting,
 You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands
 toward you.

* * *

Allons! the road is before us!
 It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not
 detain'd!
 Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the
 shelf unopen'd!

Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain un-
earn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the
court, and the judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

FROM Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving
his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows, twining and twisting as if they
were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings
I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with
tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist.
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet (for 'twas autumn)
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat, (easily all could I
understand,)

The half of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose—yet this
 sign left,
 On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
 Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
 Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or
 in the crowded street,
 Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription
 rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

The Wound-Dresser

An old man bending I come among new faces,
 Years looking backward resuming in answer to children,
 Come tell us old man, as from young men and maidens that love me,
 (Arous'd and angry, I'd thought to beat the alarum, and urge
 relentless war,
 But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I resign'd myself
 To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead;) Years
 hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,
 Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the other was equally
 brave;) Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of earth,
 Of those armies so rapid so wondrous what saw you to tell us?

What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
 Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what deepest
 remains?

O maidens and young men I love and that love me,
 What you ask of my days those the strangest and sudden your
 talking recalls,
 Soldier alert I arrive after a long march cover'd with sweat and dust,
 In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly shout in the
 rush of successful charge,
 Enter the captur'd works—yet lo, like a swift-running river they fade,
 Pass and are gone, they fade—I dwell not on soldiers' perils or
 soldiers' joys,
 (Both I remember well—many the hardships, few the joys, yet I was
 content.)

But in silence, in dreams' projections,
 While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,
 So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the imprints off
 the sand,
 With hinged knees returning I enter the doors (while for you up
 there,
 Whoever you are, follow without noise and be of strong heart.)

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground,
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd hospital,
To the long row of cots up and down each side I return,
To each and all one after another I draw near, not one do I miss,
An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse pail,
Soon to be filled with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and fill'd
again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp but unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that
would save you.

On, on I go, (open doors of time! open hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand tear not the bandage
away)
The neck of the cavalry-man with the bullet through and through
I examine,
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life
struggles hard,
(Come sweet death! be persuaded O beautiful death! In mercy
come quickly.)
From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and
blood,
Back on the pillow the soldier bends with curv'd neck and side-
falling head,
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on the bloody
stump,
And has not yet look'd on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep,
But a day or two more, for see the frame all wasted and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the bullet-wound,
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, so sickening,
so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me holding the tray and pail.
I am faithful, I do not give out,
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive hand, (yet deep in my breast
a fire, a burning flame.)

Thus in silence in dreams' projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the hospitals,
The hurt and wounded I pacify with soothing hand,

I sit by the restless all the dark night, some are so young,
 Some suffer so much, I recall the experience sweet and sad,
 (Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and
 rested,
 Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

To a Common Prostitute

Be composed—be at ease with me—I am Walt Whitman, liberal and
 lusty as Nature,
 Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,
 Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle
 for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.
 My girl I appoint with you an appointment, and I charge you that
 you make preparation to be worthy to meet me,
 And I charge you that you be patient and perfect till I come.

Till then I salute you with a significant look that you do not forget
 me.

Darest Thou Now O Soul

Darest thou now O soul,
 Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
 Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

 No map there, nor guide,
 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
 Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not O soul,
 Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
 All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
 All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
 Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
 In Time and Space O soul, prepared for them,
 Equal, equipt at last, (O joy, O fruit of all) them to fulfil O soul.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(1819-1891)

"The Ribs and Terrors . . ."

The ribs and terrors in the whale
 Arched over me a dismal gloom,
 While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,
 And lift* me deepening down to doom.

* Left(?)

I saw the opening maw of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrows there;
 Which none but they that feel can tell—
 Oh, I was plunging to despair.

In black distress, I called my God,
 When I could scarce believe Him mine,
 He bowed His ear to my complaints—
 No more the whale did me confine.

With speed He flew to my relief,
 As on a radiant dolphin borne;
 Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone
 The face of my Deliverer God.

My song for ever shall record
 That terrible, that joyful hour;
 I give the glory to my God,
 His all the mercy and the power.

Moby Dick

FROM *John Murr*

Since as in night's deck-watch ye show,
 Why, lads, so silent here to me,
 Your watchmate of times long ago?

Once, for all the darkling sea,
 You your voices raised how clearly,
 Striking in when tempest sung;
 Hoisting up the storm-sail cheerly,
Life is storm—let storm! you rung.
 Taking things as fated merely,
 Childlike though the world ye spanned;
 Nor holding unto life too dearly,
 Ye who held your lives in hand—
 Skimmers, who on oceans four
 Petrels were, and larks ashore.

O, not from memory lightly flung,
 Forgot, like strains no more availing,
 The heart to music haughtier strung;
 Nay, frequent near me, never staling,
 Whose good feeling kept ye young.
 Like tides that enter creek or stream,
 Ye come, ye visit me, or seem
 Swimming out from seas of faces,
 Alien myriads memory traces,
 To enfold me in a dream!

I yearn as ye. But rafts that strain,
 Parted, shall they lock again?
 Twined we were, entwined, then riven,
 Ever to new embracements driven,
 Shifting gulf-weed of the main!
 And how if one here shift no more,
 Lodged by the flinging surge ashore?
 Nor less, as now, in eve's decline,
 Your shadowy fellowship is mine.
 Ye float around me, form and feature:—
 Tattooings, ear-rings, love-locks curled;
 Barbarians of man's simpler nature,
 Unworldly servers of the world.
 Yea, present all, and dear to me,
 Though shades, or scouring China's sea.

Whither, whither, merchant-sailors,
 Witherward now in roaring gales?
 Competing still, ye huntsman-whalers,
 In leviathan's wake what boat prevails?
 And man-of-war's men, whereaway?
 If now no dinned drum beat to quarters
 On the wilds of midnight waters—
 Foemen looming through the spray;
 Do yet your gangway lanterns, streaming,
 Vainly strive to pierce below,
 When tilted from the slant plank gleaming,
 A brother you see to darkness go?

But, gunmates lashed in shotted canvas,
 If where long watch-below ye keep,
 Never the shrill "*All hands up hammocks!*"
 Breaks the spell that charms your sleep,
 And summoning trumps might vainly call,
 And booming guns implore—
 A beat, a heart-beat musters all,
 One heart-beat at heart-core,
 It musters. But to clasp, retain;
 To see you at the halyards main—
 To hear your chorus once again!

To Ned

Where is the world we roved, Ned Bunn?
 Hollows thereof lay rich in shade
 By voyagers old inviolate thrown
 Ere Paul Pry cruised with Pelf and Trade.
 To us old lads some thoughts come home
 Who roamed a world young lads no more shall roam.

Nor less the satiate year impends
 When, wearying of routine-resorts,
 The pleasure-hunter shall break loose,
 Ned, for our Pantheistic ports:
 Marquesas and glenned isles that be
 Authentic Edens in a Pagan sea.

The charm of scenes untried shall lure,
 And, Ned, a legend urge the flight—
 The Typee-truants under stars
 Unknown to Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night*:
 And man, if lost to Saturn's Age,
 Yet feeling life no Syrian pilgrimage.

But, tell, shall he, the tourist, find
 Our isles the same in violet-glow
 Enamouring us what years and years—
 Ah, Ned, what years and years ago!
 Well, Adam advances, smart in pace,
 But scarce by violets that advance you trace.

But we, in anchor-watches calm,
 The Indian Psyche's languor won,
 And, musing, breathed primeval balm
 From Edens ere yet overrun;
 Marvelling mild if mortal twice,
 Here and hereafter, touch a Paradise.

Lone Founts

Though fast youth's glorious fable flies,
 View not the world with worldling's eyes;
 Nor turn with weather of the time.
 Foreclose the coming of surprise:
 Stand where Posterity shall stand;
 Stand where the Ancients stood before,
 And, dipping in lone founts thy hand,
 Drink of the never-varying lore:
 Wise once, and wise thence evermore.

Art

In placid hours well pleased we dream
 Of many a brave unbodied scheme.
 But form to lend, pulsed life create,
 What unlike things must meet and mate:
 A flame to melt—a wind to freeze;
 Sad patience—joyous energies;

Humility—yet pride and scorn;
 Instinct and study; love and hate;
 Audacity—reverence. These must mate
 And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
 To wrestle with the angel—Art.

*Fragments of a Lost Gnostic Poem
 of the Twelfth Century*

Found a family, build a state,
 The pledged event is still the same:
 Matter in end will never abate
 His ancient brutal claim.

Indolence is heaven's ally here,
 And energy the child of hell:
 The Good Man pouring from his pitcher clear
 But brims the poisoned well.

L'Envoi: The Return of the Sire de Nesle
 (A.D. 16—)

My towers at last! These rovings end,
 Their thirst is slaked in larger dearth:
 The yearning infinite recoils,
 For terrible is earth.

Kaf thrusts his snouted crags through fog:
 Araxes swells beyond his span,
 And knowledge poured by pilgrimage
 Overflows the banks of man.

But thou, my stay, thy lasting love
 One lonely good, let this but be!
 Weary to view the wide world's swarm,
 But blest to fold but thee.

Immolated

Children of my happier primo,
 When One yet lived with me, and threw
 Her rainbow over life and time,
 Even Hope, my bride, and mother to you!
 O, nurtured in sweet pastoral air,
 And fed on flowers and light and dew
 Of morning meadows—spare, ah, spare
 Reproach; spare, and upbraid me not
 That, yielding scarce to reckless mood,

But jealous of your future lot,
 I sealed you in a fate subdued.
 Have I not saved you from the dread
 Theft, and ignoring which need be
 The triumph of the insincere
 Unanimous Mediocrity?
 Rest therefore, free from all despite,
 Snugged in the arms of comfortable night.

Camoens
 (BEFORE)

And ever must I fan this fire?
 Thus ever in flame on flame aspire?
 Ever restless, restless, craving rest—
 The Imperfect toward Perfection pressed!
 Yes, for the God demands thy best.
 The world with endless beauty teems,
 And thought evokes new worlds of dreams:
 Hunt then the flying herds of themes!
 And fan, still fan, thy fervid fire,
 Until thy crucibled gold shall show
 That fire can purge as well as glow
 In ordered ardour, nobly strong,
 Flame to the height of epic song.

(AFTER)
Camoens in the Hospital

What now avails the pageant verse,
 Trophies and arms with music borne?
 Base is the world; and some rehearse
 Now noblest meet ignoble scorn,
 Vain now thy ardour, vain thy fire,
 Delirium mere, unsound desire;
 Fate's knife hath ripped thy corded lyre.
 Exhausted by the exacting lay,
 Thou dost but fall a surer prey
 To wile and guile ill understood;
 While they who work them, fair in face,
 Still keep their strength in prudent place,
 And claim they worthier run life's race,
 Serving high God with useful good.

Falstaff's Lament over Prince Hal Become Henry V

One that I cherished,
 Yea, loved as a son—
 Up early, up late with,
 My promising one:
 No use in good nurture,
 None, lads, none!

Here on this settle
 He wore the true crown,
 King of good fellows,
 And Fat Jack was one—
 Now, Beadle of England
 In formal array—
 Best fellow alive
 On a throne flung away!

Companions and cronies
 Keep fast and lament;—
 Come drawer, more sack here
 To drown discontent;
 For now intuitions
 Shall wither to codes,
 Pragmatised morals
 Shall libel the gods.

One I instructed,
 Yea, talked to—alone:
 Precept—example
 Clean away thrown!

Sorrow makes thirsty:
 Sack, drawer, more sack!—
 One that I prayed for,
 I, Honest Jack!

To bring down these gray hairs—
 To cut his old pal!
 But, I'll be magnanimous—
 Here's to thee, Hal!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-1888)

Shakespeare

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality:
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure.
 Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

The Forsaken Merman

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
For we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hie! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

.

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children.
Come children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When the gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
It flutter'd, and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death.

The Scholar Gipsy

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill;
Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes:
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-bleach'd green
Come, Shepherd, and again renew the quest.

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use;
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd in this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, Shepherd, will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep:

And air-swept lindens yield
 Their scent, and rustle down their perfum'd showers
 Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
 And bower me from the August sun with shade;
 And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers:

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
 Come, let me read the oft-read tale again,
 The story of the Oxford scholar poor
 Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
 Who, tir'd of knocking at Preferment's door,
 One summer morn forsook
 His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,
 And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,
 And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
 But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country lanes,
 Two scholars whom at college erst he knew
 Met him, and of his way of life inquir'd.
 Whereat he answered that the Gipsy crew,
 His mates, had arts to rule as they desir'd
 The workings of men's brains;
 { And they can bind them to what thoughts they will:
 "And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
 When fully learned, will to the world impart:
 But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more,
 But rumours hung about the country side
 That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
 Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
 In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
 The same the Gipsies wore.
 Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
 At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
 On the warm ingle bench, the smock-frock'd boors
 Had found him seated at their entering.

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly:
 And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
 And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace;
 And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
 I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place;
 Or in my boat I lie
 Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
 Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
 And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,
 And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground.
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round:
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream:

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.
Maidens who from the distant hamlet come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone—
Dark bluebells drench'd with dew of summer eyes—
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wild fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
Mark'd thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air;
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone.

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley wood,
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edg'd way
Pitch their smok'd tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagged and shreds of grey,
Above the forest ground call'd Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food

Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
 So often has he known thee past him stray
 Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
 And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
 Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
 Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
 Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
 Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
 And thou hast climb'd the hill
 And gain'd the white brow of the Cumnor range,
 Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
 The line of festal light in Christ Church hall—
 Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
 Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
 And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
 That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
 To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy tribe:
 And thou from earth art gone
 Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid;
 Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
 Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
 Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours.
 For what wears out the life of mortal men?
 'Tis that from change to change their being rolls:
 'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
 Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
 And numb the elastic powers.
 Till having us'd our nerves with bliss and teen,
 And tir'd upon a thousand schemes our wit,
 To the just-pausing Genius we remit
 Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not liv'd, why should'st thou perish, so?
 Thou hadst one aim, one business, one desire:
 Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead—
 Else hadst thou spent like other men thy fire.
 The generations of thy peers are fled,
 And we ourselves shall go;
 But thou possessest an immortal lot,
 And we imagine thee exempt from age
 And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
 Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not!

↙ For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
 Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
 Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
 Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,

Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
 O Life unlike to ours!
 Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
 Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
 And each half lives a hundred different lives;
 Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,
 Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,
 Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
 Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
 Whose weak resolves never have been fulfill'd;
 For whom each year we see
 Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
 Who hesitate and falter life away,
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
 Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,
 And then we suffer; and amongst us One,
 Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
 His seat upon the intellectual throne;
 And all his store of sad experience he
 Lays bare of wretched days;
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
 And how the breast was sooth'd, and how the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest: and we others pine,
 And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,
 With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
 Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair:
 But none has hope like thine.
 Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
 Roaming the country side, a truant boy,
 Nursing thy project in unclouded sky,
 And every doubt long blown by time away.

Imp.
 O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
 Before this strange disease of modern life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
 Fly hence, our contact fear!
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
 From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
 Still clutching the inviolable shade,
 With a free onward impulse brushing through,
 By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
 Far on the forest skirts, where none pursue,
 On some mild pastoral slope
 Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
 Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
 From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

✓ But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
 For strong the infection of our mental strife,
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
 Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
 Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
 Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
 Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
 As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow
 Among the Aegean isles;
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freight with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine;
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

2 necks

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves;
 And snatch'd His rudder, and shook out more sail,
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

FROM *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
 And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
 Show'd me the high white star of Truth,
 There bade me gaze, and there aspire;
 Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
What dost thou in this living tomb?

Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearn't, so much resign'd!
I come not here to be your foe.
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth;

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

Dover Beach

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

(1823-1892)

Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

From the Greek of CALLIMACHUS

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

(1823-1896)

FROM The Angel in the House

An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, for all the rest
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book:

And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

The Toys

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words and unkissed,
 —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I prayed
 To God, I wept, and said:
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

(1824–1889)

The Fairies

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men.
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and grey,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828-1909)

Love in the Valley

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circling the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
Whispered the world was; morning light is she.
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills and lighting
Wild cloud-mountains that drag the hills along,
Oft ends the day of your shifting brilliant laughter
Chill as a dull face frowning on a song.
Ay, but shows the South-West a ripple-feathered bosom
Blown to silver while the clouds are shaken and ascend,
Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream, there comes a sunset
Rich, deep like love in beauty without end.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant to the window
Turns grave eyes craving light, released from dreams,
Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
Pure from the night, and splendid for the day.

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight,
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted sky-lark,
Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.
Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the rayless planet,
Fountain-full he pours the spraying fountain-showers.
Let me hear her laughter, I would have her ever
Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the flowers.

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads: she knows not why, but now she loiters,
Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.

Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odours and for colour,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Kerchiefed head and chin she darts between her tulips,
Streaming like a willow grey in arrowy rain:
Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and their angel
She will be; she lifts them, and on she speeds again.
Black the driving raincloud breasts the iron gateway:
She is forth to cheer a neighbour lacking mirth.
So when sky and grass met rolling dumb for thunder
Saw I once a white dove, sole light of earth.

Prim little scholars are the flowers of her garden,
Trained to stand in rows, and asking if they please.
I might love them well but for loving more the wild ones:
O my wild ones! they tell me more than these.
You, my wild one, you tell of honied field-rose,
Violet, blushing eglantine in life; and even as they,
They by the wayside are earnest of your goodness,
You are of life's, on the banks that line the way.

Peering at her chamber the white crowns the red rose,
Jasmine winds the porch with stars two and three.
Parted is the window; she sleeps; the starry jasmine
Breathes a falling breath that carries thoughts of me.
Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her my sweetest?
Not while she sleeps: while she sleeps the jasmine breathes,
Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry jasmine
Bears me to her pillow under white rose-wreaths.

Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-grey leaf;
Yellow with stone-crop; the moss-mounds are yellow;
Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing to the sheaf.
Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle;
Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine:
Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heavens,
Thinking of the harvest: I look and think of mine.

This I may know: her dressing and undressing
Such a change of light shows as when the skies in sport
Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edging over thunder
Slips a ray of sun; or sweeping into port
White sails furl; or on the ocean borders
White sails lean along the waves leaping green.
Visions of her shower before me, but from eyesight
Guarded she would be like the sun were she seen.

Front door and back of the mossed old farmhouse
Open with the morn, and in a breezy link
Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shadowed orchard,
Green across a rill where on sand the minnows wink.
Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow fluting notes
Call my darling up with round and roguish challenge:
Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats!

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white dairy
Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there the boys from school,
Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine;
O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool!
Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak.
Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe,
Said "I will kiss you": she laughed and leaned her cheek.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof
Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue.
Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly.
Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere,
Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
O the treasure-tresses one another over
Nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist!
Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet
Quick amid the wheatears: wound about the waist,
Gathered, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness!
O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk drops,
Clipped by naked hills, on violet shaded snow:
Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise,
Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow.
Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-tree
Gazes in this whiteness: nightlong could I.
Here may life on death or death on life be painted.
Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot die!

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber
Where there is no window, read not heaven or her.
"When she was a tiny," one aged woman quavers,
Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear.

Faults she had once as she learnt to run and tumbled:
Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy
Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,
Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.
Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.—
Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
Arms up, she dropped: our souls were in our names.

Soon will she lie like a white-frost sunrise.
Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley pale as rye,
Long since your sheaves have yielded to the thresher,
Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses fly.
Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset.
Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged Spring!
Sing from the South-West, bring her back the truants,
Nightingale and swallow, song and dipping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy April
Spreading bough on bough a primrose mountain, you
Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the skyfields,
Youngest green transfused in silver shining through:
Fairer than the lily, than the wild white cherry:
Fair as in image my seraph love appears
Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at my eyelids:
Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on tears.

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

FROM *Modern Love*

VI

It chanced his lips did meet her forehead cool.
She had no blush, but slanted down her eye.
Shamed nature, then, confesses love can die:
And most she punishes the tender fool
Who will believe what honours her the most!
Dead! Is it dead? She has a pulse, and flow
Of tears, the price of blood-drops, as I know,

For whom the midnight sobs around Love's ghost,
 Since then I heard her, and so will sob on.
 The love is here; it has but changed its aim.
 O bitter barren woman! what's the name?
 The name, the name, the new name thou hast won?
 Behold me striking the world's coward stroke!
 That will I not do, though the sting is dire.
 —Beneath the surface this, while by the fire
 They sat, she laughing at a quiet joke.

XII

Not solely that the Future she destroys,
 And the fair life which in the distance lies
 For all men, beckoning out from dim rich skies:
 Nor that the passing hour's supporting joys
 Have lost the keen-edged flavour, which begat
 Distinction in old times, and still should breed
 Sweet Memory, and Hope,—earth's modest seed,
 And heaven's high-prompting: not that the world is flat
 Since that soft-luring creature I embraced,
 Among the children of Illusion went:
 Methinks with all this loss I were content,
 If the mad Past, on which my foot is based,
 Were firm, or might be blotted: but the whole
 Of life is mixed: the mocking Past will stay:
 And if I drink oblivion of a day,
 So shorten I the stature of my soul.

xxx

What are we first? First, animals; and next
 Intelligences at a leap; on whom
 Pale lies the distant shadow of the tomb,
 And all that draweth on the tomb for text.
 Into which state comes Love, the crowning sun:
 Beneath whose light the shadow loses form.
 We are the lords of life, and life is warm.
 Intelligence and instinct now are one.
 But nature says: "My children most they seem
 When they least know me: therefore I decree
 That they shall suffer." Swift doth young Love flee,
 And we stand wakened, shivering from our dream.
 Then if we study Nature we are wise,
 Thus do the few who live but with the day:
 The scientific animals are they.—
 Lady, this is my sonnet to your eyes.

XLII

I am to follow her. There is much grace
 In women when thus bent on martyrdom.
 They think that dignity of soul may come,
 Perchance, with dignity of body. Base!

But I was taken by that air of cold
 And statuesque sedateness, when she said
 "I'm going"; lit a taper, bowed her head,
 And went, as with the stride of Pallas bold.
 Fleshly indifference horrible! The hands
 Of Time now signal: O, she's safe from me!
 Within those secret walls what do I see?
 Where first she set the taper down she stands:
 Not Pallas: Hebe shamed! Thoughts black as death,
 Like a stirred pool in sunshine break. Her wrists
 I catch: she faltering, as she half resists,
 "You love . . . ? love . . . ? love . . . ?" all on an
 indrawn breath.

XLVII

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
 And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
 We had not to look back on summer joys,
 Or forward to a summer of bright dye:
 But in the largeness of the evening earth
 Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
 The hour became her husband and my bride.
 Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!
 The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
 In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
 Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
 Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
 Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
 This little moment mercifully gave,
 Where I have seen across the twilight wave
 The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

L

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
 The union of this ever-diverse pair!
 These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
 Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
 Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
 They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers;
 But they fed not on the advancing hours:
 Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
 Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
 Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
 Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
 When hot for certainties in this our life!—
 In tragic hints here see what evermore
 Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
 Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
 To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

Appreciation

Earth was not Earth before her sons appeared,
 Nor Beauty Beauty ere young Love was born:
 And thou when I lay hidden wast as morn
 At city-windows, touching eyelids bleared;
 To none by her fresh wingedness endeared;
 Unwelcome unto revellers outworn.
 I the last echoes of Diana's horn
 In woodland heard, and saw thee come, and cheered.
 No longer wast thou then mere light, fair soul!
 And more than simple duty moved thy feet.
 New colours rose in thee, from fear, from shame,
 From hope, effused: though not less pure a scroll
 May men read on the heart I taught to beat:
 That change in thee, if not thyself, I claim.

Lucifer in Starlight

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
 Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
 Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
 Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
 Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
 And now upon his western wing he leaned,
 Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
 Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
 Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
 With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
 He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
 Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
 Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(1828-1882)

A Little While

A little while a little love
 The hour yet bears for thee and me
 Who have not drawn the veil to see
 If still our heaven be lit above.
 Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
 Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone;
 And I have heard the night-wind cry
 And deemed its speech mine own.

A little while a little love
The scattering autumn hoards for us
Whose bower is not yet ruinous
Nor quite unleaved our songless grove.
Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea,
And deep in both our hearts they rouse
One wail for thee and me.

A little while a little love
May yet be ours who have not said
The word it makes our eyes afraid
To know that each is thinking of.
Not yet the end: be our lips dumb
In smiles a little season yet:
I'll tell thee, when the end is come,
How we may best forget.

Three Shadows

I looked and saw your eyes
In the shadow of your hair,
As a traveller sees the stream
In the shadow of the wood;
And I said, "My faint heart sighs,
Ah me! to linger there,
To drink deep and to dream
In that sweet solitude."

I looked and saw your heart
In the shadow of your eyes,
As a seeker sees the gold
In the shadow of the stream;
And I said, "Ah me! what art
Should win the immortal prize,
Whose want must make life cold
And Heaven a hollow dream?"

I looked and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;
And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart,—
"Ah! you can love, true girl,
And is your love for me?"

•

Autumn Song

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
 How the heart feels a languid grief
 Laid on it for a covering,
 And how sleep seems a goodly thing
 In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

And how the swift beat of the brain
 Falters because it is in vain,
 In Autumn at the fall of the leaf
 Knowest thou not? and how the chief
 Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
 How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
 Bound up at length for harvesting,
 And how death seems a comely thing
 In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

For a Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione

Water, for anguish of the solstice:—nay,
 But dip the vessel slowly,—nay, but lean
 And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
 Reluctant. Hush! beyond all depth away
 The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
 Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
 That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
 Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
 Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
 And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
 Is cool against her naked side? Let be:—
 Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
 Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,—
 Life touching lips with immortality.

FROM The House of Life

1.

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
 Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fullness reverent:
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As Night or Day may rule; and let Time see
 Its flowering crest imperaled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
 The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:—
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve; or, mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

2.

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known?
 Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

3.

WITHOUT HER

What of her glass without her? The blank grey
 There where the pool is blind of the moon's face.
 Her dress without her? The tossed empty space
 Of cloud-rack whence the moon has passed away.
 Her paths without her? Day's appointed sway
 Usurped by desolate night. Her pillowed place
 Without her? Tears ah me! for love's good grace,
 And cold forgetfulness of night or day.

What of the heart without her? Nay, poor heart,
 Of thee what word remains ere speech be still?
 A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
 Steep ways and weary, without her thou art,
 Where the long cloud, the long wood's counterpart,
 Sheds doubled darkness up the labouring hill.

4.

THE CHOICE

I

Eat thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
 We'll drown all hours: thy song, while hours are toll'd,
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.

Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
 My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!
 Through many years they toil; then on a day
 They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease;
 And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.

II

Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?
 Is not the day which God's word promiseth
 To come man knows not when? In yonder sky
 Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth: can I
 Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath
 Even at this moment haply quickeneth
 The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
 Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.
 And dost thou prate of all that men shall do?
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell? Go to:
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

III

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er:
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
 How should this be? Art thou then so much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?
 Nay come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

The Ballad of Dead Ladies

Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard in river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
 Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden,—
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
 Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Save with thus much for an overword,—
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

From the French of FRANÇOIS VILLON, 1450

Beauty

(A COMBINATION FROM SAPPHO)

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
 A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot somehow,—
 Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

Like the wild hyacinth which on the hills is found,
 Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
 Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

(1830-1894)

FROM *Monna Innominata*

XI

Many in after times will say of you
 "He loved her"—while of me what will they say?
 Not that I loved you more than just in play,
 For fashion's sake as idle women do.
 Even let them prate; who know not what we knew
 Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
 Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
 Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
 But by my heart of love laid bare to you,
 My love that you can make not void nor vain,
 Love that foregoes you but to claim anew
 Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
 I charge you at the Judgment make it plain
 My love of you was life and not a breath.

XIV

Youth gone, and beauty gone if ever there
 Dwelt beauty in so poor a face as this;
 Youth gone and beauty, what remains of bliss?
 I will not bind fresh roses in my hair,
 To shame a cheek at best but little fair,—
 Leave youth his roses, who can bear a thorn,—
 I will not seek for blossoms anywhere,
 Except such common flowers as blow with corn.
 Youth gone and beauty gone, what doth remain?
 The longing of a heart pent up forlorn,
 A silent heart whose silence loves and longs;
 The silence of a heart which sang its songs
 While youth and beauty made a summer morn,
 Silence of love that cannot sing again.

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet:
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

Song

Oh roses for the flush of youth,
 And laurel for the perfect prime;
 But pluck an ivy branch for me
 Grown old before my time.

Oh violets for the grave of youth,
 And bay for those dead in their prime;
 Give me the withered leaves I chose
 Before in the old time.

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

FROM *The Prince's Progress*

Too late for love, too late for joy,
 Too late, too late!
 You loitered on the road too long,
 You trifled at the gate:
 The enchanted dove upon her branch
 Died without a mate;
 The enchanted princess in her tower
 Slept, died, behind the grate;
 Her heart was starving all this while
 You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
Though somewhat slow;
Then you had known her living face
Which now you cannot know:
The frozen fountain would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
To melt the snow.

Is she fair now as she lies?
Once she was fair;
Meet queen for any kingly king,
With gold-dust on her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the want graven there:
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown;
Her bed seemed never soft to her,
Though tossed of down;
She little heeded what she wore,
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silvery hairs showed in her locks
That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste;
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet:
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed:
But wherefore should you weep to-day
That she is dead?
Lo, we who love weep not to-day,
But crown her royal head.

Let be these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red:
Let these be poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread.

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot:
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsty longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

Twice

I took my heart in my hand,
 (O my love, O my love),
 I said: Let me fall or stand,
 Let me live or die,
 But this once hear me speak—
 (O my love, O my love)—
 Yet a woman's words are weak;
 You should speak, not I.

You took my heart in your hand
 With a friendly smile,
 With a critical eye you scanned,
 Then set it down,
 And said: It is still unripe,
 Better wait awhile;
 Wait while the skylarks pipe,
 Till the corn grows brown.

As you set it down it broke—
 Broke, but did not wince;
 I smiled at the speech you spoke,
 At your judgment that I heard:
 But I have not often smiled
 Since then, nor questioned since,
 Nor cared for corn-flowers wild,
 Nor sung with the singing bird.

I take my heart in my hand,
 O my God, O my God,
 My broken heart in my hand:
 Thou hast seen, judge Thou.
 My hope was written on sand,
 O my God, O my God:
 Now let Thy judgment stand—
 Yes, judge me now.

This condemned of a man,
 This marred one heedless day,
 This heart take Thou to scan
 Both within and without:
 Refine with fire its gold,
 Purge Thou its dross away—
 Yea hold it in Thy hold,
 Whence none can pluck it out.

I take my heart in my hand—
 I shall not die, but live—
 Before Thy face I stand;
 I, for Thou callest such:
 All that I have I bring,
 All that I am I give;
 Smile Thou and I shall sing,
 But shall not question much.

EMILY DICKINSON

(1830-1886)

"My Life Closed Twice . . ."

My life closed twice before its close;
 It yet remains to see
 If Immortality unveil
 A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
 As these that twice befell.
 Parting is all we know of heaven,
 And all we need of hell.

"Doubt Me . . ."

Doubt me, my dim companion!
 Why, God would be content
 With but a fraction of the love
 Poured thee without a stint.
 The whole of me, forever,
 What more the woman can,—
 Say quick, that I may dower thee
 With last delight I own!

It cannot be my spirit,
 For that was thine before;
 I ceded all of dust I knew,—
 What opulence the more
 Had I, a humble maiden,
 Whose farthest of degree
 Was that she might
 Some distant heaven,
 Dwell timidly with thee!

"I'm Ceded . . ."

I'm ceded, I've stopped being theirs;
 The name they dropped upon my face
 With water, in the country church,
 Is finished using now,
 And they can put it with my dolls,
 My childhood, and the string of spools
 I've finished threading too.

Baptized before without the choice,
 But this time consciously, of grace
 Unto supremest name,
 Called to my full, the crescent dropped,
 Existence's whole arc filled up
 With one small diadem.

My second rank, too small the first,
 Crowned, crowing on my father's breast,
 A half unconscious queen;
 But this time, adequate, erect,
 With will to choose or to reject,
 And I choose—just a throne.

"I'm Wife . . ."

I'm wife; I've finished that,
 That other state;
 I'm Czar, I'm woman now:
 It's safer so.

How odd the girl's life looks
 Behind this soft eclipse!
 I think that earth seems so
 To those in heaven now.

This being comfort, then
 That other kind was pain;
 But why compare?
 I'm wife! stop there!

"Proud of My Broken Heart . . ."

Proud of my broken heart since thou didst break it,
 Proud of the pain I did not feel till thee.
 Proud of my night since thou with moons dost slake it,
 Not to partake thy passion, my humility.

"Heart, We Will Forget Him!"

Heart, we will forget him!
 You and I, to-night!
 You may forget the warmth he gave,
 I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
 That I my thoughts may dim;
 Haste! lest while you're lagging,
 I may remember him!

"Title Divine Is Mine"

Title divine is mine
 The Wife without
 The Sign.
 Acute degree
 Conferred on me—
 Empress of Calvary.
 Royal all but the
 Crown—
 Betrothed, without the swoon
 God gives us women
 When two hold
 Garnet to garnet,
 Gold to gold—
 Born—Bridalled—
 Shrouded—
 In a day
 Tri-Victory—
 "My Husband"
 Women say
 Stroking the melody,
 Is this the way?

"This Quiet Dust . . ."

This quiet dust was Gentlemen and Ladies,
 And Lads and Girls;
 Was laughter and ability and sighing,
 And frocks and curls.
 This passive place a Summer's nimble mansion,
 Where Bloom and Bees
 Fulfilled their Oriental Circuit,
 Then ceased like these.

JAMES THOMSON

(1834-1882)

FROM *The City of Dreadful Night*

PROEM

Lo, thus, as prostrate, "In the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears."
 Yet why evoke the spectres of black night
 To blot the sunshine of exultant years?
 Why disinter dead faith from mouldering hidden?
 Why break the seals of mute despair unbidden,
 And wail life's discords into careless ears?

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
 To show their bitter old and wrinkled truth
 Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
 False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth;
 Because it gives some sense of power and passion
 In helpless impotence to try to fashion
 Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth.

Surely I write not for the hopeful young,
 Or those who deem their happiness of worth,
 Or such as pasture and grow fat among
 The shows of life and feel not doubt nor dearth,
 Or pious spirits with a God above them
 To sanctify and glorify and love them,
 Or sages who foresee a heaven on earth.

For none of these I write, and none of these
 Could read the writing if they deigned to try:
 So may they flourish in their due degrees,
 On our sweet earth and in their unplaced sky.
 If any cares for the weak words here written,
 It must be some one desolate, Fate-smitten,
 Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
 In that same city of tremendous night
 Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
 Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight;
 "I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
 Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
 Travels the same wild paths though out of sight."

O sad Fraternity, do I unfold
 Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore?
 Nay, be assured; no secret can be told
 To any who divined it not before:
 None uninitiate by many a presage
 Will comprehend the language of the message,
 Although proclaimed aloud for evermore.

I

The City is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night; for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold grey air;
The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,
Some frequently, some seldom, some by night
And some by day, some night and day: we learn,
The while all change and many vanish quite,
In their recurrence with recurrent changes
A certain seeming order; where this ranges
We count things real; such is memory's might.

A river girds the city west and south,
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;
Waste marshes shine and glisten to the moon
For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn.

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest
Which swells out two leagues from the river marge.
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,
Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains,
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense

Fulfil with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

Mature men chiefly, few in age or youth,
A woman rarely, now and then a child:
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves, they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly, and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamour,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair;
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

XIII

Of all things human which are strange and wild
This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
And showeth man most utterly beguiled,
To those who haunt that sunless City's range;
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him and the days;
 The burden of the months he scarce can bear;
 And often in his secret soul he prays
 To sleep through barren periods unaware,
 Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
 Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
 He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvellous fancy he must make
 Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us;
 This Time that crawleth like a monstrous snake,
 Wounded and slow and very venomous;
 Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth and ocean,
 Distilling poison at each painful motion,
 And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright
 The little time here given him in trust,
 But wasteth it in weary undelight
 Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
 He naturally claimeth to inherit
 The everlasting Future, that his merit
 May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
 O nights that are as aeons of slow pain,
 O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
 O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
 Immutable for all of all our legions
 Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
 Not of your speed and variance *we* complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
 Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
 We do not claim renewed and endless life
 When this which is our torment here shall close,
 An everlasting conscious inanition!
 We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
 Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

FROM Sunday up the River

I

I looked out into the morning,
 I looked out into the west:
 The soft blue eye of the quiet sky
 Still drooped in dreamy rest;

The trees were still like clouds there,
 The clouds like mountains dim;
 The broad mist lay, a silver bay
 Whose tide was at the brim.

I looked out into the morning,
 I looked out into the east:
 The flood of light upon the night
 Had silently increased;

The sky was pale with fervour,
 The distant trees were grey,
 The hill-lines drawn like waves of dawn
 Dissolving in the day.

I looked out into the morning;
 Looked east, looked west, with glee:
 O richest day of happy May,
 My love will spend with me!

XVIII

The wine of Love is music,
 And the feast of Love is song:
 And when Love sits down to the banquet,
 Love sits long;

Sits long and ariseth drunken,
 But not with the feast and the wine;
 He reeleth with his own heart,
 That great rich Vine.

FROM Sunday at Hampstead

X

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
 The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
 But the starry heavens above the plain
 Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
 The silver doves of the forest of Night,
 Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
 Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
 Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
 For we carry the Heavens with us, Dear,
 While the Earth slips from our feet!

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834-1896)

Summer Dawn

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
 Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
 The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
 Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the
 cloud-bars,
 That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:
 Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
 Waits to float through them along with the sun.
 Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
 The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
 The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
 Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn
 Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
 Speak but one word to me over the corn,
 Over the tender, bowed locks of the corn.

FROM *The Life and Death of Jason*

1.

I know a little garden-close,
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.
 And though within it no birds sing,
 And though no pillared house is there,
 And though the apple boughs are bare
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God
 Her feet upon the green grass trod,
 And I beheld them as before.
 There comes a murmur from the shore,
 And in the place two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;
 The hills whose flowers n'er fed the bee,
 The shore no ship has ever seen,
 Still beaten by the billows green,
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry.
 For which I cry both day and night,
 For which I let slip all delight,
 That maketh me both deaf and blind,
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,
 And quick to lose what all men seek.
 Yet tottering as I am and weak,
 Still have I left a little breath
 To seek within the jaws of death

An entrance to that happy place,
 To seek the unforgotten face
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
 Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

2.

The Sirens: Think not of pleasure, short and vain,
 Wherewith, 'mid days of toil and pain,
 With sick and sinking hearts ye strive
 To cheat yourselves that ye may live
 With cold death ever close at hand;
 Think rather of a peaceful land,
 The changeless land where ye may be
 Roofed over by the changeful sea.

Orpheus: And is the fair town nothing then,
 The coming of the wandering men
 With that long talked of thing and strange,
 And news of how the kingdoms change,
 The pointed hands, and wondering
 At doers of a desperate thing?
 Push on, for surely this shall be
 Across a narrow strip of sea.

The Sirens: Alas! poor souls and timorous,
 Will ye draw nigh to gaze at us
 And see if we are fair indeed,
 For such as we shall be your meed,
 There, where our hearts would have you go,
 And where can the earth-dwellers show
 In any land such loveliness
 As that wherewith your eyes we bless,
 O wanderers of the Minyae,
 Worn toilers over land and sea?

Orpheus: Fair as the lightning thwart the sky,
 As sun-dyed snow upon the high
 Untrodden heaps of threatening stone
 The eagle looks upon alone,
 O fair as the doomed victim's wreath,
 O fair as deadly sleep and death,
 What will ye with them, earthly men,
 To mate your three-score years and ten?
 Toil rather, suffer and be free,
 Betwixt the green earth and the sea.

The Sirens: If ye be bold with us to go,
 Things such as happy dreams may show
 Shall your once heavy eyes behold
 About our palaces of gold;

Where waters 'neath the waters run,
And from o'erhead a harmless sun
Gleams through the woods of chrysolite.
There gardens fairer to the sight
Than those of the Phaeacian king
Shall ye behold; and, wondering,
Gaze on the sea-born fruit and flowers,
And thornless and unchanging bowers,
Whereof the May-time knoweth nought.

So to the pillared house being brought,
Poor souls, ye shall not be alone,
For o'er the floors of pale blue stone
All day such feet as ours shall pass,
And 'twixt the glimmering walls of glass,
Such bodies garlanded with gold,
So faint, so fair, shall ye behold,
And clean forget the treachery
Of changing earth and tumbling sea.

Orpheus: O the sweet valley of deep grass,
Where through the summer stream doth pass,
In chain of shallow, and still pool,
From misty morn to evening cool;
Where the black ivy creeps and twines
O'er the dark-armed, red-trunked pines,
Whence clattering the pigeon flits,
Or, brooding o'er her thin eggs, sits,
And every hollow of the hills
With echoing song the mavis fills.
There by the stream, all unafraid,
Shall stand the happy shepherd maid,
Alone in first of sunlit hours;
Behind her, on the dewy flowers,
Her homespun woollen raiment lies,
And her white limbs and sweet grey eyes
Shine from the calm green pool and deep,
While round about the swallows sweep,
Not silent; and would God that we,
Like them, were landed from the sea.

The Sirens: Shall we not rise with you at night,
Up through the shimmering green twilight,
That maketh there our changeless day,
Then going through the moonlight grey,
Shall we not sit upon these sands,
To think upon the troublous lands
Long left behind, where once ye were,
When every day brought change and fear?
There, with white arms about you twined,
And shuddering somewhat at the wind

That ye rejoiced erewhile to meet,
 Be happy, while old stories sweet,
 Half understood, float round your ears,
 And fill your eyes with happy tears.

Ah! while we sing unto you there,
 As now we sing, with yellow hair
 Blown round about these pearly limbs,
 While underneath the grey sky swims
 The light shell-sailor of the waves,
 And to our song, from sea-filled caves
 Booms out an echoing harmony,
 Shall ye not love the peaceful sea?

Orpheus: Nigh the vine-covered hillocks green,
 In days ago, have I not seen
 The brown-clad maidens amorous,
 Below the long rose-trellised house,
 Dance to the querulous pipe and shrill,
 When the grey shadow of the hill
 Was lengthening at the end of day?
 Not shadowy or pale were they,
 But limbed like those who 'twixt the trees
 Follow the swift of Goddesses.
 Sunburnt they are somewhat, indeed,
 To where the rough brown woollen weed
 Is drawn across their bosoms sweet,
 Or cast from off their dancing feet;
 But yet the stars, the moonlight grey,
 The water wan, the dawn of day,
 Can see their bodies fair and white
 As Hers, who once, for man's delight,
 Before the world grew hard and old,
 Came o'er the bitter sea and cold;
 And surely those that met me there,
 Her handmaidens and subjects were;
 And shame-faced, half-repressed desire
 Had lit their glorious eyes with fire,
 That maddens eager hearts of men.
 O would that I were with them when
 The risen moon is gathering light,
 And yellow from the homestead white
 The windows gleam; but verily
 This waits us o'er a little sea.

The Sirens: Come to the land where none grows old,
 And none is rash or over-bold,
 Nor any noise there is or war,
 Or rumour from wild lands afar,
 Or plagues, or birth and death of kings;
 No vain desire of unknown things

Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye.

So while the kingdoms pass away,
Ye sea-beat hardened toilers erst,
Unresting, for vain fame athirst,
Shall be at peace for evermore,
With hearts fulfilled of Godlike lore,
And calm, unwavering Godlike love,
No lapse of time can turn or move.
There, ages after your fair fleece
Is clean forgotten, yea, and Greece
Is no more counted glorious,
Alone with us, alone with us,
Alone with us, dwell happily,
Beneath our trembling roof of sea.

Orpheus: Ah! do ye weary of the strife
And long to change this eager life
For shadowy and dull hopelessness,
Thinking indeed to gain no less
Than far from this grey light to lie,
And there to die and not to die,
To be as if ye ne'er had been,
Yet keep your memory fresh and green,
To have no thought of good or ill,
Yet feed your fill of pleasure still?
O idle dream! Ah, verily
If it shall happen unto me
That I have thought of anything,
When o'er my bones the sea-fowl sing,
And I lie dead, how shall I pine
For those fresh joys that once were mine,
On this green fount of joy and mirth,
The ever young and glorious earth;
Then, helpless, shall I call to mind
Thoughts of the sweet flower-scented wind,
The dew, the gentle rain at night,
The wonder-working snow and white,
The song of birds, the water's fall,
The sun that maketh bliss of all;
Yea, this our toil and victory,
The tyrannous and conquered sea.

The Sirens: Ah, will ye go, and whither then
Will ye go from us, soon to die,
To fill your three-score years and ten,
With many an unnamed misery?

And this the wretchedest of all,
 That when upon your lonely eyes
 The last faint heaviness shall fall
 Ye shall bethink you of our cries.

Come back, nor grown old, seek in vain
 To hear us sing across the sea.
 Come back, come back, come back again,
 Come back, O fearful Minyae!

Orpheus: Ah, once again, ah, once again,
 The black prow plunges through the sea,
 Nor yet shall all your toil be vain,
 Nor ye forgot, O Minyae.

FROM *The Earthly Paradise*

1.

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
 Remember me a little then I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
 That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Or long time take their memory quite away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
 Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
 Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
 Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
 Telling a tale not too importunate
 To those who in the sleepy region stay,
 Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

2.

O June, O June, that we desired so,
 Wilt thou not make us happy on this day?
 Across the river thy soft breezes blow
 Sweet with the scent of beanfields far away,
 Above our heads rustle the aspens grey,
 Calm is the sky with harmless clouds beset,
 No thought of storm the morning vexes yet.

See, we have left our hopes and fears behind
 To give our very hearts up unto thee;
 What better place than this then could we find
 By this sweet stream that knows not of the sea,
 That guesses not the city's misery,
 This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names
 This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames?

Here then, O June, thy kindness will we take;
 And if indeed but pensive men we seem,
 What should we do? thou wouldst not have us wake
 From out the arms of this rare happy dream
 And wish to leave the murmur of the stream,
 The rustling boughs, the twitter of the birds,
 And all thy thousand peaceful happy words.

FROM *Ogier the Dane*

Haec: In the white-flowered hawthorn brake,
 Love, be merry for my sake;
 Twine the blossoms in my hair,
 Kiss me where I am most fair—
 Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
 What thing cometh after death?

Ille: Nay, the garlanded gold hair
 Hides thee where thou art most fair;
 Hides the rose-tinged hills of snow—
 Ah, sweet love, I have thee now!
 Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
 What thing cometh after death?

Haec: Shall we weep for a dead day,
 Or set Sorrow in our way?
 Hidden by my golden hair,
 Wilt thou weep that sweet days wear?
 Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
 What thing cometh after death?

Ille: Weep, O Love, the days that flit,
 Now, while I can feel thy breath;
 Then may I remember it
 Sad and old, and near my death.
 Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
 What thing cometh after death?

FROM *Love Is Enough*

Love is Enough: though the World be a-waning
 And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
 Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
 The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
 Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
 And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,
 Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;
 The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
 These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY
 (1835-1895)

FROM *Amaranth*

He trod the humbler fields of time:
 How should he gain me gear or gold?
 How should this dullard hope to climb,
 Who hardly knew how Faith is sold?

He was no senate quack, who came
 To nibble at the public purse,
 And rise, a charlatan, to fame
 By leaving bad a little worse.

The balm of popular success
 Ignored his inconspicuous head,
 The unction of the daily press
 In inky blossoms ne'er was shed.

He spun no cotton, owned no banks,
 He ran no racers, gave no balls,
 He had no deer with dappled flanks
 To trot around his stuccoed halls.

He came no king of beer to crown
 The jostling streets with barrelled drays;
 No huckster, full of promise, loud
 To sing the mighty Mammon's praise.

Too proud to tell the rabble votes
That all the mob demands is true:
Too dull to learn the parrot notes
Of Freedom from the last Review.

Too slow to feign a patriot fire,
Then clutch the prizes of the game;
Or follow ankle-deep in mire
The beckoning smile of spurious Fame.

He did not trust some cherub black,
To ope the *El Dorado* gate,
Nor went with every lantern jack,
Who flickers o'er a festering State.

He stood aside and watched the strife,
Weary, and longing to depart:
He left, as assets of his life,
The record of a wasted heart.

The Wine of Life

He best can drink the wine of Life,
And sweetly crush the grape of Fate,
Who shuts the Janus doors of strife,
And binds an olive on his gate.

Who needs no victim to atone
The record of his blameless hour;
Contentment is the corner-stone
On which he builds his arch of power.

He best enjoys who can refrain,
He least is nimble Fortune's fool,
Who sees his honest Duty plain,
A scholar in her iron school.

How idle for a spurious fame
To roll in thorn-beds of unrest:
What matter whom the mob acclaim
If thou art master of thy breast?

If sick thy soul with fear and doubt,
And weary with the rabble din,—
If thou wouldst scorn the herd without
First make the discord calm within.

If we are lords in our disdain,
And rule our kingdoms of despair,
As fools we shall not plough the main
For halters made of syren's hair.

We need not traverse foreign earth
To seek an alien Sorrow's face.
She sits within thy central hearth,
And at thy table has her place.

So with this hour of push and pelf,
Where nought unsordid seems to last,
Vex not thy miserable self,
But search the fallows of the past.

In Time's rich tract behind us lies
A soil replete with root and seed;
There harvest wheat repays the wise,
While idiots find but charlock weed.

There we can hear the flute of Pan,
Bewailing down the reedy vales:
There see the tempest-beaten swan
Sail broken, down the moaning gales.

And larger heroes in that morn
Stride mist-like thro' the asphodel,
And hoary bards with cheeks unshorn
Invoke anew the lyric spell.

On me their burning helms they turn,
Their eagle banners awe the glen,
They, rising from each dusty urn,
Display their giant limbs again.

A broad cup brimmed with mighty red
These silent years to us assign;
From old Falernian vineyards shed,
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

Old Fauns have breathed against the grapes,
Old-world aromas haunt the bowl;
Still music of forgotten shapes,
Dim pathos of a Pagan soul.

There from these dark and glimmering lands,
From altars wrecked with ivy trail,
Old Flaccus reaches out his hands,
And bids the mild barbarian hail.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837-1909)

FROM *The Triumph of Time*

I have put my days and dreams out of mind
Days that are over, dreams that are done.
Though we seek life through, we shall surely find
There is none of them clear to us now, not one.
But clear are these things; the grass and the sand,
Where, sure as the eyes reach, ever at hand,
With lips wide open and face burnt blind,
The strong sea-daisies feast on the sun.

The low downs lean to the sea; the stream,
One loose thin pulseless tremulous vein,
Rapid and vivid and dumb as a dream,
Works downward, sick of the sun and the rain;
No wind is rough with the rank rare flowers;
The sweet sea, mother of loves and hours,
Shudders and shines as the grey winds gleam,
Turning her smile to a fugitive pain.

Mother of loves that are swift to fade,
Mother of mutable winds and hours.
A barren mother, a mother-maid,
Cold and clean as her faint salt flowers.
I would we twain were even as she,
Lost in the night and the light of the sea,
Where faint sounds falter and wan beams wade,
Break, and are broken, and shed into showers.

The loves and hours of the life of a man,
They are swift and sad, being born of the sea.
Hours that rejoice and regret for a span,
Born with a man's breath, mortal as he;
Loves that are lost ere they come to birth,
Weeds of the wave, without fruit upon earth.
I lose what I long for, save what I can,
My love, my love, and no love for me!

It is not much that a man can save
On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
Who swims in sight of the great third wave
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb.
Some waif washed up with the strays and spars
That ebb-tide shows to the shore and the stars;
Weed from the water, grass from a grave,
A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme.

There will no man do for your sake, I think,
What I would have done for the least word said.
I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
Broken it up for your daily bread:
Body for body and blood for blood,
As the flow of the full sea risen to flood
That yearns and trembles before it sink,
I had given, and lain down for you, glad and dead.

Yea, hope at highest and all her fruit,
And time at fullest and all his dower,
I had given you surely, and life to boot,
Were we once made one for a single hour.
But now, you are twain, you are cloven apart,
Flesh of his flesh, but heart of my heart;
And deep in one is the bitter root,
And sweet for one is the lifelong flower.

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast:
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf tips
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;

Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace:
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said
"Live"; and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I,
How shall I praise them, or how take rest?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before,
Sweet things or bitterness, any more.
Love will not come to me now though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

A Leave-Taking

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear.
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap".
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.
She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.
Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.
Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;
And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;
Though all those waves went over us, and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.
Sing all once more together; surely she,
She too, remembering days and words that were,
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been
there.
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
She would not see.

FROM *Anactoria*

Thee too the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flower whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And colour of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflux and flush of heaven about thine head,
Nor reddened brows made pale by floral grief
With splendid shadow from that lordlier leaf.
Yea, thou shalt be forgotten like spilt wine,
Except these kisses of my lips on thine
Brand them with immortality; but me—
Men shall not see bright fire nor hear the sea,
Nor mix their hearts with music, nor behold
Cast forth of heaven, with feet of awful gold
And plumeless wings, that make the bright air blind,
Lightning, with thunder for a hound behind
Hunting through fields unfurrowed and unsown,
But in the light and laughter, in the moan
And music, and in grasp of lip and hand
And shudder of water that makes felt on land
The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,
Memories shall mix and metaphors of me.
Like me shall be the shuddering calm of night,
When all the winds of the world for pure delight
Close lips that quiver and fold up wings that ache;
When nightingales are louder for love's sake,
And leaves tremble like lute-strings or like fire;
Like me the one star swooning with desire
Even at the cold lips of the sleepless moon,
As I at thine; like me the waste white noon,
Burnt through with barren sunlight; and like me
The land-stream and the tide-stream in the sea.
I am sick with time as these with ebb and flow,
And by the yearning in my veins I know
The yearning sound of waters; and mine eyes
Burn as that beamless fire which fills the skies
With troubled stars and travailing things of flame;
And in my heart the grief consuming them
Labours, and in my veins the thirst of these,
And all the summer travail of the trees
And all the winter sickness; and the earth,
Filled full with deadly works of death and birth,
Sore spent with hungry lusts of birth and death,
Has pain like mine in her divided breath;
Her spring of leaves is barren, and her fruit

Ashes; her boughs are burdened; and her root
Fibrous and gnarled with poison; underneath
Serpents have gnawn it through with tortuous teeth
Made sharp upon the bones of all the dead,
And wild birds rend her branches overhead.
These, woven as raiment for his word and thought,
These hath God made, and me as these, and wrought
Song, and hath lit it at my lips; and me
Earth shall not gather though she feed on thee.
As a tear shed shalt thou be shed; but I—
Lo, earth may labour, men live long and die,
Years change and stars, and the high God devise
New things, and old things wane before his eyes
Who wields and wrecks them, being more strong than they—
But, having made me, me he shall not slay.
Nor slay nor satiate, like those herds of his
Who laugh and live a little, and their kiss
Contents them, and their loves are swift and sweet,
And sure death grasps and gains them with slow feet,
Love they or hate they, strive or bow the knees—
And all these end; he hath his will of these.
Yea, but albeit he slay me, hating me—
Albeit he hide me in the deep dear sea
And cover me with cool wan foam, and ease
This soul of mine as any soul of these,
And give me water and great sweet waves, and make
The very sea's name lordlier for my sake,
The whole sea sweeter—albeit I die indeed
And hide myself and sleep and no man heed,
Of me the high God hath not all his will.
Blossom of branches, and on each high hill
Clear air and wind, and under in clamorous vales
Fierce noises of the fiery nightingales,
Buds burning in the sudden spring like fire,
The wan washed sand and the waves' vain desire,
Sails seen like blown white flowers at sea, and words
That bring tears swiftest, and long notes of birds
Violently singing till the whole world sings—
I Sappho shall be one with all these things,
With all high things for ever; and my face
Seen once, my songs once heard in a strange place,
Cleave to men's lives, and waste the days thereof
With gladness and much sadness and long love.
Yea, they shall say, earth's womb has borne in vain
New things, and never this best thing again;
Borne days and men, borne fruits and wars and wine,
Seasons and songs, but no song more like mine.
And they shall know me as ye who have known me here,
Last year when I loved Atthis, and this year
When I love thee; and they shall praise me and say:
"She hath all time as all we have our day,

Shall she not live and have her will"—even I?
 For these shall give me of their souls, shall give
 Life, and the days and loves wherewith I live,
 Shall quicken me with loving, fill with breath,
 Save me and serve me, strive for me with death.
 Alas, that neither moon nor snow nor dew
 Nor all cold things can purge me wholly through,
 Assuage me nor allay me nor appease,
 Till supreme sleep shall bring me bloodless ease;
 Till time wax faint in all his periods;
 Till fate undo the bondage of the gods,
 And lay, to slake and satiate me all through,
 Lotus and Lethe on my lips like dew,
 And shed around and over and under me
 Thick darkness and the insuperable sea.

Rococo

Take hands and part with laughter;
 Touch lips and part with tears;
 Once more and no more after,
 Whatever comes with years.
 We twain shall not remeasure
 The ways that left us twain;
 Nor crush the lees of pleasure
 From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,
 What will the mad gods do
 For hate with me, I wonder,
 Or what for love with you?
 Forget them till November,
 And dream there's April yet;
 Forget that I remember,
 And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
 And kissed away his breath;
 But what should we do weeping,
 Though light love sleep to death?
 We have drained his lips at leisure,
 Till there's not left to drain
 A single sob of pleasure,
 A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
 Might quicken if they would;
 Say that the soul is deathless;
 Dream that the gods are good;

Say March may wed September,
And time divorce regret;
But not that you remember,
And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
What love scarce lives and hears:
We have seen on fervent faces
The pallor of strange tears:
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
Whence, ripe to steam and stain,
Foams round the feet of pleasure
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover
And time bring back to time
The name of your first lover,
The ring of my first rhyme;
But rose-leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret,
The day that you remember,
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
In heaven we twain have known;
The grief of cruel kisses,
The joy whose mouth makes moan;
The pulse's pause and measure,
Where in one furtive vein
Throbs through the heart of pleasure
The purpler blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons
And love for treason's sake;
Room for the swift new seasons,
The years that burn and break,
Dismantle and dismember
Men's days and dreams, Juliette;
For love may not remember,
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,
Time withers him at root;
Bring all dead things and dying,
Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
Where, crushed by three days' pressure,
Our three days' love lies slain;
And earlier leaf of pleasure,
And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,
 It may be flame will leap;
 Unclose the soft close lashes,
 Lift up the lids, and weep.
 Light love's extinguished ember,
 Let one tear leave it wet
 For one that you remember
 And ten that you forget.

Rondel

Kissing her hair I sat against her feet,
 Wove and unwove it, wound and found it sweet;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
 Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like dim skies;
 With her own tresses bound and found her fair,
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;
 What pain could get between my face and hers?
 What new sweet thing would love not relish worse?
 Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there,
 Kissing her hair?

The Garden of Proserpine

Here, where the world is quiet;
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams;
 I watch the green field growing
 For reaping folk and sowing,
 For harvest-time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep;
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow to reap:
 I am weary of days and hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,
 Desires and dreams and powers
 And everything but sleep.

Here night has death for neighbour,
 And far from eye or ear
 Wan waves and wet winds labour,
 Weak ships and spirits steer;

They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated,
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands,
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow,
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the old loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

An Interlude

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet,
The breath of your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses,
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom
You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

At Parting

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
 Folded us round from the dark and the light;
 And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
 Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
 Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
 For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us,
 Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
 From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had chidden us
 Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us
 Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
 For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us:
 Morning is here in the joy of its might;
 With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us;
 Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
 Love can but last in us here at his height
 For a day and a night.

Ave atque Vale

(IN MEMORY OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)

*Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs,
 Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs,
 Et quand Octobre souffle, émondeur des vieux arbres,
 Son vent mélancolique à l'entour de leurs marbres,
 Certes, ils doivent trouver les vivants bien ingrats.*
 —Les Fleurs du Mal

Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
 Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?
 Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
 Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel,
 Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,
 Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?
 Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,
 Half-faded fiery blossoms, pale with heat
 And full of bitter summer, but more sweet
 To thee than gleanings of a northern shore
 Trod by no tropic feet?

For always thee the fervid languid glories
 Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;
 Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs
 Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,
 The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave
 That knows not where is that Leucadian grave

Which hides too deep the supreme head of song.
Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,
The wild sea winds her and the green gulfs bear
Hither and thither, and vex and work her wrong,
Blind gods that cannot spare.

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime;
The hidden harvest of luxurious time,
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;
And with each face thou sawest the shadow of each,
Seeing as men sow men reap.

O sleepless heart and sombre soul unsleeping,
That were athirst for sleep and no more life
And no more love, for peace and no more strife!
Now the dim gods of death have in their keeping
Spirit and body and all the springs of song,
Is it well now where love can do no wrong,
Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang
Behind the unopening closure of her lips?
Is it well now where soul from body slips
And flesh from bone divides without a pang
As dew from flower-bell drips?

It is enough; the end and the beginning
Are one thing to thee, who art past the end.
O hand unclasped of un beholden friend,
For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for winning,
No triumph and no labour and no lust,
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith nought,
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night
With obscure finger silences your sight,
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,
Sleep, and have sleep for light.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
Such as thy vision here solicited,
Under the shadow of her fair vast head,.

The deep division of prodigious breasts,
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
The weight of awful tresses that still keep
The savour and shade of old-world pine-forests
Where the wet hill-winds weep?

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?
O gardener of strange flowers, what bud, what bloom,
Hast thou found sown, what gathered in the gloom?
What of despair, of rapture, of derision,
What of life is there, what of ill or good?
Are the fruits grey like dust or bright like blood?
Does the dim ground grow any seed of ours,
The faint fields quicken any terrene root,
In low lands where the sun and moon are mute
And all the stars keep silence? Are there flowers
At all, or any fruit?

Alas, but though my flying song flies after,
O sweet strange elder singer, thy more fleet
Singing, and footprints of thy fleeter feet,
Some dim derision of mysterious laughter
From the blind tongue-less warders of the dead,
Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's veiled head,
Some little sound of unregarded tears
Wept by effaced unprofitable eyes,
And from pale mouths some cadence of dead sighs—
These only, these the hearkening spirit hears,
Sees only such things rise.

Thou art far too far for wings of words to follow,
Far too far off for thought or any prayer.
What ails us with thee, who art wind and air?
What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?
Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,
Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,
Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.
Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,
The low light fails us in elusive skies.
Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind
Are still the eluded eyes.

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,
Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad soul,
The shadow of thy swift spirit, this shut scroll
I lay my hand on, and not death estranges
My spirit from communion of thy song—
These memories and these melodies that throng

Veiled porches of a Muse funereal—
 These I salute, these touch, these clasp and fold
 As though a hand were in my hand to hold,
 Or through mine ears a mourning musical
 Of many mourners rolled.

I among these, I also, in such station
 As when the pyre was charred, and piled the sods,
 And offering to the dead made, and their gods,
 The old mourners had, standing to make libation,
 I stand, and to the gods and to the dead
 Do reverence without prayer or praise, and shed
 Offering to these unknown, the gods of gloom,
 And what of honey and spice my seedlands bear,
 And what I may of fruits in this chilled air,
 And lay, Orestes-like, across the tomb
 A curl of severed hair.

But by no hand nor any treason stricken,
 Not like the low-lying head of Him, the King,
 The flame that made of Troy a ruinous thing,
 Thou liest, and on this dust no tears could quicken
 There fall no tears like theirs that all men hear
 Fall tear by sweet imperishable tear
 Down the opening leaves of holy poets' pages.
 Thee not Orestes, not Electra mourns;
 But bending us-ward with memorial urns
 The most high Muses that fulfil all ages
 Weep, and our God's heart yearns.

For, sparing of his sacred strength, not often
 Among us darkling here the lord of light
 Makes manifest his music and his might
 In hearts that open and in lips that soften
 With the soft flame and heat of songs that shine.
 Thy lips indeed he touched with bitter wine,
 And nourished them indeed with bitter bread;
 Yet surely from his hand thy soul's food came,
 The fire that scarred thy spirit at his flame
 Was lighted, and thine hungering heart he fed
 Who feeds our hearts with fame.

Therefore he too now at thy soul's sunsetting,
 God of all suns and songs, he too bends down
 To mix his laurel with thy cypress crown,
 And save thy dust from blame and from forgetting.
 Therefore he too, seeing all thou wert and art,
 Compassionate, with sad and sacred heart,

Mourns thee of many his children the last dead,
And hallows with strange tears and alien sighs
Thine unmelodious mouth and sunless eyes,
And over thine irrevocable head
Sheds light from the under skies.

And one weeps with him in the ways Lethæan,
And stains with tears her changing bosom chill:
That obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
That thing transformed which was the Cytherean,
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine
Long since, and face no more called Erycine;
A ghost, a bitter and luxurious god.
Thee also with fair flesh and singing spell
Did she, a sad and second prey, compel
Into the footless places once more trod,
And shadows hot from hell.

And now no sacred staff shall break in blossom,
No choral salutation lure to light
A spirit sick with perfume and sweet night
And love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom.
There is no help for these things; none to mend
And none to mar; not all our songs, O friend,
Will make death clear or make life durable.
Howbeit with rose and ivy and wild vine
And with wild notes about this dust of thine
At least I fill the place where white dreams dwell
And wreath an unseen shrine.

Sleep; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
If sweet, give thanks; thou hast no more to live;
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
Out of the mystic and the mournful garden
Where all day through thine hands in barren braid
Wove the sick flowers of secrecy and shade,
Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants grey,
Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted,
Passions that sprang from sleep and thoughts that
started,
Shall death not bring us all as thee one day
Among the days departed?

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland, and farewell.
Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,
With sadder than the Niobeian womb,
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.

Content thee, howsoc'er, whose days are done;
 There lies not any troublous thing before,
 Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
 For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
 All waters as the shore.

Choruses from Atalanta in Calydon

1.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamour of waters, and with might;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remémbered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hooféd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Maenad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs,
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

2.

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years;
 And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love
 With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

3.

Who hath given man speech? or who hath set therein
 A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?
 For in the word his life is and his breath,
 And in the word his death,
 That madness and the infatuate heart may breed
 From the word's womb the deed
 And life bring one thing forth ere all pass by,
 Even one thing which is ours yet cannot die—
 Death. Hast thou seen him ever anywhere,
 Time's twin-born brother, imperishable as he
 Is perishable and plaintive, clothed with care
 And mutable as sand,
 But death is strong and full of blood and fair
 And perdurable and like a lord of land?
 Nay, time thou seest not, death thou wilt not see
 Till life's right hand be loosened from thine hand
 And thy life-days from thee.

For the gods very subtly fashion
 Madness with sadness upon earth:
 Not knowing in any wise compassion,
 Nor holding pity of any worth;
 And many things they have given and taken,
 And wrought and ruined many things;
 The firm land they have loosed and shaken,
 And sealed the sea with all her springs;
 They have wearied time with heavy burdens
 And vexed the lips of life with breath:
 Set men to labour and given them guerdons,
 Death, and great darkness after death:

Put moans into the bridal measure
 And on the bridal wools a stain;
 And circled pain about with pleasure,
 And girdled pleasure about with pain;
 And strewed one marriage-bed with tears and fire
 For extreme loathing and supreme desire.

What shall be done with all these tears of ours?
 Shall they make watersprings in the fair heaven
 To bathe the brows of morning? or like flowers
 Be shed and shine before the starriest hours,
 Or made the raiment of the weeping Seven?
 Or rather, O our masters, shall they be
 Food for the famine of the grievous sea,
 A great well-head of lamentation
 Satiating the sad gods? or fall and flow
 Among the years and seasons to and fro,
 And wash their feet with tribulation
 And fill them full with grieving ere they go?
 Alas, our lords, and yet alas again,
 Seeing all your iron heaven is gilt as gold
 But all we smite thereat in vain;
 Smite the gates barred with groanings manifold,
 And all the floors are paven with our pain.
 Yea, and with weariness of lips and eyes,
 With breaking of the bosom, and with sighs,
 We labour, and are clad and fed with grief
 And filled with days we would not fain behold
 And nights we would not hear of; we wax old,
 All we wax old and wither like a leaf.
 We are outcast, strayed between bright sun and moon;
 Our light and darkness are as leaves of flowers,
 Black flowers and white, that perish; and the noon
 As midnight, and the night as daylight hours.
 A little fruit a little while is ours,
 And the worm finds it soon.

But up in heaven the high gods one by one
 Lay hands upon the draught that quickeneth,
 Fulfilled with all tears shed and all things done,
 And stir with soft imperishable breath
 The bubbling bitterness of life and death,
 And hold it to our lips and laugh; but they
 Preserve their lips from tasting night or day,
 Lest they too change and sleep, the fates that spun,
 The lips that made us and the hands that slay;
 Lest all these change, and heaven bow down to none,
 Change and be subject to the secular sway
 And terrene revolution of the sun.
 Therefore they thrust it from them, putting time away.

I would the wine of time, made sharp and sweet
 With multitudinous days and nights and tears
 And many mixing savours of strange years,
 Were no more trodden of them under feet,
 Cast out and spilt about their holy places:
 That life were given them as a fruit to eat
 And death to drink as water; that the light
 Might ebb, drawn backward from their eyes, and night
 Hide for one hour the imperishable faces.
 That they might rise up sad in heaven, and know
 Sorrow and sleep, one paler than young snow,
 One cold as blight of dew and ruinous rain;
 Rise up and rest and suffer a little, and be
 Awhile as all things born with us and we,
 And grieve as men, and like slain men be slain.

For now we know not of them; but one saith
 The gods are gracious, praising God; and one,
 When hast thou seen? or hast thou felt his breath
 Touch, nor consume thine eyelids as the sun,
 Nor fill thee to the lips with fiery death?
 None hath beheld him, none
 Seen above other gods and shapes of things,
 Swift without feet and flying without wings,
 Intolerable, not clad with death or life,
 Insatiable, not known of night or day,
 The lord of love and loathing and of strife
 Who gives a star and takes a sun away;
 Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife
 To the earthly body and grievous growth of clay;
 Who turns the large limbs to a little flame
 And binds the great sea with a little sand;
 Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame;
 Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand;
 Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,
 Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,
 Smites without sword, and scourges without rod;
 The supreme evil, God.

Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,
 One saith, and hidden our eyes away from sight,
 And made us transitory and hazardous,
 Light things and slight;
 Yet have men praised thee, saying, He hath made man thus,
 And he doeth right.
 Thou hast kissed us, and hast smitten; thou hast laid
 Upon us with thy left hand life, and said,
 Live: and again thou hast said, Yield up your breath,
 And with thy right hand laid upon us death.
 Thou hast sent us sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams,
 Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be;

Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams,
 In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea.
 Thou hast fed one rose with dust of many men;
 Thou hast marred one face with fire of many tears;
 Thou hast taken love, and given us sorrow again;
 With pain thou hast filled us full to the eyes and ears.
 Therefore because thou art strong, our father, and we
 Feeble; and thou art against us, and thine hand
 Constrains us in the shallows of the sea
 And breaks us at the limits of the land;
 Because thou hast bent thy lightnings as a bow,
 And loosed the hours like arrows; and let fall
 Sins and wild words and many a wingéd woe
 And wars among us, and one end of all;
 Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet
 Are as a rushing water when the skies
 Break, but thy face as an exceeding heat
 And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes;
 Because thou art over all who are over us;
 Because thy name is life and our name death;
 Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,
 And our hands labour and thine hand scattereth;
 Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
 Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
 At least we witness of thee ere we die
 That these things are not otherwise, but thus;
 That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,
 That all men even as I,
 All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

THOMAS HARDY

(1840–1928)

The Impercipient

(AT A CATHEDRAL SERVICE)

That with this bright believing band
 I have no claim to be,
 That faiths by which my comrades stand
 Seem fantasies to me,
 And mirage-mists their Shining Land,
 Is a strange destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned
 To infelicity,
 Why always I must feel as blind
 To sights my brethren see,
 Why joys they've found I cannot find,
 Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease
 Which they know; since it be
 That He who breathes All's Well to these
 Breathes no All's Well to me,
 My lack might move their sympathies
 And Christian charity!

I am like a gazer who should mark
 An inland company
 Standing upfingered, with, "Hark! hark!
 The glorious distant sea!"
 And feel, "Alas, 'tis but yon dark
 And wind-swept pine to me!"

Yet I would bear my shortcomings
 With meet tranquillity,
 But for the charge that blessed things
 I'd liefer not have be.
 O, doth a bird deprived of wings
 Go earth-bound wilfully!

* * *

Enough. As yet disquiet clings
 About us. Rest shall we.

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-gray,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant,
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited;

An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

To an Unborn Pauper Child

Breathe not, hid Heart: cease silently,
And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,
Sleep the long sleep:
The Doomsters heap
Travails and teens around us here,
And Time-wraiths turn our song-singsings to fear.

Hark, how the peoples surge and sigh,
And laughter fail, and greetings die:
Hopes dwindle; yea,
Faiths waste away,
Affections and enthusiasms numb;
Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

Had I the ear of wombèd souls
Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,
And thou wert free
To cease, or be,
Then would I tell thee all I know,
And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?

Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence
To theeward fly: to thy locked sense
Explain none can
Life's pending plan:
Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make
Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot
Of earth's wide wold for thee, where not
One tear, one qualm,
Should break the calm.
But I am weak as thou and bare;
No man can change the common lot to rare.

Must come and bide. And such are we—
 Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary—
 That I can hope
 Health, love, friends, scope
 In full for thee; can dream thou wilt find
 Joys seldom yet attained by humankind!

Shut Out That Moon

Close up the casement, draw the blind,
 Shut out that stealing moon,
 She wears too much the guise she wore
 Before our lutes were strewn
 With years-deep dust, and names we read
 On a white stone were hewn.

Step not out on the dew-dashed lawn
 To view the Lady's Chair,
 Immense Orion's glittering form,
 The Less and Greater Bear:
 Stay in; to such sights we were drawn
 When faded ones were fair.

Brush not the bough for midnight scents
 That come forth lingeringly,
 And wake the same sweet sentiments
 They breathed to you and me
 When living seemed a laugh, and love
 All it was said to be.

Within the common lamp-lit room
 Prison my eyes and thought;
 Let dingy details crudely loom,
 Mechanic speech be wrought:
 Too fragrant was Life's early bloom,
 Too tart the fruit it brought!

The Dark-Eyed Gentleman

I pitched my day's leazings* in Crimmercrook Lane,
 To tie up my garter and jog on again,
 When a dear dark-eyed gentleman passed there and said,
 In a way that made all o' me colour rose-red,

 "What do I see—
 O pretty knee!"

And he came and he tied up my garter for me.

* Leazings, *gleanings*.

'Twixt sunset and moonrise it was, I can mind:
 Ah, 'tis easy to lose what we nevermore find!—
 Of the dear stranger's home, of his name, I knew nought,
 But I soon knew his nature and all that it brought.

Then bitterly
 Sobbed I that he
 Should ever have tied up my garter for me!

Yet now I've beside me a fine lissom lad,
 And my slip's nigh forgot, and my days are not sad;
 My own dearest joy is he, comrade, and friend,
 He it is who safe-guards me, on him I depend;

No sorrow brings he,
 And thankful I be
 That his daddy once tied up my garter for me,

The Conformers

Yes; we'll wed, my little fay,
 And you shall write you mine,
 And in a villa chastely gray
 We'll house, and sleep, and dine.
 But those night-screened, divine,
 Stolen trysts of heretofore,
 We of choice ecstasies and fine
 Shall know no more.

The formal faced cohue
 Will then no more upbraid
 With smiting smiles and whisperings two
 Who have thrown less loves in shade.
 We shall no more evade
 The searching light of the sun,
 Our game of passion will be played,
 Our dreaming done.

We shall go not in stealth
 To rendezvous unknown,
 But friends will ask me of your health,
 And you about my own.
 When we abide alone,
 No leapings each to each,
 But syllables in frigid tone
 Of household speech.

When down to dust we glide
 Men will not say askance,
 As now: "How all the country side
 Rings with their mad romance!"

But as they graveward glance
 Remark: "In them we lose
 A worthy pair, who helped advance
 Sound parish views."

Let Me Enjoy

Let me enjoy the earth no less
 Because the all-enacting Might
 That fashioned forth its loveliness
 Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
 Who throws me not a word or sign;
 I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
 And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
 Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,
 I'll pour out raptures that belong
 To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, toward Paradise
 And all its blest—if such should be—
 I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
 Though it contain no place for me.

Afterwards

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
 And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
 Delicate-filmed as a new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
 "He was a man who used to notice such things?"

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
 The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
 "To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
 One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come
 to no harm,
 But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
 Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
 "He was one who had an eye for such mysteries?"

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
 And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
 "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things?"

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840-1921)

*On a Fan That Belonged
 to the Marquise de Pompadour*

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
 Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
 Loves in a riot of light,
 Roses and vaporous blue;
 Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!
 Picture above, if you can,
 Eyes that would melt as the dew,—
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
 Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
 Courtiers as butterflies bright,
 Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
 Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
 Eager to sigh or to sue,—
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah! but things more than polite
 Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!
 Matters of state and of might,
 Things that great ministers do;
 Things that, maybe, overthrew
 Those in whose brains they began;
 Here was the sign and the cue,—
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew?
 Weavings of plot and of plan?
 But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's Fan!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(1840-1893)

"This time it is no dream . . ."

This time it is no dream that stirs
 The ancient fever of my brain:
 The burning pulses throb again,
 The thirst I may not quench recurs.

In vain I tell my beating heart
 How poor and worthless were the prize:
 The stifled wish within me dies,
 But leaves an unextinguished smart.

It is not for the love of God
 That I have done my soul this wrong;
 'Tis not to make my reason strong
 Or curb the currents of my blood.

But sloth, and fear of men, and shame
 Impose their limits on my bliss:
 Else had I laid my lips to his,
 And called him by love's dearest name.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

(1840–1922)

FROM *Esther*

L

He who has once been happy is for aye
 Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
 Holds nothing secret, and Eternity,
 Which is a mystery to other men,
 Has like a woman given him its joy.
 Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
 Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die.
 He who has once been happy! When I set
 The world before me and survey its range,
 Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
 The shreds of pleasure which for lack of change
 Men wrap around them and call happiness,
 The poor delights which are the tale and sum
 Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

LI

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,
 When I see crowds agape and in the rain
 Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
 To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
 When misers handle gold, when orators
 Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,
 When cities deck their streets for barren wars
 Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep
 Calmly the count of my own life and see
 On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed
 Till I too learned what dole of vanity
 Will serve a human soul for daily bread,
 —Then I remember that I once was young
 And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

FROM *The Love Sonnets of Proteus*

AS TO HIS CHOICE OF HER

If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have been
A virgin proud, untamed, immaculate,
Chaste as the morning star, a saint, a queen,
Scarred by no wars, no violence of hate.
Thou shouldst have been of soul commensurate
With thy fair body, brave and virtuous
And kind and just; and, if of poor estate,
At least an honest woman for my house.
I would have had thee come of honoured blood
And honourable nurture. Thou shouldst bear
Sons to my pride and daughters to my heart,
And men should hold thee happy, wise, and good.
Lo, thou art none of this, but only fair.
Yet must I love thee, dear, and as thou art.

HE HAS FALLEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF HIS LOVE

Love, how ignobly hast thou met thy doom!
Ill-seasoned scaffolding by which, full-fraught
With passionate youth and mighty hopes, we clomb
To our heart's heaven, fearing, doubting, naught!
Oh love, thou wert too frail for such mad sport,
Too rotten at thy core, designed too high:
And we who trusted thee our death have bought,
And bleeding on the ground must surely die.
—I will not see her. What she now may be
I care not. For the dream within my brain
Is fairer, nobler, and more kind than she;
And with that vision I can mock at pain.
God! Was there ever woman half so sweet,
Or death so bitter, or at such dear feet?

ON THE NATURE OF LOVE

You ask my love. What shall my love then be?
A hope, an inspiration, a desire?
The soul's eternal charter writ in fire
Upon the earth, the heavens, and the sea?
You ask my love. The carnal mystery
Of a soft hand, of finger-tips that press,
Of eyes that kindle and of lips that kiss,
Of sweet things known to thee and only thee?
You ask my love. What love can be more sweet
Than hope or pleasure? Yet we love in vain.
The soul is more than joy, the life than meat.
The sweetest love of all were love in pain.
And that I will not give. So let it be.
—Nay, give me any love, so it be love of thee.

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION

Why should I hate you, love, or why despise
 For that last proof of tenderness you gave?
 The battle is not always to the brave,
 Nor life's sublimest wisdom to the wise.
 True courage often is in frightened eyes,
 And reason in sweet lips that only rave.
 There is a weakness stronger than the grave,
 And blood poured out has overcome the skies.
 —Nay, love, I honour you the more for this,
 That you have rent the veil, and ushered in
 A fellow soul to your soul's holy place.
 And why should either blush that we have been
 One day in Eden, in our nakedness?
 —'Tis conscience makes us sinners, not our sin.

FAREWELL TO JULIE

Lame, impotent conclusion to youth's dreams
 Vast as all heaven! See, what glory lies
 Entangled here in these base stratagems,
 What virtue done to death! O glorious sighs,
 Sublime beseechings, high cajoleries,
 Fond wraths, brave ruptures, all that sometime was
 Our daily bread of gods beneath the skies,
 How are ye ended, in what utter loss!
 Time was, time is, and time is yet to come,
 Till even time itself shall have its end.
 These were eternal. And behold, a tomb!
 Come, let us laugh and eat and drink. God send
 What all the world must need one day as we,
 Speedy oblivion, rest for memory.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
 With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
 On this side in its glory lay the sea,
 On that the Sussex Weald, a sea of brown.
 The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
 And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.
 And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse
 Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
 I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even
 Better than all by this, that through my chase
 In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
 I seemed to see and follow still your face.
 Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
 My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

TO ONE ON HER WASTE OF TIME

Why practise, love, this small economy
 Of your heart's favours? Can you keep a kiss
 To be enjoyed in age? And would the free
 Expense of pleasure leave you penniless?
 Nay, nay. Be wise. Believe me, pleasure is
 A gambler's token, only gold to-day.
 The day of love is short, and every bliss
 Untasted now is a bliss thrown away.
 'Twere pitiful, in truth, such treasures should
 Lie by like miser's crusts till mouldy grown.
 Think you the hand of age will be less rude
 In touching your sweet bosom than my own?
 Alas, what matter, when our heads are grey,
 Whether you loved or did not love to-day?

TO ONE WHO WOULD MAKE CONFESSION

Oh! leave the Past to bury its own dead.
 The Past is naught to us, the Present all.
 What need of last year's leaves to strew Love's bed?
 What need of ghosts to grace a festival?
 I would not, if I could, those days recall,
 Those days not ours. For us the feast is spread,
 The lamps are lit, and music plays withal.
 Then let us love and leave the rest unsaid.
 This island is our home. Around it roar
 Great gulfs and oceans, channels, straits, and seas.
 What matter in what wreck we reached the shore,
 So we both reached it? We can mock at these.
 Oh! leave the Past, if Past indeed there be.
 I would not know it. I would know but thee.

Song

Oh fly not, Pleasure, pleasant-hearted Pleasure,
 Fold me thy wings, I prithee, yet and stay.
 For my heart no measure
 Knows nor other treasure
 To buy a garland for my love to-day.

And thou too, Sorrow, tender-hearted Sorrow,
 Thou grey-eyed mourner, fly not yet away.
 For I fain would borrow
 Thy sad weeds to-morrow
 To make a mourning for love's yesterday.

The voice of Pity, Time's divine dear Pity,
Moved me to tears. I dared not say them nay,
But went forth from the city
Making thus my ditty
Of fair love lost for ever and a day.

FROM *The Wisdom of Merlyn*

What then is Merlyn's message, his word to thee weary of pain,
Man, on thy desolate march, thy search for an adequate cause, for
a thread, for a guiding rein,
Still in the maze of thy doubts and fears, to bring thee thy joy again?

Thou hast tried to climb to the sky; thou hast called it a firmament;
Thou hast found it a thing infirm, a heaven which is no haven, a
bladder punctured and rent,
A mansion frail as the rainbow mist, as thy own soul impotent.

Thou hast clung to a dream in thy tears; thou hast stayed thy rage
with a hope;
Thou hast anchored thy wreck to a reed, a cobweb spread for thy
sail, with sand for thy salvage rope;
Thou hast made thy course with a compass marred, a toy for thy
telescope.

What hast thou done with thy days? Bethink thee, Man, that alone
Thou of all sentient things, hast learned to grieve in thy joy, hast
earned thee the malison
Of going sad without cause of pain, a weeper and woe-begone.

Why? For the dream of a dream of another than this fair life
Joyous to all but thee, by every creature beloved in its spring-time
of passion rife,
By every creature but only thee, sad husband with sadder wife,

Scared at thought of the end, at the simple logic of death,
Scared at the old Earth's arms outstretched to hold thee again, thou
child of an hour, of a breath,
Seeking refuge with all but her, the mother that comforteth.

Merlyn's message is this: he would bid thee have done with pride.
What has it brought thee but grief, thy parentage with the Gods,
thy kinship with beasts denied?
What thy lore of a life to come in a cloud-world deified?

O thou child which art Man, distraught with a shadow of ill!
O thou fool of thy dreams, thou gatherer rarely of flowers but of
fungi of evil smell,
Poison growths of the autumn woods, rank mandrake and mort-
morell!

Take thy joy with the rest, the bird, the beast of the field,
 Each one wiser than thou, which frolic in no dismay, which seize
 what the seasons yield,
 And lay thee down when thy day is done content with the un-
 revealed.

Take the thing which thou hast. Forget thy kingdom unseen.
 Lean thy lips on the Earth; she shall bring new peace to thy eyes
 with her healing vesture green.
 Drink once more at her fount of love, the one true hippocrene.

O thou child of thy fears! Nay, shame on thy childish part,
 Weeping when called to thy bed. Take cheer. When the shadows
 come, when the crowd is leaving the mart,
 Then shalt thou learn that thou needest sleep, Death's kindly arms
 for thy heart.

SIDNEY LANIER

(1842-1881)

FROM *The Symphony*

I speak for each no-tongued tree
 That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
 And dumbly and most wistfully
 His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
 Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
 And his big blessing downward sheds.
 I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
 Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
 Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;
 Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
 And briery mazes bounding lanes,
 And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for rains,
 And milky stems and sugary veins;
 For every long-armed woman-vine
 That round a piteous tree doth twine;
 For passionate odors, and divine
 Pistils, and petals crystalline;
 All purities of shady springs,
 All shynesses of film-winged things
 That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
 All modesties of mountain-fawns
 That leap to covert from wild lawns,
 And tremble if the day but dawns;
 All sparklings of small beady eyes
 Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
 Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
 All piquancies of prickly burs,
 And smoothnesses of downs and furs
 Of eiders and of minivers;

All limpid honeys that do lie
 At stamen bases, nor deny
 The humming-birds' fine roguery,
 Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
 All gracious curves of slender wings,
 Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
 Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;
 Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
 Wherewith in every lonesome dell
 Time to himself his hours doth tell;
 All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,
 Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
 And night's unearthly under-tones;
 All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
 All cool reposing mountain-steeps,
 Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps;—
 Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
 And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
 Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
 —These doth my timid tongue present,
 Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
 And servant, all love-eloquent.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

(1844–1889)

Heaven—Haven

(A NUN TAKES THE VEIL)

I have desired to go
 Where springs not fail,
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
 Where no storms come,
 Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
 And out of the swing of the sea.

The Habit of Perfection

Elected Silence, sing to me
 And beat upon my whorled ear,
 Pipe me to pastures still and be
 The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
 It is the shut, the curfew sent
 From there where all surrenders come
 Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shelléd, eyes, with double dark
 And find the uncreated light:
 This ruck and reel which you remark
 Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
 Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
 The can must be so sweet, the crust
 So fresh that comes in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
 Upon the stir and keep of pride,
 What relish shall the censers send
 Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
 That want the yield of plushy sward,
 But you shall walk the golden street
 And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
 And now the marriage feast begun,
 And lily-coloured clothes provide
 Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

In the Valley of the Elwy

I remember a house where all were good
 To me, God knows, deserving no such thing:
 Comforting smell breathed at very entering,
 Fetched fresh, as I suppose, off some sweet wood.
 That cordial air made those kind people a hood
 All over, as a bevy of eggs the mothering wing
 Will, or mild nights the new morsels of spring:
 Why, it seemed of course; seemed of right it should.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
 All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;
 Only the inmate does not correspond:
 God, lover of souls, swaying considerate scales,
 Complete thy creature dear O where it fails,
 Being mighty a master, being a father and fond.

The Starlight Night

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
 O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
 The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
 Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
 The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!

Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
 Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
 Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
 Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
 Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
 These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
 The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
 Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things—
 For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
 And áll Trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.
 All things counter, original, spare, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
 Praise him.

ANDREW LANG

(1844–1912)

Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre

Here I'd come when weariest!
 Here the breast
 Of the Windburg's tufted over
 Deep with bracken; here his crest
 Takes the west,
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

Silent here are lark and plover;
 In the cover
 Deep below the cushat best
 Loves his mate, and croons above her
 O'er their nest,
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
 To the blest
 Bed that waits the weary rover,
 Here should failure be confessed;
 Ends my quest,
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
 Ah, fulfil a last behest,
 Let me rest
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

(1844-1881)

FROM *Ode*

We are the music-makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;
 World-losers and world forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams:
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory:
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself with our mirth;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

ROBERT BRIDGES

(1844-1930)

Pater Filio

Sense with keenest edge unused,
 Yet unsteel'd by scathing fire;
 Lovely feet as yet unbruised
 On the ways of dark desire;
 Sweetest hope that lookest smiling
 O'er the wilderness defiling!

Why such beauty, to be blighted
 By the swarm of foul destruction?
 Why such innocence delighted,
 When sin stalks to thy seduction?
 All the litanies e'er chaunted
 Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

I have pray'd the sainted Morning
 To unclasp her hands to hold thee;
 From resignful Eve's adorning
 Stol'n a robe of peace to enfold thee;
 With all charms of man's contriving
 Arm'd thee for thy lonely striving.

Me too once unthinking Nature
 —Whence Love's timeless mockery took me,—
 Fashion'd so divine a creature,
 Yea, and like a beast forsook me.
 I forgave, but tell the measure
 Of her crime in thee, my treasure.

To L.B.C.L.M.

I love all beauteous things,
 I seek and adore them;
 God hath no better praise,
 And man in his hasty days
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
 And joy in the making;
 Antho' to-morrow it seem
 Like the empty words of a dream
 Remembered on waking.

On a Dead Child

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee.
 With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
 Though cold and stark and bare,
 The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no longer
 To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
 Thy father's pride;—ah, he
 Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
 Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
 Startling my fancy fond
 With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
 But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heart-breaking and stiff;
 Yet feels to my hand as if
 'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
 Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
 Propping thy wise, sad head,
 Thy firm pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?
 Death, whither hath he taken thee?
 To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
 The vision of which I miss,
 Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and
 awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
 To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
 Unwilling, alone we embark,
 And the things we have seen and have known and have heard
 of, fail us.

ALICE MEYNELL

(1849-1922)

FROM *A Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age*

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
 O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
 What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for the weight of years that break thee!
 O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
 And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveller, morn is grey in heaven.
 Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
 And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
 For this one sudden hour of desolation
 Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
 Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,
 Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
 Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder
 The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen:—the mountain winds with rain were fretting,
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,
And where young flowers of the mountain grow not.

* * *

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

O hush, O hush! thy tears my words are steeping.
O hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her:

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With mournful tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

Renouncement

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The love of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849-1903)

*I. M.**R. T. Hamilton Bruce*

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

"Fill a Glass with Golden Wine"

Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet
Set their perfume unto mine,
And forget,
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death.

To A.D.

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad, spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

"On the Way to Kew"

On the way to Kew
By the river old and gray,
Where in the Long Ago
We laughed and loitered so,
I met a ghost to-day,
A ghost that told of you—
A ghost of low replies
And sweet, inscrutable eyes
Coming up from Richmond
As you used to do.

By the river old and gray,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmured and smiled anew.
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
The bare boughs looked aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
Coming up from Richmond
As I used with you.

With the life of Long Ago
Lived my thoughts of you.
By the river old and gray
Flowing his appointed way
As I watched I knew
What is so good to know—
Not in vain, not in vain,
Shall I look for you again
Coming up from Richmond
On the way to Kew.

Epilogue to Rhymes and Rhythms

These, to you now, O, more than ever now—
Now that the Ancient Enemy
Has passed, and we, we two that are one, have seen
A piece of perfect Life
Turn to so ravishing a shape of Death
The Arch-Discomforter might well have smiled
In pity and pride,

Even as he bore his lovely and innocent spoil
 From those home-kingdoms he left desolate.
 Poor windlestraws
 On the great, sullen, roaring pool of Time
 And Chance and Change, I know!
 But they are yours, as I am, till we attain
 That end for which we make, we two that are one:
 A little, exquisite Ghost
 Between us, smiling with the serenest eyes
 Seen in this world, and calling, calling still
 In that clear voice whose infinite subtleties
 Of sweetness, thrilling back across the grave,
 Break the poor heart to hear:—
 “Come, Dadsie, come!”
Mama, how long—how long!”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850–1894)

The Celestial Surgeon

If I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no glorious morning face;
 If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,
 Books, and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake;
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
 Choose thou, before that spirit die,
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,
 And to my dead heart run them in!

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.

Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I seek the heaven above
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger:
 White as meal the frosty field —
 Warm the fireside haven—
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I ask the heaven above,
 And the road below me

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

FIONA MACLEOD *pseudonym of WILLIAM SHARP*

(1855-1905)

The Secrets of the Night

In the great darkness where the shimmering stars
 Are as the dazzle of the luminous wave
 Moveth the shadow of the end of wars;
 But nightly arises, as out of a bloody grave
 The Red Swincherd, he who has no name,
 But who is gaunt, terrible, an awful flame
 Fed upon blood and perishing lives and tears;
 His feet are heavy with the bewildering years
 Trodden dim bygone ages, and his eyes
 Are black and vast and void as midnight skies.

Beware of the White Hound whose baying no man hears,
 Though it is the wind that shakes the unsteady stars:
 It is the Hound seen of men in old forlorn wars:
 It is the Hound that hunts the stricken years.
 Pale souls in the ultimate shadows see it gleam
 Like a long lance o' the moon, and as a moon-white beam
 It comes, and the soul is as blown dust within the wood
 Wherein the White Hound moves where timeless shadows brood.

Have heed, too, of the flock of birds from twilight places,
 The desolate haunted ways of ancient wars—
 Bewildered, terrible, winged, and shadowy faces
 Of homeless souls adrift 'neath drifting stars.
 But this thing surely I know, that he, the Red Flame,
 And the White Hound, and the Dark Flock of Birds,
 Appal me no more, who never, never again
 Through all the rise and set and set and rise of pain
 Shall hear the lips of her whom I loved uttering words,
 Or hear my own lips in her shadowy hair naming her name.

OSCAR WILDE

(1856-1900)

FROM *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard,
 And the dripping wall is high,
 So it was there he took the air
 Beneath the leaden sky,
 And by each side a Warder walked,
 For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who watched
 His anguish night and day;
 Who watched him when he rose to weep,
 And when he crouched to pray;
 Who watched him lest himself should rob
 Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon
 The Regulations Act:
 The Doctor said that Death was but
 A scientific fact:
 And twice a day the Chaplain called,
 And left a little tract.

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,
 And drank his quart of beer:
 His soul was resolute, and held
 No hiding-place for fear;
 He often said that he was glad
 The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing
No Warder dared to ask:
For he to whom a watcher's doom
Is given as his task,
Must set a lock upon his lips,
And make his face a mask.

Or else he might be moved, and try
To comfort or console:
And what should Human Pity do
Pent up in Murderers' Hole?
What word of grace in such a place
Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around the ring
We trod the Fools' Parade!
We did not care: we knew we were
The Devil's Own Brigade:
And shaven head and feet of lead
Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails:
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,
We turned the dusty drill:
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day
Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:
And we forgot the bitter lot
That waits for fool and knave,
Till once, as we tramped in from work,
We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole
Gaped for a living thing;
The very mud cried out for blood
To the thirsty asphalt ring:
And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair
Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent
On Death and Dread and Doom:
The hangman, with his little bag,
Went shuffling through the gloom:
And each man trembled as he crept
Into his numbered tomb.

That night the empty corridors
Were full of forms of Fear,
And up and down the iron town
Stole feet we could not hear,
And through the bars that hide the stars
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams
In a pleasant meadow-land,
The watchers watched him as he slept,
And could not understand
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep
With a hangman close at hand.

But there is no sleep when men must weep
Who never have yet wept:
So we—the fool, the fraud, the knave—
That endless vigil kept,
And through each brain on hands of pain
Another's terror crept.

Alas! it is a fearful thing
To feel another's guilt!
For, right within, the sword of Sin
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,
And as molten lead were the tears we shed
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of felt
Crept by each padlocked door,
And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe,
Gray figures on the floor,
And wondered why men knelt to pray
Who never prayed before.

All through the night we knelt and prayed,
Mad mourners of a corse!
The troubled plumes of midnight were
The plumes upon a hearse:
And bitter wine upon a sponge
Was the savour of Remorse.

The grey cock crew, the red cock crew,
But never came the day;
And crooked shapes of terror crouched
In the corners where we lay:
And each evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play.

* * *

The morning wind began to moan,
But still the night went on;
Through its giant loom the web of gloom
Crept till each thread was spun:
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering round
The weeping prison-wall,
Till like a wheel of turning steel
We felt the minutes crawl:
O moaning wind! what had we done
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars,
Like a lattice wrought in lead,
Move right across the whitewashed wall
That faced my three-planked bed,
And I knew that somewhere in the world
God's dreadful dawn was red.

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,
At seven all was still,
But the sough and swing of a mighty wing
The prison seemed to fill,
For the Lord of Death, with icy breath,
Had entered in to kill.

He did not pass in purple pomp,
Nor ride a moon-white steed,
Three yards of cord and a sliding board
Are all the gallows' need:
So with rope of shame the Herald came
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen
Of filthy darkness grope:
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
Or to give our anguish scope:
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside:
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride:
With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous parricide!

We waited for the stroke of eight:
Each tongue was thick with thirst:
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate
That makes a man accursed,
And Fate will use a running noose
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,
Save to wait for the sign to come:
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,
Quiet we sat and dumb:
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a drum!

With sudden shock, the prison-clock
Smote on the shivering air,
And from all the jail rose up a wail
Of impotent despair,
Like the sound that frightened marshes hear
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most dreadful things
In the crystal of a dream,
We saw the greasy hempen rope
Hooked to the blackened beam,
And heard the prayer the hangman's snare
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

JOHN DAVIDSON

(1857-1909)

In Romney Marsh

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed;
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swinging waves pealed on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Downs' low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

Waiting

Within unfriendly walls
We starve—or starve by stealth.
Oxen fatten in their stalls;
You guard the harrier's health:
They never can be criminals,
And can't compete for wealth.
From the mansion and the palace
Is there any help or hail
For the tenants of the alleys,
Of the workhouse and the jail?

Though lands await our toil,
And earth half-empty rolls,
Cumberers of English soil,
We cringe for orts and doles—
Prosperity's accustomed foil,
Millions of useless souls.

In the gutters and the ditches
Human vermin festering lurk—
We, the rust upon your riches;
We, the flaw in all your work.

Come down from where you sit;
We look to you for aid.
Take us from the miry pit,
And lead us undismayed:
Say: "Even you, outcast, unfit,
Forward with sword and spade!"
And myriads of us idle
Would thank you through our tears,
Though you drove us with a bridle,
And a whip about our ears.

From cloudy cape to cape
The teeming waters seethe;
Golden grain and purple grape
The regions overwreath.
Will no one help us to escape?
We scarce have room to breathe.
You might try to understand us:
We are waiting night and day
For a captain to command us,
And the word we must obey.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

(1859–1936)

"Loveliest of Trees . . ."

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

"When I Was One-and-Twenty"

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

"Into My Heart an Air . . ."

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

"I to My Perils"

I to my perils
Of cheat and charmer
Came clad in armour
By stars benign;
Hope lies to mortals
And most believe her,
But man's deceiver
Was never mine.

The thoughts of others
Were light and fleeting,
Of lovers' meeting
Or luck or fame;
Mine were of trouble
And mine were steady,
So I was ready
When trouble came.

For My Funeral

O thou that from thy mansion
Through time and place to roam,
Dost send abroad thy children,
And then dost call them home,

That men and tribes and nations
And all thy hand hath made
May shelter them from sunshine
In thine eternal shade:

We now to peace and darkness
And earth and thee restore
Thy creature that thou madest
And wilt cast forth no more.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

(1859–1907)

The Hound of Heaven

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasméd fears,

From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet—
 “All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
 Trellised with intertwining charities
 (For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
 Yet was I sore adread
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
 But, if one little casement parted wide,
 The gust of His approach would clash it to.
 Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
 Across the margent of the world I fled,
 And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
 Smiting for shelter on their changéd bars;
 Fretted to dulcet jars
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
 I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
 With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover!
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find
 My own betrayal in their constancy,
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind,
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
 The long savannahs of the blue;
 Or whether, thunder-driven,
 They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
 Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
 Still with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 Came on the following Feet,
 And a Voice above their beat—
 “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed
 In face of man or maid;
 But still within the little children's eyes
 Seems something, something that replies;

They at least are for me, surely for me!
 I turned me to them very wistfully;
 But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
 With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured daïs,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
 So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spuméd of the wild sea-snortings;
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
 For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness:
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbéd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
 And past those noised Feet
 A voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenceless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
 Ah! is Thy love indeed
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
 Ah! must—
 Designer infinite!—
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-droppings stagnate, spilt down ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
 Such is; what is to be?
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity;
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.
 But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit;
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
 "And is thy earth so marred,
 Shattered in shard on shard?
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
 Strange, piteous, futile thing!
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
 (He said)
 "And human love needs human meriting:
 How hast thou merited—
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not
 How little worthy of any love thou art!
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
 Save Me, save only Me?
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

 Halts by me that footfall:
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
 "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
 I am He whom thou seekest!
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

(1862—)

Teresette

A small white cap on honey-coloured hair;
 Grey eyes as bright as morning; a red face;
 A bosom worthy of some goddess fair
 Greeks dreamed in marble; yet too grand to grace
 Such a small woman; plump and ruddy arms
 That work from dawn till even, bare to view—
 And one may briefly note her other charms—
 To my bucolic fancy far from few.
 She scorns a waist; she's deep and broad in thigh;
 Short, massive, merry, always glad to aid.
 And that's all I shall tell about my—
 I wish she was my—little chambermaid.
 Before we part I rather hope to get—
 But she is knocking. 'Entrez, Teresette'!

VICTOR PLARR

(1863-1929)

Epitaphium Citharistriae

Stand not uttering sedately
 Trite oblivious praise above her!
 Rather say you saw her lately
 Lightly kissing her last lover.

Whisper not "There is a reason
 Why we bring her no white blossom:"
 Since the snowy bloom's in season,
 Strow it on her sleeping bosom:

Oh, for it would be a pity
 To o'erpraise her or to flout her:
 She was wild, and sweet, and witty—
 Let's not say dull things about her.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

(1863-)

Ode

My heart rebels against my generation,
 That talks of freedom and is slave to riches,
 And, toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burden,
 Boasts of the morrow.

No space for noonday rest or midnight watches,
 No purest joy of breathing under heaven!
 Wretched themselves, they heap, to make them happy,
 Many possessions.

But thou, O silent Mother, wise, immortal,
 To whom our toil is laughter,—take, divine one,
 This vanity away, and to thy lover
 Give what is needful:—

A staunch heart, nobly calm, averse to evil,
 The windy sky for breath, the sea, the mountain,
 A well-born, gentle friend, his spirit's brother,
 Ever beside him.

What would you gain, ye seekers, with your striving,
 Or what vast Babel raise you on your shoulders?
 You multiply distresses, and your children
 Surely will curse you.

O leave them rather friendlier gods, and fairer
Orchards and temples, and a freer bosom!
What better comforter have we, or what other
Profit in living,

Than to feed, sobered by the truth of Nature,
Awhile upon her bounty and her beauty,
And hand her torch of gladness to the ages
Following after?

She hath not made us, like her other children,
Merely for peopling of her spacious kingdoms,
Beasts of the wild, or insects of the summer,
Breeding and dying.

But also that we might, half knowing, worship
The deathless beauty of her guiding vision,
And learn to love, in all things mortal, only
What is eternal.

On the Death of a Metaphysician

Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth,—blasphemer of delight,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numbéd spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

"We Needs Must Be Divided . . ."

We needs must be divided in the tomb,
For I would die among the hills of Spain,
And o'er the treeless melancholy plain
Await the coming of the final gloom.
But thou—O pitiful!—wilt find scant room
Among thy kindred by the northern main,
And fade into the drifting mist again,
The hemlocks' shadow, or the pines' perfume.
Let gallants lie beside their ladies' dust,

In one cold grave, with mortal love inurned;
 Let the sea part our ashes, if it must.
 The souls fled thence which love immortal burned,
 For they were wedded without bond of lust,
 And nothing of our heart to earth returned.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

(1865-1939)

A Faery Song

(SUNG BY THE PEOPLE OF FAERY OVER DIARMUID AND
 GRANIA, IN THEIR BRIDAL SLEEP UNDER A CROMLECH)

We who are old, old and gay,
 O so old!
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love;
 And the long dew-dripping hours of the night,
 And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Rest far from men.
 Is anything better, anything better?
 Tell us it then:

Us who are old, old and gay,
 O so old!
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told.

The Lover Tells of the Rose in His Heart

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
 The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
 The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
 Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my
 heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
 I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
 With the earth and the sky and the water, re-made, like a casket
 of gold
 For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of
 my heart.

FROM *The Land of Heart's Desire*

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away;
While the fairies dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say—
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely heart is withered away."

FROM *Deirdre*

"Why is it," Queen Edain said,
"If I do but climb the stair
To the tower overhead,
When the winds are calling there,
Or the gannets calling out,
In waste places of the sky,
There's so much to think about,
That I cry, that I cry?"

But her goodman answered her:
"Love would be a thing of nought
Had not all his limbs a stir
Born out of immoderate thought;
Were he anything by half,
Were his measure running dry,
Lovers, if they may not laugh,
Have to cry, have to cry."

But is Edain worth a song?
Now the hunt begins anew?
Praise the beautiful and strong;
Praise the redness of the yew;
Praise the blossoming apple-stem.
But our silence had been wise.
What is all our praise to them,
That have one another's eyes?

When Helen Lived

We have cried in our despair
That men desert,
For some trivial affair
Or noisy, insolent sport,

Beauty that we have won
From bitterest hours;
Yet we, had we walked within
Those topless towers
Where Helen walked with her boy,
Had given but as the rest
Of the men and women of Troy,
A word and a jest.

FROM A Prayer for My Daughter

I have walked and prayed for this young child an hour
And heard the sea-wind scream upon the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge, and scream
In the elms above the flooded stream;
Imagining in excited reverie
That the future years had come,
Dancing to a frenzied drum
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea.

May she be granted beauty and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful;
Yet many, that have played the fool
For beauty's very self, has charm made wise,
And many a poor man that has roved,
Loved and thought himself beloved,
From a glad kindness cannot take his eyes.

My mind, because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.
If there's no hatred in a mind
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnet from the leaf.

An Intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old bellows full of angry wind?

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

Sailing to Byzantium

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
—Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling

To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
 Or set upon a golden bough to sing
 To lords and ladies of Byzantium
 Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

MICHAEL FIELD*

"Adown the Lesbian Vales . . ."

Adown the Lesbian vales,
 When spring first flashes out,
 I watch the lovely rout
 Of maidens flitting 'mid the honey-bees
 For thyme and heath,
 Cistus, and trails
 Of myrtle-wreath:
 They bring me these
 My passionate, unsated sense to please.

In turn, to please my maids,
 Most deftly will I sing
 Of their soft cherishing
 In apple-orchards with cool waters by,
 Where slumber streams
 From quivering shades
 And Cypris seems
 To bend and sigh,
 Her golden calyx offering amorously.

What praises would be best
 Wherewith to crown my girls?
 The rose when she unfurls
 Her balmy, lighted buds is not so good,
 So fresh as they
 When on my breast
 They lean, and say
 All that they would,
 Opening their glorious, candid maidenhood.

To that pure band alone
 I sing of marriage-loves;
 As Aphrodite's doves
 Glance in the sun their colour comes and goes:
 No girls let fall
 Their maiden zone
 At Hymen's call
 Serene as those
 Taught by a poet why sweet Hesper glows.

*Pseudonym of KATHERINE HARRIS BRADLEY (1846-1914) and EDITH EMMA COOPER (1862-1913).

ARTHUR SYMONS

(1865-1945)

Declaration

Child, I will give you rings to wear,
And, if you love them, dainty dresses,
Flowers for your bosom and your hair,
And, if you love them, fond caresses;

And I will give you of my days,
And I will leave, when you require it,
My dreams, my books, my wonted ways,
Content if only you desire it.

Take for your own my life, my heart,
And for your love's sake I forgive you;
I only ask you for your heart,
Because I have no heart to give you.

Wanderer's Song

I have had enough of women, and enough of love,
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and day and night is enough;
Give me a long white road, and the grey wide path of the sea,
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the heart-ache still in me.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold for strife?
I have loved much and wept much, but tears and love are not life;
The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to my blood cries up,
And the sun shines and the road shines, and the wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough of mirth,
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's soon to the ends of
the earth;
And it's then good-night and to bed, and if heels or heart ache,
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and sleep too deep to wake.

RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865-1936)

The Long Trail

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done."

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new!

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate—
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp,
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread,
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead!

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!
Her plates are flaked by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always
new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And its twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain:
You have heard the song. How long—how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,
We're down, hull-down, on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new!

Screw-Guns

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, and never a beggar forgets
It's only the pick of the Army that handles the dear little pets—
'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love
you!

So when we call round with a few guns, o' course you will know
what to do—hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief and surrender—it's worse if you fights
or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees, but
you don't get away from the guns!

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly we goes where
they ain't.

We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to the stick o' the
paint:

We've chivvied the Naga an' Looshai; we've given the Afreedeman
fits;

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns that are built in
two bits—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches 'im 'ow to
behave.

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles 'im into 'is
grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring without snatchin'
or fuss.

D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By God, you must
lather with us—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin' below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out on the rocks
an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jinglety-jink o' the chains
—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel on the
edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the sun off the
snow in your face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in 'er place
—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-goat 'e knows
where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-ropes! With
shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love
you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know
what to do—hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights
or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you
can't get away from the guns!

Shillin' a Day

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore."
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness
Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,
But I'm old and I'm nervis,
I'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

Chorus: Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin', the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?

Full Chorus: Give 'im a letter—
'Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs with a letter!
Think what 'e's been,
Think what e's seen,
Think of his pension an'—
GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Recessional

(1897)

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The Captains and the Kings depart:
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

ERNEST DOWSON

(1867–1900)

*Vitae Summa Brevis Spem Nos Vetat Incohare
 Longam*

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
 Love and desire and hate:
 I think they have no portion in us after
 We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
 Out of a misty dream
 Our path emerges for a while, then closes
 Within a dream.

Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae sub Regno Cynarae

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
 There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion.

Yea, I was desolate and bow'd my head:
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat.
 Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
 Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
 Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,
 Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
 But when the feast is finish'd and the lamps expire,
 Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
 And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

A.E.—GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL

(1867-1935)

Chivalry

I dreamed I saw that ancient Irish queen,
 Who from her dun, as dawn had opened wide.
 Saw the tall foemen rise on every side,
 And gazed with kindling eye upon the scene,
 And in delight cried, "Noble is their mien."
 "Most kingly are they," her own host replied,
 Praising the beauty, bravery, and pride
 As if the foe their very kin had been.
 And then I heard the innumerable hiss
 Of human adders, nation with poisonous breath
 Spitting at nation, as if the dragon's rage
 Would claw the spirit, and I woke at this,
 Knowing the soul of man was sick to death
 And I was weeping in the Iron Age.

LIONEL JOHNSON

(1867-1902)

The Precept of Silence

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you, tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things
Save to one man, and unto God.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

(1869-)

The Hill

Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,
The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozier, the
fighter?
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One passed in a fever,
One was burned in a mine,
One was killed in a brawl,
One died in a jail,
One fell from a bridge toiling for children and wife—
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill.

Where are Ella, Kate, Mag, Lizzie and Edith,
The tender heart, the simple soul, the loud, the proud, the happy
one?—
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One died in shameful child-birth,
One of a thwarted love,
One at the hands of a brute in a brothel,
One of a broken pride, in the search for heart's desire,
One after life in far-away London and Paris
Was brought home to her little space by Ella and Kate and Mag—
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill.

Where are Uncle Isaac and Aunt Emily,
And old Towny Kincaid and Sevine Houghton,
And Major Walker who had talked
With venerable men of the revolution?—
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

They brought them dead sons from the war,
And daughters whom life had crushed,
And their children, fatherless, crying—
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill.

Where is old Fiddler Jones
Who played with life all his ninety years,
Braving the sleet with bared breast,
Drinking, rioting, thinking neither of wife nor kin,
Nor gold, nor love, nor heaven?
Lo! he babbles of the fish-frys of long ago,
Of the horse-races of long ago at Clary's Grove,
Of what Abe Lincoln said
One time at Springfield.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

(1869-1935)

For a Dead Lady

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,
Clings only as a faint forestalling;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is hushed, and answers to no calling;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or over children that are sleeping;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

Momus

"Where's the need of singing now?"—
 Smooth your brow,
 Momus, and be reconciled,
 For King Kronos is a child—
 Child and father,
 Or god rather,
 And all gods are wild.

"Who reads Byron any more?"
 Shut the door,
 Momus, for I feel a draught;
 Shut it quick, for some one laughed.—
 What's become of
 Browning? Some of
 Wordsworth lumbers like a raft.

"What are poets to find here?"—
 Have no fear:
 When the stars are shining blue
 There will yet be left a few
 Themes availing—
 And these failing,
 Momus, there'll be you

LAURENCE BINYON

(1869-1944)

FROM For the Fallen

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
 They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

(1870-1940)

The Sailor to His Parrot

Thou foul-mouthed wretch! Why dost thou choose
 To learn bad language, and no good;
 Canst thou not say, "The Lord be praised"
 As easy as "Hell's fire and blood"?

Why didst thou call the gentle priest
 A thief and a damned rogue; and tell
 The deacon's wife, who came to pray,
 To hold her jaw and go to hell?

Thou art a foe, no friend of mine,
 For all my thoughts thou givest away;
 Whate'er I say in confidence,
 Thou dost in evil hours betray.

Thy mind's for ever set on bad;
 I cannot mutter one small curse,
 But thou dost make it endless song,
 And shout it to a neighbour's house.

Aye, swear to thy delight and ours,
 When here I welcome shipmates home,
 And thou canst see abundant grog—
 But hold thy tongue when landsmen come.

Be dumb when widow Johnson's near,
 Be dumb until our wedding day;
 And after that—but not before—
 She will enjoy the worst you say.

There is a time to speak and not;
 When we're together, all is well;
 But damn thy soul—What! you damn *mine*!
 And you tell *me* to go to hell!

HILAIRE BELLOC

(1870—)

Discovery

Life is a long discovery, isn't it?
 You only get your wisdom bit by bit.
 If you have luck you find in early youth
 How dangerous it is to tell the Truth;
 And next you learn how dignity and peace
 Are the ripe fruits of patient avarice.
 You find that middle life goes racing past.
 You find despair: and, at the very last,
 You find as you are giving up the ghost
 That those who loved you best despised you most.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

(1870-1945)

The Dead Poet

I dreamed of him last night, I saw his face
 All radiant and unshadowed of distress,
 And as of old, in music measureless,
 I heard his golden voice and marked him trace
 Under the common thing the hidden grace,
 And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
 Till mean things put on beauty like a dress
 And all the world was an enchanted place.
 And then methought outside a fast locked gate
 I mourned the loss of unrecorded words,
 Forgotten tales and mysteries half said,
 Wonders that might have been articulate,
 And voiceless thoughts like murdered singing birds.
 And so I woke and knew that he was dead.

CHARLOTTE MEW

(1870-1928)

Sea Love

Tide be runnin' the great world over:
 'Twas only last June month I mind that we
 Was thinkin' the toss and the call in the breast of the lover
 So everlastin' as the sea.

Heer's the same little fishes that sputter and swim,
 Wi' the moon's old glim on the grey, wet sand;
 An' him no more to me nor me to him
 Than the wind goin' over my hand.

Moorland Night

My face is wet against the grass—the moorland grass is wet—
 My eyes are shut against the grass, against my lips there are the
 little blades,
 Over my head the curlews call,
 And now there is the night wind in my hair;
 My heart is against the grass and the sweet earth;—it has gone
 still, at last.
 It does not want to beat any more,
 And why should it beat?
 This is the end of the journey;
 The Thing is found.
 This is the end of all the roads—
 Over the grass there is the night-dew

And the wind that drives up from the sea along the moorland road;
 I hear a curlew start out from the heath
 And fly off, calling through the dusk,
 The wild, long, rippling call.

The Thing is found and I am quiet with the earth.
 Perhaps the earth will hold it, or the wind, or that bird's cry,
 But it is not for long in any life I know. This cannot stay,
 Not now, not yet, not in a dying world, with me, for very long.

I leave it here:

And one day the wet grass may give it back—

One day the quiet earth may give it back—

The calling birds may give it back as they go by—

To some one walking on the moor who starves for love and will
 not know

Who gave it to all these to give away;

Or, if I come and ask for it again,

Oh! then, to me.

STEPHEN CRANE

(1871–1900)

War Is Kind

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
 Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
 And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
 Do not weep.
 War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
 Little souls who thirst for fight,
 These men were born to drill and die.
 The unexplained glory flies above them,
 Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—
 A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
 Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
 Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
 Do not weep.
 War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
 Eagle with crest of red and gold,
 These men were born to drill and die.
 Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
 Make plain to them the excellence of killing
 And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
 On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
 Do not weep.
 War is kind.

RALPH HODGSON

(1872-)

Time, You Old Gipsy Man

Time, you old gipsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
 Will you be my guest,
 Bells for your jennet
 Of silver the best,
 Goldsmiths shall beat you
 A great golden ring,
 Peacocks shall bow to you,
 Little boys sing.
 Oh, and sweet girls will
 Festoon you with may,
 Time, you old gipsy,
 Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
 Last night in Rome,
 Morning, and in the crush
 Under Paul's dome;
 Under Paul's dial
 You tighten your rein—
 Only a moment, and off once again;
 Off to some city
 Now blind in the womb,
 Off to another
 Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

FORD MADOX FORD

(1873-1939)

FROM *On Heaven*

. . . And my dear one sat in the shadows; very softly she wept:—
 Such joy is in Heaven,
 In the cool of the even,
 After the burden and toil of the days,
 After the heat and haze
 In the vine-hills; or in the shady
 Whispering groves in high passes up in the Alpilles
 Guarding the castle of God.

And I went on talking towards her unseen face:

"So it is, so it goes, in this beloved place,
There shall be never a grief but passes; no, not any;
There shall be such bright light and no blindness;
There shall be so little awe and so much loving-kindness;
There shall be a little longing and enough care,
There shall be a little labour and enough of toil
To bring back the lost flavour of our human coil;
Not enough to taint it;
And all that we desire shall prove as fair as we can paint it."
For, though that may be the very hardest trick of all
God set Himself, who fashioned this goodly hall,
Thus He has made Heaven;
Even Heaven.

For God is a good man; God is a kind man;
In the darkness He came walking to our table beneath the planes,
And spoke
So kindly to my dear,
With a little joke,
Giving Himself some pains
To take away her fear
Of His Stature,
So as not to abash her,
In no way at all to dash her new pleasure beneath the planes,
In the cool of the even
In Heaven.

That, that is God's nature,
For God's a good brother, and God is no blind man,
And God's a good mother and loves sons who're rovers,
And God is our father and loves all good lovers,
He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner;
He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on sodden roads:
Such as bear heavy loads
He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter seas and frosty lands,
He takes care that they shall all have good at His hands;
Well He takes note of a poor old cook,
Cooking your dinner;
And much He loves sweet joys in such as ever took
Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a kiss
Given in a shady nook.
And in the golden book
Where the accounts of His estate are kept,
All the round, golden sovereigns of bliss,
Known by poor lovers, married or never yet married,
Whilst the green world waked, or the black world quietly slept;
All joy, all sweetness, each sweet sigh that's sighed—
Their accounts are kept,
And carried
By the love of God to His own credit's side.

So that is why He came to our table to welcome my dear, dear bride,
In the cool of the even
In front of a café in Heaven.

A Solis Ortus Cardine . . .

Oh, quiet peoples sleeping bed by bed
Beneath grey roof-trees in the glimmering West,
We who can see the silver grey and red
Rise over No Man's Land—salute your rest.

Oh, quiet comrades, sleeping in the clay
Beneath a turmoil you need no more mark,
We who have lived through yet another day
Salute your graves at setting in of dark.

And rising from your beds or from the clay
You, dead, or far from lines of slain and slayers,
Thro' your eternal or your finite day
Give us your prayers!

WALTER DE LA MARE

(1873-)

An Epitaph

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

The Listeners

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
 To that voice from the world of men:
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call.
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even
 Louder, and lifted his head:—
 "Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word," he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake:
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

All That's Past

Very old are the woods;
 And the buds that break
 Out of the brier's boughs,
 When March winds wake,
 So old with their beauty are—
 Oh, no man knows
 Through what wild centuries
 Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks;
 And the rills that rise
 Where snow sleeps cold beneath
 The azure skies
 Sing such a history
 Of come and gone
 Their every drop is as wise
 As Solomon.

Very old are we men;
 Our dreams are tales
 Told in dim Eden
 By Eve's nightingales:

We wake and whisper awhile,
 But, the day gone by,
 Silence and sleep like fields
 Of amaranth lie.

Clear Eyes

Clear eyes do dim at last,
 And cheeks outlive their rose.
 Time, heedless of the past,
 No loving-kindness knows;
 Chill unto mortal lip
 Still Lethe flows.

Griefs, too, but brief while stay,
 And sorrow, being o'er,
 Its salt tears shed away,
 Woundeth the heart no more.
 Stealthily lave those waters
 That solemn shore.

Ah, then, sweet face burn on,
 While yet quick memory lives!
 And Sorrow, ere thou art gone,
 Know that my heart forgives—
 Ere yet, grown cold in peace,
 It loves not, nor grieves.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

(1874–1936)

Wine and Water

Old Noah he had an ostrich farm and fowls on the largest scale,
 He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,
 And the soup he took was Elephant Soup, and the fish he took
 was Whale,
 But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set out to sail,
 And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,
 "I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink
 As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a sink,
 The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to
 drink,
 And Noah he cocked his eye and said, "It looks like rain, I think,
 The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a Mendip mine,
 But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

But Noah he sinned, and we have sinned; on tipsy feet we trod,
 Till a great big black teetotaller was sent to us for a rod,
 And you can't get wine at a P. S. A., or chapel, or Eisteddfod,
 For the Curse of Water has come again because of the wrath of God,
 And water is on the Bishop's board and the Higher Thinker's shrine,
 But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

On a Prohibitionist Poem

Though Shakespeare's Mermaid, ocean's mightiest daughter,
 With vintage could the seas incarnadine:
 And Keats's name that was not writ in water
 Was often writ in wine;

Though wine that seeks the loftiest habitation
 Went to the heads of Villon and Verlaine,
 Yet Hiram Hopper needs no inspiration
 But water on the brain.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard

The men that worked for England
 They have their graves at home:
 And bees and birds of England
 About the cross can roam.

But they that fought for England,
 Following a falling star,
 Alas, alas for England
 They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England,
 In stately conclave met,
 Alas, alas for England
 They have no graves as yet.

ROBERT FROST

(1875-)

The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
 I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
 (And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
 I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
 That's standing by the mother. It's so young
 It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
 I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

My November Guest

My sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds are gone away,
She's glad her simple worsted grey
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow;
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

Storm Fear

When the wind works against us in the dark,
And pelts with snow
The lowly chamber window on the east,
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,
The beast,
"Come out! Come out!"—
It costs no inward struggle not to go,
Ah, no!
I count our strength,
Two and a child,
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,—
How drifts are piled
Dooryard and road ungraded,
Till even the comforting barn grows far away
And my heart owns a doubt
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day
And save ourselves unaided.

After Apple-Picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three

Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

JOHN MASEFIELD

(1878-)

FROM *Reynard the Fox*

The cobbler bent at his wooden foot,
Beating sprigs in a broken boot;
He wore old glasses with thick horn rim,
He scowled at his work, for his sight was dim.
His face was dingy, his lips were grey,
From trimming sparrowbills day by day.

As he turned his boot he heard a noise
At his garden-end, and he thought, "It's boys."
Like a rocket shot to a ship ashore
The lean red bolt of his body tore,
Like a ripple of wind running swift on grass,
Like a shadow on wheat when a cloud blows past,
Like a turn at the buoy in a cutter sailing
When the bright green gleam lips white at the railing,
Like the April snake whipping back to sheath,
Like the gannets' hurtle on fish beneath,
Like a kestrel chasing, like a sickle reaping,
Like all things swooping, like all things sweeping
Like a hound for stay, like a stag for swift,
With his shadow beside like spinning drift.

* * *

Past the gibbet-stock all stuck with nails,
Where they hanged in chains what had hung at jails,
Past Ashmundshowe where Ashmund sleeps,
And none but the tumbling peewit weeps,
Past Curlew Calling, the gaunt grey corner
Where the curlew comes as a summer mourner,
Past Blowbury Beacon, shaking his fleece,
Where all winds hurry and none brings peace;
Then down on the mile-long green decline,
Where the turf's like spring and the air's like wine,
Where the sweeping spurs of the downland spill
Into Wan Brook Valley and Wan Dyke Hill.

* * *

On he went with a galloping rally
Past Maesbury Camp for Wan Brook Valley.
The blood in his veins went romping high,
"Get on, on, on, to the earth or die."
The air of the downs went purely past
Till he felt the glory of going fast,
Till the terror of death, though there indeed,
Was lulled for a while by his pride of speed.
He was romping away from the hounds and hunt,
He had Wan Dyke Hill and his earth in front,
In one mile more when his point was made
He would rest in safety from dog or spade;
Nose between paws he would hear the shout
Of the "Gone to earth!" to the hounds without,
The whine of the hounds, and their cat-feet gadding,
Scratching the earth, and their breath pad-padding;
He would hear the horn call hounds away,
And rest in peace till another day.

On Growing Old

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying;
 My dog and I are old, too old for roving.
 Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,
 Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
 I take the book and gather to the fire,
 Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute
 The clock ticks to my heart. A withered wire,
 Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
 I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
 Your cornland, nor your hill-land, nor your valleys
 Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
 Where the young knight the broken square rallies.
 Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
 The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity! for the strong have power,
 The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
 Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
 Spring-time of man all April in a face.
 Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
 Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud,
 The beggar with the saucer in his hand
 Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
 So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
 Its fire, and play of men, its stir, its march,
 Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
 Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
 Give me but these, and, though the darkness close
 Even the night will blossom as the rose.

EDWARD THOMAS

(1878-1917)

The Sign-Post

The dim sea glints chill. The white sun is shy,
 And the skeleton weeds and the never-dry,
 Rough, long grasses keep white with frost
 At the hill-top by the finger-post;
 The smoke of the traveller's-joy is puffed
 Over hawthorn berry and hazel tuft.
 I read the sign. Which way shall I go?
 A voice says: You would not have doubted so
 At twenty. Another voice gentle with scorn
 Says: At twenty you wished you had never been born.
 One hazel lost a leaf of gold
 From a tuft at the tip, when the first voice told
 The other he wished to know what 'twould be
 To be sixty by this same post. "You shall see,"

He laughed—and I had to join his laughter—
 “You shall see; but either before or after,
 Whatever happens, it must befall.
 A mouthful of earth to remedy all
 Regrets and wishes shall be freely given;
 And if there be a flaw in that heaven
 ’Twill be freedom to wish, and your wish may be
 To be here or anywhere talking to me,
 No matter what the weather, on earth,
 At any age between death and birth,—
 To see what day or night can be,
 The sun and the frost, the land and the sea,
 Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,—
 With a poor man of any sort, down to a king,
 Standing upright out in the air
 Wondering where he shall journey, O where?”

HAROLD MONRO

(1879–1932)

Midnight Lamentation

When you and I go down
 Breathless and cold,
 Our faces both worn back
 To earthly mould,
 How lonely we shall be!
 What shall we do,
 You without me,
 I without you?

I cannot bear the thought
 You, first, may die,
 Nor of how you will weep,
 Should I.
 We are too much alone;
 What can we do
 To make our bodies one:
 You, me; I, you?

We are most nearly born
 Of one same kind;
 We have the same delight,
 The same true mind.
 Must we then part, we part;
 Is there no way
 To keep a beating heart
 And light of day?

I could now rise and run
Through street on street
To where you are breathing—you,
That we might meet,
And that your living voice
Might sound above
Fear, and we two rejoice
Within our love.

How frail the body is,
And we are made
As only in decay
To lean and fade.
I think too much of death;
There is a gloom
When I can't hear your breath
Calm in some room.

O, but how suddenly
Either may droop;
Countenance be so white,
Body stoop.
Then there may be a place
Where fading flowers
Drop on a lifeless face
Through weeping hours.

Is then nothing safe?
Can we not find
Some everlasting life
In our one mind?
I feel it like disgrace
Only to understand
Your spirit through your word,
Or by your hand.

I cannot find a way
Through love and through;
I cannot reach beyond
Body, to you.
When you or I must go
Down evermore,
There'll be no more to say
—But a locked door.

WALLACE STEVENS

(1879-)

Peter Quince at the Clavier

I

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the self-same sounds
On my spirit make a music too.

Music is feeling then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their being throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green evening, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed
For so much melody.

Upon the bank she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
 Muted the night.
 She turned—
 A cymbal clashed,
 And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
 Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
 Against the elders by her side:

And as they whispered, the refrain
 Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon their lamps' uplifted flame
 Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then the simpering Byzantines
 Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
 The fitful tracing of a portal;
 But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
 So evenings die, in their green going,
 A wave, interminably flowing.

So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
 The cowl of Winter, done repenting.
 So maidens die to the auroral
 Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
 Of those white elders; but, escaping,
 Left only Death's ironic scraping.
 Now in its immortality, it plays
 On the clear viol of her memory,
 And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

(1881-1938)

Epitaph

Sir, you shall notice me: I am the Man;
 I am Good Fortune: I am satisfied.
 All I desired, more than I could desire.

I have: everything has gone right with me.
 Life was a hiding-place that played me false;
 I croucht ashamed, and still was seen and scorned:
 But now I am not seen. I was a fool,
 And now I know what wisdom dare not know:
 For I know Nothing. I was a slave, and now
 I have ungoverned freedom and the wealth
 That cannot be conceived: for I have Nothing.
 I lookt for beauty and I longed for rest,
 And now I have perfection: nay, I am
 Perfection: I am nothing, I am dead.

PADRAIC COLUM

(1881-)

A Drover

To Meath of the pastures,
 From wet hills by the sea,
 Through Leitrim and Longford,
 Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
 Their slipping and breathing—
 I name them the by-ways
 They're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,
 Brown bogs with black water,
 And my thoughts on white ships
 And the King o' Spain's daughter.

O farmer, strong farmer!
 You can spend at the fair,
 But your face you must turn
 To your crops and your care;

And soldiers, red soldiers!
 You've seen many lands,
 But you walk two by two,
 And by captain's commands!

O the smell of the beasts,
 The wet wind in the morn,
 And the proud and hard earth
 Never broken for corn!

And the crowds at the fair,
 The herds loosened and blind,
 Loud words and dark faces,
 And the wild blood behind!

(O strong men with your best
 I would strive breast to breast,
 I could quiet your herds
 With my words, with my words!)

I will bring you, my kine,
 Where there's grass to the knee,
 But you'll think of scant croppings
 Harsh with salt of the sea.

JAMES JOYCE

(1882-1941)

"I Hear an Army Charging . . ."

I hear an army charging upon the land,
 And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
 Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
 Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
 I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
 They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
 Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
 They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
 My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
 My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

She Weeps over Ragoon

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
 Where my dark lover lies.
 Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
 At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
 How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
 Ever unanswered and the dark rain falling,
 Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
 As his sad heart has lain
 Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
 And muttering rain.

A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight

They mouth love's language. Gnash
 The thirteen teeth
 Your lean jaws grin with. Lash
 Your itch and quailing, nude greed of the flesh.
 Love's breath in you is stale, worded or sung,
 As sour as cat's breath,
 Harsh of tongue.

This grey that stares
 Lies not, stark skin and bone.
 Leave greasy lips their kissing. None
 Will choose her what you see to mouth upon.
 Dire hunger holds his hour.
 Pluck forth your heart, saltblood, a fruit of tears.
 Pluck and devour!

JAMES STEPHENS

(1882-)

Deirdre

Do not let any woman read this verse!
 It is for men, and after them their sons,
 And their son's sons!

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly;
 When we remember Deirdre, and her tale,
 And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men took her hand;
 They looked into her eyes and said their say,
 And she replied to them.

More than two thousand years it is since she
 Was beautiful: she trod the waving grass;
 She saw the clouds.

Two thousand years! The grass is still the same;
 The clouds as lovely as they were that time
 When Deirdre was alive.

But there has been again no woman born
 Who was so beautiful; not one so beautiful
 Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together!
 No man can ever love her! Not a man
 Can dream to be her lover!

No man can bend before her! No man say—
 What could one say to her? There are no words
 That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is told
 Beside the fire! No man can ever be
 The friend of that poor queen!

ANNA WICKHAM

(1883-1947)

The Tired Man

I am a quiet gentleman,
 And I would sit and dream;
 But my wife is on the hillside,
 Wild as a hill-stream.

I am a quiet gentleman,
 And I would sit and think;
 But my wife is walking the whirlwind
 Through night as black as ink.

O, give me a woman of my race
 As well controlled as I,
 And let us sit by the fire,
 Patient till we die!

The Fresh Start

O give me back my rigorous English Sunday
 And my well-ordered house, with stockings washed on Monday.
 Let the House-Lord, that kindly decorous fellow,
 Leave happy for his Law at ten, with a well-furled umbrella.
 Let my young sons observe my strict house rules,
 Imbibing Tory principles, at Tory schools.

Two years now I have sat beneath a curse
 And in a fury poured out frenzied verse;
 Such verse as held no beauty and no good
 And was at best new curious vermin-food.

My dog is rabid, and my cat is lean,
 And not a pot in all this place is clean.
 The locks have fallen from my hingeless doors,
 And holes are in my credit and my floors.

There is no solace for me, but in sooth
 To have said baldly certain ugly truth.
 Such scavenger's work was never yet a woman's,
 My wardrobe's more a scarecrow's than a human's.

I'm off to the House-goddess for her gift.
 "O give me Circumspection, Temperance, Thrift;
 Take thou this lust of words, this fevered itching,
 And give me faith in darning, joy of stitching!"

When this hot blood is cooled by kindly Time
 Controlled and schooled, I'll come again to Rhyme.
 Sure of my methods, morals and my gloves,
 I'll write chaste sonnets of imagined Loves.

THOMAS ERNEST HULME

(1883-1917)

Autumn

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—
 I walked abroad,
 And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
 Like a red-faced farmer.
 I did not stop to speak, but nodded,
 And round about were the wistful stars
 With white faces like town children.

Conversion

Light-hearted I walked into the valley wood
 In the time of hyacinths,
 Till beauty like a scented cloth
 Cast over, stifled me. I was bound
 Motionless and faint of breath
 By loveliness that is her own eunuch.

Now pass I to the final river
 Ignominiously, in a sack, without sand,
 As any peeping Turk to the Bosphorus.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

(1884-1915)

The Dying Patriot

Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills,
 Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,
 Day of my dreams, O day!

I saw them march from Dover, long ago,
 With a silver cross before them, singing low,
 Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas break in foam,
 Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
 —Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her gown:
 Noon of my dreams, O noon!
 Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,
 With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,
 With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,
 And the streets where the great men go!

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
 When the first star shivers and the last wave pales:
 O evening dreams!
 There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,
 Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,
 And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead
 Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
 Your children of the morning are clamorous for war:
 Fire in the night, O dreams!
 Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,
 South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,
 West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I must go
 Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young Star-captains
 glow.

WILSON MACDONALD

(18—)

Exit

Easily to the old
 Opens the hard ground:
 But when youth grows cold,
 And red lips have no sound,
 Bitterly does the earth
 Open to receive
 And bitterly do the grasses
 In the churchyard grieve.

Cold clay knows how to hold
 An aged hand;
 But how to comfort youth
 It does not understand.
 Even the gravel rasps
 In a dumb way
 When youth comes homing
 Before its day.

Elizabeth's hair was made
To warm a man's breast,
And her lips called like roses
To be caressed;
But grim the Jester
Who gave her hair to lie
On the coldest lover
Under the cold sky.

But Elizabeth never knew,
Nor will learn now,
How the long wrinkle comes
On the white brow;
Nor will she ever know,
In her robes of gloom,
How chill is a dead child
From a warm womb.

O clay, so tender
When a flower is born!
Press gently as she dreams
In her bed forlorn.
They who come early
Must weary of their rest—
Lie softly, then, as light
On her dear breast.

Unflowered is her floor,
Her roof is unstarred.
Is this then the ending—
Here, shuttered and barred?
Nay, not the ending;
She will awake
Or the heart of the earth
That enfolds her will break.

Easily to the old
Opens the hard ground:
But when youth grows cold,
And red lips have no sound,
Bitterly does the earth
Open to receive
And bitterly do the grasses
In the churchyard grieve.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

(1885-1930)

FROM *The Virgin Mother*

I kiss you good-bye, my darling,
Our ways are different now;
You are a seed in the night-time,
I am a man, to plough
The difficult glebe of the future
For seed to endow.

I kiss you good-bye, my dearest
It is finished between us here.
Oh, if I were calm as you are,
Sweet and still on your bier!
Oh God, if I had not to leave you
Alone, my dear.

Is the last word now uttered?
Is the farewell said?
Spare me the strength to leave you
Now you are dead.
I must go, but my soul lies helpless
Beside your bed.

River Roses

By the Isar, in the twilight
We were wandering and singing.
By the Isar, in the evening
We climbed the huntsman's ladder and sat swinging
In the fir-tree overlooking the marshes,
While river met with river, and the ringing
Of their pale-green glacier water filled the evening.

By the Isar, in the twilight
We found the dark wild roses
Hanging red at the river; and simmering
Frogs were singing, and over the river closes
Was savour of ice and roses; and glimmering
Fear was abroad. We whispered: "No one knows us.
Let it be as the snake disposes
Here in this simmering marsh."

Sinners

The big mountains sit still in the afternoon light,
Shadows in their lap;
The bees roll round in the wild-thyme with delight.

We sitting here among the cranberries
 So still in the gap
 Of rock, distilling our memories,

Are sinners! Strange! The bee that blunders
 Against me goes off with a laugh.
 A squirrel cocks his head on the fence, and wonders

What about sin?—For, it seems
 The mountains have
 No shadow of us on their snowy forehead of dreams

As they ought to have. They rise above us
 Dreaming
 For ever. One even might think that they love us.

*Little red cranberries cheek to cheek,
 Two great dragon-flies wrestling:
 You, with your forehead nestling
 Against me, and bright peak shining to peak—*

There's a love-song for you!—Ah, if only
 There were no teeming
 Swarms of mankind in the world, and we were less lonely!

Song of a Man Who Has Come Through

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
 A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
 If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
 If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!
 If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed
 By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the
 world

Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted.
 If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
 Driven by invisible blows,
 The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the
 Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
 I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
 Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?
 What is the knocking at the door in the night?
 It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.
 Admit them, admit them.

Bavarian Gentians

Not every man has gentians in his house
in soft September, at slow, sad Michaelmas.

Bavarian gentians, big and dark, only dark
darkening the day-time torch-like with the smoking blueness of
Pluto's gloom,
ribbed and torch-like, with their blaze of darkness spread blue down
flattening into points, flattened under the sweep of white day
torch-flower of the blue-smoking darkness, Pluto's dark-blue daze,
black lamps from the halls of Dis, burning dark blue,
giving off darkness, blue darkness, as Demeter's pale lamps give off
light,
lead me then, lead me the way.

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch
let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of this flower
down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blue-
ness,
even where Persephone goes, just now, from the frosted September
to the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark
and Persephone herself is but a voice
or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark
of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense gloom,
among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness on
the lost bride and her groom.

Ship of Death

I sing of autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion.

The apples falling like great drops of dew
to bruise themselves an exit from themselves.

Have you built your ship of death, oh, have you?
Build then your ship of death, for you will need it!

Can man his own quietus make
with a bare bodkin?

With daggers, bodkins, bullets man can make
a bruise or break of exit for his life
but is that a quietus, oh tell me, is it quietus?

Quietus is the goal of the long journey,
the longest journey towards oblivion.

Slips out the soul, invisible one, wrapped still
in the white shirt of the mind's experiences
and folded in the dark-red, unseen
mantle of the body's still mortal memories.

Frightened and alone, the soul slips out of the house
or is pushed out
to find himself on the crowded, arid margins of existence.

Oh, it is not so easy, I tell you it is not so easy
to set softly forth on the longest journey, the longest journey.

It is easy to be pushed out of the silvery city of the body
through any breach in the wall,
thrust out on to the grey grey beaches of shadow,
the long marginal stretches of existence, crowded with lost souls
that intervene between our tower and the shaking sea of the beyond.

Oh build your ship of death, oh build it in time
and build it lovingly, and put it between the hands of your soul.

Once outside the gate of the walled silvery life of days,
once outside upon the grey marsh beaches, where lost souls moan
in millions, unable to depart,
having no boat to launch upon the shaken, soundless
deepest and longest of seas,
once outside the gate,
what will you do, if you have no ship of the soul?

Oh pity the dead that are dead but cannot take
the journey, still they moan and beat
against the silvery adamant walls of this our exclusive existence.
They moan and beat, they gnash, they rage,
they fall upon the new outcoming souls with rage,
and they send arrows of anger, bullets and bombs of frustration
over the adamant walls of this, our by-no-means impregnable
existence.

Pity, oh pity the poor dead that are only ousted from life,
and crowd there on the grey mud beaches of the margins,
gaunt and horrible,
waiting, waiting till at last the ancient boatman with the common
barge
shall take them abroad, towards the great goal of oblivion.

Pity the poor gaunt dead that cannot die
into the distance with receding oars,
but must roam like outcast dogs on the margins of life,
and think of them, and with the soul's deep sigh
waft nearer to them the bark of delivery.

But, for myself, but for my soul, dear soul,
let me build a little ship with oars and food
and little dishes, and all accoutrements
dainty and ready for the departing soul.

And put it between the hands of the trembling soul.
So that when the hour comes, and the last door closes behind him,
he shall slip down the shores invisible
between the half-visible hordes
to where the furthest and longest sea
touches the margins of our life's existence
with wincing unwilling waves.

And launching there his little ship,
wrapped in the dark-red mantle of the body's memories,
the little, slender soul sits swiftly down, and takes the oars,
and draws away, away, away towards the dark depths,
fathomless deep ahead, far, far from the grey shores
that fringe with shadow all this world's existence.

Over the sea, over the furthest sea
on the longest journey,
past the jutting rocks of shadow,
past the lurking octopus arms of agonised memory,
past the strange whirlpools of remembered greed,
through the dead weed of a life-time's falsity,
slow, slow, my soul in his little ship,
on the most soundless of all seas,
taking the longest journey.

Pulling the long oars of a life-time's courage,
drinking the confident water from the little jug,
and eating the brave bread of a wholesome knowledge,
row, little soul, row on,
on the longest journey, towards the greatest goal;

Neither straight nor crooked, neither here nor there,
but shadows folded on deeper shadows,
and deeper, to a core of sheer oblivion,
like the convolutions of shadow-shell,
or deeper, like the foldings and involvings of a womb.

Drift on, drift on, my soul, towards the most pure,
most dark oblivion.
And at the penultimate porches, the dark-red mantle
of the body's memories slips and is absorbed
into the shell-like, womb-like convoluted shadow.

And round the great final bend of unbroken dark,
the skirt of the spirit's experience has melted away,
the oars have gone from the boat, and the little dishes

gone, gone, and the boat dissolves like pearl,
 as the soul at last slips perfect into the goal, the core
 of sheer oblivion and of utter peace,
 the womb of silence in the living night.

Ah peace, ah lovely peace, most lovely lapsing
 of this my soul into the plasm of peace.

Oh lovely last, last lapse of death, into pure oblivion,
 at the end of the longest journey
 peace, complete peace!
 But can it be that also it is procreation?

Oh build your ship of death,
 oh build it!
 Oh, nothing matters but the longest journey.

EZRA POUND

(1885-)

Δώρκα

Be in me as the eternal moods
 of the bleak wind, and not
 As transient things are—
 gaiety of flowers.
 Have me in the strong loneliness
 of sunless cliffs
 And of grey waters.
 Let the gods speak softly of us
 In days hereafter,
 The shadowy flowers of Orcus
 Remember thee.

The Return

See, they return; ah, see the tentative
 Movements, and the slow feet,
 The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
 Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one,
 With fear, as half-awakened;
 As if the snow should hesitate
 And murmur in the wind,
 and half turn back;
 These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"
 Inviolable.

Gods of the winged shoe!
With them the silver hounds
sniffing the trace of air!

Haie! Haie!

These were the swift to harry;
These the keen-scented;
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
pallid the leash-men!

SIEGFRIED SASOON

(1886-)

Aftermath

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same,—and War's a bloody game . . .

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sand-bags on
parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

H.D.—HILDA DOOLITTLE

(1886-)

Sitalkas

Thou art come at length
more beautiful
than any cool god
in a chamber under

Lycia's far coast,
than any high god
who touches us not
here in the seeded grass,
aye, than Argestes
scattering the broken leaves.

FROM *Hymen*

Never more will the wind
Cherish you again,
Never more will the rain.

Never more
Shall we find you bright
In the snow and wind.

The snow is melted,
The snow is gone,
And you are flown:

Like a bird out of our hand,
Like a light out of our heart,
You are gone.

Lethe

Nor skin nor hide nor fleece
Shall cover you,
Nor curtain of crimson nor fine
Shelter of cedar-wood be over you,
Nor the fir-tree
Nor the pine.

Nor sight of whin nor gorse
Nor river-yew,
Nor fragrance of flowering bush,
Nor wailing of reed-bird to waken you,
Nor of linnet,
Nor of thrush.

Nor word nor touch nor sight
Of lover, you
Shall long through the night but for this:
The roll of the full tide to cover you
Without question,
Without kiss.

Mid-Day

The light beats upon me.
I am startled—
a split leaf crackles on the paved floor.
I am anguished—defeated.

A slight wind shakes the seed-pods—
my thoughts are spent
as the black seeds.
My thoughts tear me,
I dread their fever.
I am scattered in its whirl.
I am scattered like
the hot shrivelled seeds.

The shrivelled seeds
are split on the path—
the grass bends with dust,
the grape slips
under its cracked leaf:
yet far beyond the spent seed-pods,
and the blackened stalks of mint,
the poplar is bright on the hill.
the poplar spreads out,
deep-rooted among trees.

O poplar, you are great
among the hill-stones,
while I perish on the path
among the crevices of the rocks.

ROBINSON JEFFERS

(1887-

Signpost

Civilized, crying how to be human again: this will tell you how.
Turn outward, love things, not men, turn right away from humanity,
Let that doll lie. Consider if you like how the lilies grow,
Lean on the silent rock until you feel its divinity
Make your veins cold, look at the silent stars, let your eyes
Climb the great ladder out of the pit of yourself and man.
Things are so beautiful, your love will follow your eyes;
Things are the God, you will love God, and not in vain,
For what we love, we grow to it, we share its nature. At length
You will look back along the stars' rays and see that even
The poor doll humanity has a place under heaven.
Its qualities repair their mosaic around you, the chips of strength
And sickness; but now you are free, even to become human,
But born of the rock and the air, not of a woman.

Shine, Perishing Republic

While this America settles in the mould of its vulgarity, heavily
thickening to empire,
And protest, only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and sighs out,
and the mass hardens,

I sadly smiling remember that the flower fades to make fruit, the
fruit rots to make earth
Out of the mother; and through the spring exultances, ripeness and
decadence; and home to the mother.

You making haste haste on decay: not blameworthy; life is good,
be it stubbornly long or suddenly
A mortal splendor: meteors are not needed less than mountains:
shine, perishing republic.

But for my children, I would have them keep their distance from
the thickening center; corruption
Never has been compulsory, when the cities lie at the monster's feet
there are left the mountains.

And boys, be in nothing so moderate as in love of man, a clever
servant, insufferable master.
There is the trap that catches noblest spirits, that caught—they say
—God, when he walked on earth.

ELINOR WYLIE

(1887-1928)

The Eagle and the Mole

Avoid the reeking herd,
Shun the polluted flock,
Live like that stoic bird,
The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds
Begets and fosters hate;
He keeps, above the clouds,
His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,
And herds to shelter run,
He sails above the storm,
He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track
Your sinews cannot leap,
Avoid the lathered pack,
Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul
From spotted sight or sound,
Live like the velvet mole;
Go burrow underground.

And there hold intercourse
With roots of trees and stones,
With rivers at their source,
And disembodied bones.

LEONARD BACON

(1887-)

Chorus from a Tragedy

The world is no longer good.
Men's hearts no more are kind.
There is coldness in the mind,
Bitterness in the blood.
And I am not resigned.

When they talk of burning things
That touch me to the heart,
They trammel music and art,
They wither Ariel's wings
Or tear his pinions apart,

Anatomizing, digesting,
Drying the sap that ran
Once in the brain of man
Riotous and unresting,
Guiltless of plot or plan.

There is no pulse in the vein.
And the staunch muscle has slacked.
A blight has devoured the bract.
Color dies to a stain.
Wisdom dwindles to fact.

And I feel as dead as the ash
Of an unregarded fire.
The elements of desire,
Lovely and wild and rash,
Separate and retire.

We shall not have things as they were,
Not as they were before.
If I had the heart to restore,
Would the chestnut thicken its burr?
Would the olive leaf once more?

MARIANNE MOORE

(1887-)

Silence

My father used to say,
 "Superior people never make long visits,
 have to be shown Longfellow's grave
 or the glass flowers at Harvard.
 Self-reliant like the cat—
 that takes its prey to privacy,
 the mouse's limp tail hanging like a shoelace from its mouth—
 they sometimes enjoy solitude,
 and can be robbed of speech
 by speech which has delighted them.
 The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence;
 not in silence, but restraint."
 Nor was he insincere in saying, "Make my house your inn".
 Inns are not residences.

A Talisman

Under a splintered mast,
 Torn from the ship and cast
 Near her hull,

A stumbling shepherd found
 Embedded in the ground,
 A seagull

Of lapis lazuli,
 A scarab of the sea,
 With wings spread—

Curling its coral feet,
 Parting its beak to greet
 Men long dead.

RUPERT BROOKE

(1887-1915)

The Hill

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
 Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
 You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
 Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
 When we are old, are old . . ." "And when we die
 All's over that is ours; and life burns on
 Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
 "Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
 Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
 "We shall go down with unreluctant tread
 Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
 And laughed, that had such brave true things to say,
 —And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

(1888—)

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

*S'lo credessi che mia risposta fosse
 A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
 Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse.
 Ma perciocché glummar di questo fondo
 Non tornò vivo alcun, s'l'odo il vero
 Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

Let us go then, you and I,
 When the evening is spread out against the sky
 Like a patient etherised upon a table;
 Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
 The muttering retreats
 Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
 And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument
 Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
 Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
 Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
 Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
 And seeing that it was a soft October night,
 Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
 For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
 Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
 There will be time, there will be time
 To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
 There will be time to murder and create,
 And time for all the works and days of hands
 That lift and drop a question on your plate;
 Time for you and time for me,
 And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
 And for a hundred visions and revisions,
 Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
 To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
 Time to turn back and descend the stair,
 With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
 (They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
 My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
 My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
 (They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
 Do I dare
 Disturb the universe?
 In a minute there is time
 For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:—
 Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
 I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices dying with a dying fall
 Beneath the music from a farther room.
 So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
 The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
 And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
 When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
 Then how should I begin
 To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
 And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
 Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
 (But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
 Is it perfume from a dress
 That makes me so digress?
 Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
 And should I then presume?
 And how should I begin?

* * *

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
 And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
 Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
 Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

* * *

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
 Smoothed by long fingers,
 Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
 Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
 Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
 Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
 But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
 Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon
 a platter,
 I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
 And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
 And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
 Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
 Would it have been worth while,
 To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
 To have squeezed the universe into a ball
 To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
 To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
 Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
 If one, settling a pillow by her head,
 Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.
 That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 Would it have been worth while,
 After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
 After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along
 the floor—
 And this, and so much more?—

It is impossible to say just what I mean!
 But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
 Would it have been worth while
 If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
 And turning toward the window, should say:
 "That is not it at all,
 That is not what I meant, at all."

* * *

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
 Am an attendant lord, one that will do
 To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
 Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
 Deferential, glad to be of use,
 Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
 Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
 At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
 Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
 I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
 I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
 I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
 Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
 When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
 By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
 Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

La Figlia Che Piange

O quam te memorem virgo . . .

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
 Lean on a garden urn—
 Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—
 Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—
 Fling them to the ground and turn
 With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:
 But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,
 So I would have had her stand and grieve,
 So he would have left

As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,
 As the mind deserts the body it has used.
 I should find
 Some way incomparably light and deft,
 Some way we both should understand,
 Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather
 Compelled my imagination many days,
 Many days and many hours:
 Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers.
 And I wonder how they should have been together!
 I should have lost a gesture and a pose.
 Sometimes these cogitations still amaze
 The troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

"Eyes That Last I Saw in Tears"

Eyes that last I saw in tears
 Through division
 Here in death's dream kingdom
 The golden vision reappears
 I see the eyes but not the tears
 This is my affliction

This is my affliction
 Eyes I shall not see again
 Eyes of decision
 Eyes I shall not see unless
 At the door of death's other kingdom
 Where, as in this,
 The eyes outlast a little while
 A little while outlast the tears
 And hold us in derision.

CONRAD AIKEN

(1889-)

FROM *Time in the Rock*

XX

And you who love, you who attach yourselves
 to another mouth, who in the depth of night
 speak without speech act without conscious action
 in all that lamentable struggle to be another
 to make that other yourself, to find that other,
 to make two one

who would be tree and earth
cloud and ocean, movement and stillness,
object and shadow

what can we learn from you
pathetic ones, poor victims of the will,
wingless angels who beat with violent arms,
what can we learn from your tragic effort

is there a secret here, an unambiguous
message, a leaf blown from another star,
that thus all stand and watch you, thus all envy,
all emulate? must we be violent too?

O patience, let us be patient and discern
in this lost leaf all that can be discerned;
and let us learn, from this sad violence learn,
all that in midst of violence can be learned.

ISAAC ROSENBERG

(1890-1918)

Break of Day in the Trenches

The darkness crumbles away—
It is the same old druid Time as ever.
Only a live thing leaps my hand—
A queer sardonic rat—
As I pull the parapet's poppy
To stick behind my ear.
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
Your cosmopolitan sympathies
(And God knows what antipathies).
Now you have touched this English hand
You will do the same to a German—
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
To cross the sleeping green between.
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass
Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes
Less chanced than you for life,
Bonds to the whims of murder,
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
The torn fields of France.
What do you see in our eyes
As the shrieking iron and flame
Hurled through still heavens?
What quaver—what heart aghast?
Poppies whose roots are in man's veins
Drop, and are ever dropping;
But mine in my ear is safe,
Just a little white with the dust.

OSBERT SITWELL

(1892-)

Mrs. Southern's Enemy

Even as the shadows of the statues lengthen,
 While, when the glowing glass below is broken,
 The plunging images are shaken,
 For the young, blue-winged god is woken,
 Sighs, stretches, shivers, till his muscles strengthen
 So he can trample down the flowers, forsaken
 By their droning, golden-livered lovers, tumble
 Among them till their red mouths tremble,
 Already in the ancient house, whose shadow dies
 With the slow opening of its hundred eyes,
 Already, even then, Night the Black Panther
 Is slinking, creeping down the corridors,
 Lithe-swinging on her velvet paws,
 Sharpening her treacherous claws
 To frighten children.

And then it is

I seem to see again
 That grey typhoon we knew as Mrs. Southern,
 Spinning along the darkened passages,
 Watching things, tugging things,
 Seeing to things,
 And putting things to rights.
 Oh, would that the cruel daylight too
 Could give us back again
 Dear Mrs. Southern,
 Dear selfless, blue-lipped Mrs. Southern,
 Cross, mumbling and transparent Mrs. Southern,
 With her grey hair,

Grey face,
 And thinly-bitter smile,
 In wide blue skirt, white-spotted, and white apron:
 On the very top of her head she carried a cap,
 An emblem of respect and respectability, while
 As though she were a Hindu charmer of snakes,
 Her hair lay coiled and tame at the back of her head.
 But her actual majesty was really the golden glory,
 Through which she moved, a hurrying fly
 Enshrined in rolling amber,
 As she spun along in a twisting column of golden atoms,
 A halo of gold motes above and about her,
 A column of visible, virtuous activity.
 Her life was a span of hopeless conflict,
 For she battled against Time,
 That never-vanquished and invisible foe.

She did not recognise her enemy,
 She thought him Dust:
 But what is Dust,
 Save Time's most lethal weapon,
 His faithful ally and our sneaking foe,
 Through whom Time steals and covers all we know,
 The very instrument through whom he overcame
 Great Nineveh and Rome and Carthage,
 Ophir and Trebizond and Ephesus,
 Now deep, all deep, so deep in dust?
 Even the lean and arid archaeologist,
 Who bends above the stones, and peers and ponders,
 Will be his, too, one day.
 Dust loads the dice,
 Then challenges to play,
 Each layer of dust upon a chair or table
 A tablet to his future victory.
 And Dust is cruel, no victory despising,
 However slight,
 And Dust is greedy, eats the very bones;
 So that, in the end, still not content
 With trophies such as Helen of Troy,
 Or with the conquering golden flesh of Cleopatra
 (She, perhaps, understood the age-long battle,
 For did she not prefer to watch her pearl
 Dissolve in amber wine,
 Thus herself enjoying
 Its ultimate disintegration,
 Than let Dust conquer such a thing of beauty?
 Was not the asp, fruit-hidden,
 The symbol of such understanding?),
 He needs must seize upon Mrs. Southern,
 Poor mumbling, struggling, blue-lipped Mrs. Southern,
 For Dust is insatiate and invincible.

FROM England Reclaimed

Sound out, proud trumpets,
 And you, bugles, blow
 Over the English Dead,
 Not slain in battle, in no sense sublime,
 These rustic figures caught at last by Time,
 And yet their blood was warm and red
 As any roses that in England grow.
 To these anonymous armies of the Dead
 Blow, bugles, blow;

Sound out, proud trumpets, let your brazen thunder
 Wake them, to make them pass
 Before us under the wide sky.

Thunder, drums and trumpets, thunder,
 Wake them, to rise from where they lie
 Under,
 Under
 Under
 The green grass
 Under the wide grey sky.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

(1892-)

You, Andrew Marvel

And here face down beneath the sun
 And here upon earth's noonward height
 To feel the always coming on
 The always rising of the night.

To feel creep up the curving east
 The earthly chill of dusk and slow
 Upon those under lands the vast
 And ever climbing shadow grow

And strange at Ecbatan the trees
 Take leaf by leaf the evening strange
 The flooding dark about their knees
 The mountains over Persia change

And now at Kermanshah the gate
 Dark empty and the withered grass
 And through the twilight now the late
 Few travellers in the westward pass

And Baghdad darken and the bridge
 Across the silent river gone
 And through Arabia the edge
 Of evening widen and steal on

And deepen on Palmyra's street
 The wheel rut in the ruined stone
 And Lebanon fade out and Crete
 High through the clouds and overblown

And over Sicily the air
 Still flashing with the landward gulls
 And loom and slowly disappear
 The sails above the shadowy hulls

And Spain go under and the shore
 Of Africa the gilded sand
 And evening vanish and no more
 The low pale light across that land

Nor now the long light on the sea
 And here face downward in the sun
 To feel how swift how secretly
 The shadow of the night comes on . . .

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

(1892--)

"Oh, Sleep Forever in the Latmian Cave"

Oh, sleep forever in the Latmian cave,
 Mortal Endymion, darling of the Moon!
 Her silver garments by the senseless wave
 Shouldered and dropped and on the shingle strewn,
 Her fluttering hand against her forehead pressed,
 Her scattered looks that trouble all the sky,
 Her rapid footsteps running down the west—
 Of all her altered state, oblivious lie!
 Whom earthen you, by deathless lips adored,
 Wild-eyed and stammering to the grasses thrust,
 And deep into her crystal body poured
 The hot and sorrowful sweetness of the dust:
 Whereof she wanders mad, being all unfit
 For mortal love, that might not die of it.

FROM *Sonnets*

XIX

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
 I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
 Under my head till morning; but the rain
 Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh
 Upon the glass and listen for reply,
 And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
 For unremembered lads that not again
 Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
 Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
 Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
 Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
 I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
 I only know that summer sang in me
 A little while, that in me sings no more

WILFRED OWEN

(1893-1918)

Greater Love

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;
Till the fierce Love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft,—
Though even as wind murmuring through rafters loft,—
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear,
Now earth has stopped the piteous mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

ERIC ROBERTSON DODDS

(1893-)

When the Ecstatic Body Grips

When the ecstatic body grips
 Its heaven, with little sobbing cries,
 And lips are crushed on hot blind lips,
 I read strange pity in your eyes.

For that in you which is not mine,
 And that in you which I love best,
 And that which my day-thoughts divine
 Masterless still, still unpossessed,

Sits in the blue eyes' frightened stare,
 A naked lonely-dwelling thing,
 A frail thing from its body-lair
 Drawn at my body's summoning;

Whispering low, "O unknown man,
 Whose hunger on my hunger wrought,
 Body shall give what body can,
 Shall give you all—save what you sought."

Whispering, "O secret one, forgive,
 Forgive and be content though still
 Beyond the blood's surrender live
 The darkness of the separate will.

"Enough if in the veins we know
 Body's delirium, body's peace—
 Ask not that ghost to ghost shall go,
 Essence in essence merge and cease."

But swiftly, as in sudden sleep,
 That You in you is veiled or dead;
 And the world's shrunken to a heap
 Of hot flesh straining on a bed.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

(1894-)

Ninth Philosopher's Song

God's in His Heaven: He never issues
 (Wise man!) to visit this world of ours.
 Unchecked the cancer gnaws our tissues,
 Stops to lick chops and then again devours.

Those find, who most delight to roam
 'Mid castles of remotest Spain,
That there's, thank Heaven, no place like home;
 So they set out upon their travels again.

Beauty for some provides escape,
 Who gains a happiness in eyeing
The gorgeous buttocks of the ape
 Or Autumn sunsets exquisitely dying.

And some to better worlds than this
 Mount up on wings as frail and misty
As passion's all-too-transient kiss
 (Though afterwards—oh, *omne animal triste!*)

But I, too rational by half
 To live but where I bodily am,
Can only do my best to laugh,
 Can only sip my misery dram by dram.

While happier mortals take to drink,
 A dolorous dipsomaniac,
Fuddled with grief I sit and think,
 Looking upon the bile when it is black.

Then brim the bowl with atrabilious liquor!
 We'll pledge our Empire vast across the flood:
For Blood, as all men know, than Water's thicker,
 But Water's wider, thank the Lord, than Blood.

Frascati's

Bubble-breasted swells the dome
Of this my spiritual home,
From whose nave the chandelier,
Schaffhausen frozen, tumbles sheer.
We in the round balcony sit,
Lean o'er and look into the pit
Where feed the human bears beneath,
Champing with their gilded teeth.
What negroid holiday makes free
With such priapic revelry?
What songs? What gongs? What nameless rites?
What gods like wooden stalagmites?
What steams of blood or kidney pie?
What blasts of Bantu melody?
Ragtime . . . But when the wearied Band
Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand
And there we sit in blissful calm,
Quietly sweating palm to palm.

FROM *Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt*

VIII

"Misery," he said, "to have no chin,
Nothing but brains and sex and taste:
Only ommissively to sin,
Weakly kind and cowardly chaste.

But when the war is over,
I will go to the East and plant
Tea and rubber, and make much money.
I will eat the black sweat of niggers
And flagellate them with whips.
I shall be enormously myself,
Incarnate Chin."

The anguish of thinking ill of oneself
(St. Paul's religion, poignant beyond words)
Turns ere you know it to faint minor thruds
Before the ritualistic pomps of the world—
The glass-grey silver of rivers, silken skies unfurled,
Urim and Thummim of dawn and sun-setting,
And the lawn sleeves of a great episcopal cloud,
Matins of song and vesperal murmuring,
Incense of night-long flowers and earth new-ploughed;
All beauties of sweetness and all that shine or sing.
Conscience is smoothed by beauty's subtle fingers
Into voluptuousness, where nothing lingers
Of bitterness, saving a sorrow that is
Rather a langour than a sense of pain.

So, from the tunnel of St. Martin's Lane
Sailing into the open Square, he felt
His self-reproach, his good resolutions melt
Into an ecstasy, gentle as balm,
Before the spire, etched black and white on the calm
Of a pale windless sky, St. Martin's spire,
And the shadows sleeping beneath the portico
And the crowd hurrying, ceaselessly, to and fro.
Alas, the bleached and slender tower that aches
Upon the gauzy sky, where blueness breaks
Into sweet hoarseness, veiled with love and tender
As the dove's voice alone in the woods: too slender,
Too finely pencilled—black and bleaching white
On smoky mist, too clear in the keen light
Of utmost summer: and oh! the lives that pass
In one swift stream of colour, too, too bright,
Too swift—and all the lives unknown,
Alone.

Alas . . .

A truce to summer and beauty and the pain
 Of being too consciously alive among
 The things that pass and the things that remain,
 (Oh, equal sadness!) the pain of being young.
 Truce, truce . . . once again he fled;—
 All his life, it seemed, was a flight;—
 Fled and found
 Sanctuary in a cinema house.
 Huge faces loomed and burst,
 Like bubbles in a black wind.
 He shut his eyes on them and in a little
 Slept; slept, while the pictures
 Passed and returned, passed once more and returned.
 And he, like God in the midst of the wheeling world,
 Slept on; and when he woke it was eight o'clock.
 Jenny? Revenge is sweet; he will have kept
 Dear Jenny waiting.

ROBERT GRAVES

(1895-)

Lust in Song

The bards falter in shame, their running verse
 Stumbles, with marrow-bones the drunken diners
 Pelt them for their delay.
 It is a something fearful in the song
 Plagues them—an unknown grief that like a churl
 Goes common-place in cowskin
 And burst unheralded, crowing and coughing,
 An unpilled holly-club twirled in his hand,
 Into their many-shielded, samite-curtained,
 Jewel-bright hall where twelve kings sit at chess
 Over the white-bronze pieces and the gold;
 And by a gross enchantment
 Flails down the rafters and leads off the queens—
 The wild-swan-breasted, the rose-ruddy-cheeked,
 Raven-haired daughters of their admiration—
 To stir his black pots and to bed on straw.

EDWARD DAVISON

(1898-)

The Snare

Far away and long ago
 This trouble at my heart began;
 Ere Eden perished like a flower,
 Or Eve had shed her tears an hour,
 Or Adam knew himself a man,
 In every leaf of every tree
 Beauty had set a snare for me.

Far away and long ago
 Her loveliest song began to chime,
 Bright Hector fell, and at the stroke
 Ten thousand hearts like mine awoke
 In every age and every clime.
 She stood bestriding time and space
 Amid the stars, and lit the rose
 With scent and colour, and she chose
 My country for a dwelling place
 And set a snare in every tree
 Awaiting me, awaiting me!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

(1898-)

FROM *John Brown's Body*

This is the hidden place that hiders know.
 This is where hiders go.
 Step softly, the snow that falls here is different snow,
 The rain has a different sting.
 Step softly, step like a cloud, step softly as the least
 Whisper of air against the beating wing,
 And let your eyes be sealed
 With two blue muscadines
 Stolen from secret vines
 Or you will never find, in the lost field,
 The table spread, the signs of the hidden feast.

This is where hiders live.
 This is the tentative
 And outcast corner where hiders steal away
 To bake their hedgehogs in a lump of clay,
 To raise their crops and children wild and shy
 And let the world go by
 In accidental marches of armed wrath
 That stumble blindly past the buried path.
 Step softly, step like a whisper, but do not speak
 Or you will never see
 The furriness curled within the hollow tree,
 The shadow-dance upon the wilderness creek.

This is the hiders' house.
 This is the ark of pine-and-willow-boughs.
 This is the quiet place.
 You may call now, but let your call be sweet
 As clover-honey strained through silver sieves
 And delicate as the dust upon the moth
 Or you will never find your fugitives.
 Call once, and call again,
 Then, if the lifted strain

Has the true colour and substance of the wild,
 You may perceive, if you have lucky eyes,
 Something that ran away from being wise
 And changed silk ribbons for a greener cloth,
 Some budding-horned and deer-milk-suckled child,
 Some lightness, moving toward you on light feet,
 Some girl with indolent passion in her face.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

(1900 -)

Variation on a Theme by John Lyly

What mournful metamorphosis
 Changed my days: mocked time that flies:
 My life, a beating clock that is,
 Turning to endless song that dies:
 So while I sigh here as a reed,
 I, dying, live, that lived indeed?

The hills' green tumbling fields I climbed
 For hollow music from the shore,
 That with the cooling wind's voice rhymed.
 Both mingling through the wood's green core
 Till leaves and branches both do sing
 With wind and water echoing.

One day I trod the river bank
 And sang into the gentle wind,
 The wood god tangled, wet and dank,
 Leaped through the leaves and came behind;
 He ran with goat's feet, chasing me,
 Until I fell back wearily.

My heart, that beating clock, stopped dead,
 And I was changed into a brake;
 My limbs that cheated him, my head,
 All turned to reed that wind can shake;
 So do I mock time, blowing here;
 One winter's sighs make not a year.

He comes and cuts himself a quill,
 To make my image with his breath;
 He tries, at mine, his lips to fill,
 But music mocks him like my death;
 No sooner a shrill note he blows,
 Than it has fled, as water flows.

And so this ghost of me escapes,
 It flies from him each time he plays;
 And I shall never feel his rapes,
 Till music in a reed pipe stays;
 Till then, he'll find me still a reed,
 Though sighing at his breath, indeed.

ROY CAMPBELL

(1902-)

The Zebras

From the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers,
 Harnessed with level rays in golden reins,
 The zebras draw the dawn across the plains
 Wading knee-deep among the scarlet flowers.
 The sunlight, zithering their flanks with fire,
 Flashes between the shadows as they pass
 Barred with electric tremors through the grass
 Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre.
 Into the flushed air snorting rosy plumes
 That smoulder round their feet in drifting fumes,
 With dove-like voices call the distant fillies,
 While round the herds the stallion wheels his flight,
 Engine of beauty volted with delight,
 To roll his mare among the trampled lilies.

CECIL DAY LEWIS

(1904-)

FROM *From Feathers to Iron*

XIV

Now the full-throated daffodils,
 Our trumpeters in gold,
 Call resurrection from the ground
 And bid the year be bold.

To-day the almond tree turns pink,
 The first flush of the spring;
 Winds loll and gossip through the town
 Her secret whispering.

Now too the bird must try his voice
 Upon the morning air;
 Down drowsy avenues he cries
 A novel great affair.

He tells of royalty to be;
 How with her train of rose
 Summer to coronation comes
 Through waving wild hedgerows.

To-day crowds quicken in a street,
The fish leaps in the flood:
Look, there gasometer rises,
And here bough swells to bud.

For our love's luck, our stowaway,
Stretches in his cabin;
Our youngster joy barely conceived
Shows up beneath the skin.

Our joy was but a gusty thing
Without sinew or wit,
An infant flyaway; but now
We make a man of it.

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN

(1907-)

FROM *Look, Stranger!*

XIII

O for doors to be open and an invite with gilded edges
To dine with Lord Lobcock and Count Asthma on the platinum
benches,
With the somersaults and fireworks, the roast and the smacking
kisses—

Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.

And Garbo's and Cleopatra's wits to go astraying,
In a feather ocean with me to go fishing and playing
Still jolly when the cock has burst himself with crowing—

Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.

And to stand on green turf among the craning yelling faces,
Dependent on the chestnut, the sable, the Arabian horses,
And me with a magic crystal to foresee their places—

Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.

And this square to be a deck, and these pigeons sails to rig
And to follow the delicious breeze like a tantomny pig
To the shaded feverless islands where the melons are big—

Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.

And these shops to be turned to tulips in a garden bed,
And me with my stick to thrash each merchant dead
As he pokes from a flower his bald and wicked head—

Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.

And a hole in the bottom of heaven, and Peter and Paul
 And each smug surprised saint like parachutes to fall,
 And every one-legged beggar to have no legs at all—
 Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
 The six beggared cripples.

LOUIS MACNEICE

(1907-)

Aubade

Having bitten on life like a sharp apple
 Or, playing it like a fish, been happy,

Having felt with fingers that the sky is blue,
 What have we after that to look forward to?

Not the twilight of the gods but a precise dawn
 Of sallow and grey bricks, and newsboys crying war.

STEPHEN SPENDER

(1909-)

Thoughts during an Air Raid

Of course, the entire effort is to put myself
 Outside the ordinary range
 Of what are called statistics. A hundred are killed
 In the outer suburbs. Well, well, I carry on.
 So long as the great "I" is propped upon
 This girdered bed which seems more like a hearse,
 In the hotel bedroom with flowering wallpaper
 Which rings in wreathes above, I can ignore
 The pressure of those names under my fingers
 Heavy and black as I rustle the paper,
 The wireless wail in the lounge margin.
 Yet supposing that a bomb should dive
 Its nose right through this bed, with me upon it?
 The thought is obscene. Still, there are many
 To whom my death would be only a name,
 One figure in a column. The essential is
 That all the "I"s should remain separate
 Propped up under flowers, and no one suffer
 For his neighbour. Then horror is postponed
 For everyone until it settles on him
 And drags him to that incommunicable grief
 Which is all mystery or nothing.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

(1909-)

Eclogue

No one dies cleanly now,
All, all of us rot away:
No longer down the wood
Angelic shapes delight
The innocent and gay.
Poisonous things are spared,
The gifted are the sad
And solitude breeds hate.
Yellow is every bough,
No one dies cleanly now.

All, all of us rot away.
In broken barges drift
The warm and cinnamon-skinned
And in black Europe's wind
The ice-edged lanterns sway.
The carousels are silent,
The towns are torn by sea
And in their coiling streets
The dragon snares his prey
Till all of us rot away!

No longer down the wood
May the tall victor lead
The shy swan-breasted maid
Or generous pageants move.
The loved are sick of love,
Love is strangled with words:
Beauty sighs in her bed:
The faithful, calm and good
Follow the songs of birds
No longer down the wood.

Angelic shapes delight
Only the perpetual child.
The murderer plans his night
And the green hunter's horn
Drives the unwanted wild.
O mourn, willows, weep!
Till the clear spring return
And to the warming heart
The curious wonders creep;
A cry; a living sleep.

DYLAN THOMAS

(1914-)

"The Force That through the Green Fuse . . ."

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
 Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
 Is my destroyer.
 And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
 My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

The force that drives the water through the rocks
 Drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams
 Turns mine to wax.
 And I am dumb to mouth unto my veins
 How at the mountain spring the same mouth sucks.

The hand that whirls the water in the pool
 Stirs the quicksand; that ropes the blowing wind
 Hauls my shroud sail.
 And I am dumb to tell the hanging man
 How of my clay is made the hangman's lime.

The lips of time leech to the fountain head;
 Love drips and gathers, but the fallen blood
 Shall calm her sores.
 And I am dumb to tell a weather's wind
 How time has ticked a heaven round the stars.

And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb
 How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

(1914-)

FROM The Repetitive Heart

III

All clowns are masked and all *personae*
 Flow from choices; sad and gay, wise,
 Moody and humorous are chosen faces,
 And yet not so! For all are circumstances,
 Given, like a tendency
 To colds or like blond hair and wealth,
 Or war and peace or gifts for mathematics,
 Fall from the sky, rise from the ground, stick to us
 In time, surround us: Socrates is mortal.

Gifts and choices! All men are masked,
 And we are clowns who think to choose our faces
 And we are taught in time of circumstances
 And we have colds, blond hair and mathematics,

For we have gifts which interrupt our choices,
And all our choices grasp in Blind Man's Buff:
"My wife was very different, after marriage,"
"I practise law, but botany's my pleasure,"
Save postage stamps or photographs,
But save your soul! Only the past is immortal.

Decide to take a trip, read books of travel,
Go quickly! Even Socrates is mortal,
Mention the name of happiness: it is
Atlantis, Ultima Thule, or the limelight,
Cathay or Heaven. But go quickly
And remember: there are circumstances,
And he who chooses chooses what is given,
And he who chooses is ignorant of Choice,
—Choose love, for love is full of children,
Full of choices, children choosing
Botany, mathematics, law and love,
So full of choices! So full of children!
And the past is immortal, the future is inexhaustible!

INDEX OF POETS

- Abercrombie, Lascelles (1881-1938), 863
A.E.—George William Russell (1867-1935), 843
Aiken, Conrad (s. 1889), U.S., 887
Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling (1567?-1640), 166
Allingham, William (1824-1889), 733
Anonymous (A.D. 600-800), 1
Anonymous (13th century), 2
Anonymous (14th century), 2-4
Anonymous (15th century), 16-18
Anonymous (15th-16th century), 53-54
Anonymous (16th century), 55-60, 72
Anonymous (17th century), 277-296
Anonymous (18th century), 474-476
Anonymous ballads (periods uncertain), 26-45
Anonymous carols (periods uncertain), 46-52
Arnold, Matthew (1822-1888), 721
Auden, Wystan Hugh (s. 1907), 901
Aytoun, Sir Robert (1570-1638), 175
- Bacon, Leonard (s. 1887), U.S., 881
Ballads, anonymous (periods uncertain), 26-45
Barbour, John (1320?-1395), 4
Barnefield, Richard (1574-1627), 207
Basse, William (1583?-1653?), 233
Beattie, James (1735-1803), 468
Beaumont, Francis (1584-1616), 234
Beaumont, Sir John (1583-1627), 230
Beddoes, Thomas Lovell (1803-1849), 632
Behn, Aphra (1640-1689), 394
Belloc, Hilaire (s. 1870), 847
Benét, Stephen Vincent (s. 1898), U.S., 898
Binyon, Laurence (1869-1944), 846
Blair, Robert (1699-1746), 427
Blake, William (1757-1827), 476
Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen (1840-1922), 800
Bowles, William Lisle (1762-1850), 510
Bradley, Katherine (see Michael Field), (1846-1914), 836
Breton, Nicholas (1542-1626), 65
Bridges, Robert (1844-1930), 809
Brontë, Charlotte (1816-1855), 698
Brontë, Emily Jane (1818-1848), 701
Brooke, Lord (1554-1628), 97
Brooke, Rupert (1887-1915), 882
Browne of Tavistock, William (1591-1643?), 251
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett (1806-1861), 639
Browning, Robert (1812-1889), 680
Bruce, Michael (1746-1767), 470
Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878), U.S., 600
Burns, Robert (1759-1796), 487
Butler, Samuel (1612-1680), 335
Byrom, John, (1692-1763), 427
Byron, George Gordon, Lord (1788-1824), 564
- Campbell, Roy (s. 1902), So. Afr., 900
Campion, Thomas (1567-1619), 166
Carew, Thomas (1598?-1639?), 273
Carey, Henry (1687-1743), 415
- Carols, anonymous (periods uncertain), 46-52
Cartwright, William (1611-1643), 333
Chalkhill, John (15-?-16-?), 212
Chapman, George (1560-1634), 114
Chatterton, Thomas (1752-1770), 473
Chaucer, Geoffrey (1340?-1400), 5
Chesteron, Gilbert Keith (1874-1936), 854
Clare, John (1793-1864), 599
Cleveland, John (1613-1658), 346
Clough, Arthur Hugh (1819-1861), 704
Coleridge, Hartley (1796-1849), 623
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834), 530
Collins, William (1721-1759), 449
Colum, Padraic (s. 1881), 864
Congreve, William (1670-1729), 410
Constable, Henry (1562?-1613?), 120
Cooper, Edith (see Michael Field), (1862-1913), 836
Corbet, Richard (1582-1635), 227
Cory, William Johnson (1823-1892), 732
Cotton, Charles (1630-1687), 372
Cowley, Abraham (1618-1667), 352
Cowper, William (1731-1800), 462
Crane, Stephen (1871-1900), U.S., 849
Crashaw, Richard (1613?-1649), 338
Curran, John Philpot (1750-1817), 471
- Daniel, Samuel (1562-1619), 121
Darley, George (1795-1846), 622
Davenant, Sir William (1606-1668), 301
Davidson, John (1857-1909), 821
Davies, Sir John (1569-1626), 174
Davies, William Henry (1870-1940), 846
Davison, Edward (s. 1898), 897
Day, John (15-?-1640?), 189
Defoe, Daniel (1661-1731), 402
Dekker, Thomas (1570?-1641?), 176
De La Mare, Walter (s. 1873), 852
Deloney, Thomas (1543?-1607?), 68
Denham, Sir John (1615-1669), 348
Dickinson, Emily (1830-1886), U.S., 753
Dodds, Eric Robertson (s. 1893), 894
Dobson, Henry Austin (1840-1921), 799
Donne, John (1573-1631), 190
Doollittle, Hilda (s. 1886), U.S., 877
Douglas, Lord Alfred (1870-1945), 848
Dowson, Ernest (1867-1900), 842
Drayton, Michael (1563-1631), 125
Drummond of Hawthornden, William (1585-1649), 237
Dryden, John (1631-1700), 377
Dunbar, William (1460-1520?), 24
Dyer, Sir Edward (1545?-1607), 70
Dyer, John (1700?-1758), 428
- Earle, Giles (15-?-16-?), 239
Eliot, Thomas Stearns (s. 1888), U.S. 883
Elliot, Jane (1727-1803), 457
Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882), U.S., 627
Etherege, Sir George (1635?-1691), 390
Evans, Abel (1679-1737), 411
- Farley, Henry (15-?-16-?), 216
Fawkes, Francis (1720-1777), 447

- Field, Michael (*see also* Katherine Bradley and Edith Cooper), 836
 Finch, Anne, Countess of Winchelsea (1661?-1720), 403
 Fitzgerald, Edward (1809-1883), 647
 Flecker, James Elroy (1884-1915), 868
 Fletcher, Giles, the younger (1588?-1623), 250
 Fletcher, John (1579-1625), 216
 Fletcher, Phineas (1582-1650), 228
 Ford, Ford Madox (1873-1939), 850
 Ford, John (1586-1639), 241
 Frost, Robert (b. 1875), U.S., 855
- Gascoigne, George (1525?-1577), 64
 Gay, John (1685-1732), 411
 Glover, Richard (1712-1785), 436
 Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774), 459
 Graham, James, Marquess of Montrose (1612-1650), 334
 Grainger, James (1721-1767), 448
 Graves, Robert (b. 1895), 897
 Gray, Thomas (1716-1771), 438
 Greene, Robert (1560?-1592), 110
 Greville, Fulke, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), 97
 Griffin, Bartholomew (15-?-1602), 71
- Habington, William (1605-1654), 297
 Hall, John (1627-1656), 371
 Hall, Joseph (1574-1656), 209
 Hardy, Thomas (1840-1928), 793
 Hawes, Stephen (1475?-1523?), 25
 H.D.—Hilda Doolittle (b. 1886), U.S., 877
 Henley, William Ernest (1849-1903), 813
 Henry VIII, King (1491-1547), 55
 Herbert, George (1593-1633), 267
 Herbert of Cherbury, Lord (1583-1648), 230
 Herrick, Robert (1591-1674), 255
 Heywood, Thomas (1575?-1650?), 212
 Hodgson, Ralph (b. 1872), 850
 Hood, Thomas (1799-1845), 623
 Hopkins, Gerard Manley (1844-1889), 806
 Horne, Richard Hengist (1803-1884), 638
 Housman, Alfred Edward (1859-1936), 823
 Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey (1516-1547), 62
 Hulme, Thomas Ernest (1883-1917), 868
 Hunt, James Henry Leigh (1784-1859), 558
 Huxley, Aldous (b. 1894), 894
- Jeffers, Robinson (b. 1887), U.S., 879
 Johnson, Lionel (1867-1902), 844
 Johnson, Samuel (1709-1784), 434
 Jonson, Ben (1573-1637), 182
 Joyce, James (1882-1941), 865
- Keats, John (1795-1821), 602
 King, Henry (1592-1669), 265
 Kipling, Rudyard (1865-1936), 837
 Kynaston, Sir Francis (1587-1642), 243
- Lamb, Charles (1775-1834), 548
 Landor, Walter Savage (1775-1864), 548
 Lang, Andrew (1844-1912), 808
 Lanier, Sidney (1842-1881), U.S., 805
 Lawrence, David Herbert (1885-1930), 871
 Lewis, Cecil Day (b. 1904), 900
 Lodge, Thomas (1556?-1625), 103
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807-1882), U.S., 645
 Lovelace, Richard (1618-1658), 349
 Lyly, John (1553-1606), 96
- Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord (1800-1859), 626
 MacDonald, Wilson (b. 18-?), Can., 869
 Macleod, Fiona (*see* William Sharp), (1855-1905), 816
 MacLeish, Archibald (b. 1892), U.S., 891
 MacNeice, Louis (n. 1907), 902
 Mangan, James Clarence (1803-1849), 636
 Marlowe, Christopher (1564-1593), 132
 Marston, John (1575?-1634), 210
 Marvell, Andrew (1621-1678), 358
 Masefield, John (b. 1878), 857
 Massinger, Philip (1583-1640), 234
 Masters, Edgar Lee (b. 1869), U.S., 844
 May, Thomas (1595-1650), 272
 Melville, Herman (1819-1891), U.S., 715
 Meredith, George (1828-1909), 735
 Mew, Charlotte (1870-1928), 848
 Meynell, Alice (1849-1922), 811
 Mickle, William Julius (1735-1788), 468
 Middleton, Thomas (1570?-1627), 181
 Millay, Edna St. Vincent (b. 1892), U.S., 892
 Milton, John (1608-1674), 304
 Monro, Harold (1879-1932), 860
 Montrose, Marquess of (1612-1650), 334
 Moore, Marianne (b. 1887), U.S., 882
 Moore, Thomas (1779-1852), 555
 Morris, William (1834-1896), 761
 Munday, Anthony (1553-1633), 95
- Nashe, Thomas (1567-1601), 164
- Oldham, John (1653-1683), 400
 O'Shaughnessy, Arthur William Edgar (1844-1881), 809
 Otway, Thomas (1652-1685), 399
 Owen, Wilfred (1893-1918), 893
- Patmore, Coventry Kersey Dighton (1823-1896), 732
 Peacock, Thomas Love (1785-1866), 560
 Peele, George (1558?-1597), 106
 Philips, Katherine (1631-1664), 389
 Phillpotts, Eden (b. 1862), 829
 Plarr, Victor (1863-1929), 830
 Poe, Edgar Allan (1809-1849), U.S., 668
 Pope, Alexander (1688-1744), 416
 Pound, Ezra (b. 1885), U.S., 876
 Praed, Winthrop Mackworth (1802-1839), 626
 Prior, Matthew (1664-1721), 405
 Prokosch, Frederic (b. 1909), U.S., 903
- Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552-1618), 73, 133
 Ramsay, Allan (1686-1758), 414
 Randolph, Thomas (1605-1635), 297
 Robinson, Edwin Arlington (1869-1935), U.S., 845
 Rochester, Earl of (1647-1680), 396
 Rosenberg, Isaac (1890-1918), 888
 Rossetti, Christina Georgina (1830-1894), 748
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (1828-1882), 742
 Rowlands, Richard, *alias* Verstegan (1565-1630), 164
 Russell, George William (1867-1935), 843

- Santayana, George (b. 1863), U.S., 830
 Sassoon, Siegfried (b. 1886), 877
 Schwartz, Delmore (b. 1914), U.S., 904
 Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832), 522
 Sedley, Sir Charles (1639-1701), 392
 Shadwell, Thomas (1642?-1692), 395
 Shakespeare, William (1564-1616), 141
 Sharp, William (*see also* Fiona Macleod),
 (1855-1905), 816
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822), 580
 Shenstone, William (1714-1763), 438
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1816),
 472
 Shirley James (1596-1666), 272
 Sidney, Sir Philip (1554-1586), 99
 Sitwell, Osbert (b. 1892), 889
 Sitwell, Sacheverell (b. 1900), 899
 Skelton, John (1460?-1529), 19
 Smart, Christopher (1722-1771), 451
 Southwell, Robert (1561?-1595), 118
 Spender, Stephen (b. 1909), 902
 Spenser, Edmund (1552-1599), 77
 Stanley, Thomas (1625-1678), 370
 Stephens, James (b. 1882), 866
 Stevens, Wallace (b. 1879), U.S., 862
 Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-1894), 815
 Stirling, Earl of (1567?-1640), 166
 Suckling, Sir John (1609-1642), 327
 Surrey, Earl of (1516-1547), 62
 Swift, Jonathan (1667-1745), 406
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-
 1909), 771
 Sylvester, Joshua (1563-1618), 124
 Symonds, John Addington (1840-1893),
 799
 Symons, Arthur (1865-1945), 837
 Tabley, John Leicester Warren, Lord de
 (1835-1895), 768
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), 658
 Thackeray, William Makepeace (1811-
 1863), 678
 Thomas, Dylan (b. 1914), 904
 Thomas, Edward (1878-1917), 859
 Thompson, Francis (1859-1907), 825
 Thomson, James, the elder (1700-1748),
 429
 Thomson, James, the younger (1834-
 1882), 756
 Thoreau, Henry David (1817-1862),
 U.S., 699
 Tichbourne, Chidiack (1558?-1586), 109
 Tourneur, Cyril (1575?-1626), 214
 Vaughan, Henry (1622-1695), 364
 Waller, Edmund (1606-1687), 302
 Walsh, William (1663-1708), 404
 Warren, John Leicester, Lord de Tabley
 (1835-1895), 768
 Warton, Thomas, the elder (1688-1745),
 427
 Warton, Thomas, the younger (1728-
 1790), 458
 Webster, John (1580-1630?), 226
 Whitman, Walt (1819-1892), U.S., 705
 Wickham, Anna (b. 1883), 867
 Wilde, Oscar (1856-1900), 817
 Wilmot, John, Earl of Rochester (1647-
 1680), 396
 Winchelsea, Countess of (1661?-1720),
 403
 Wither, George (1588-1667), 244
 Wotton, Sir Henry (1568-1639), 173
 Wordsworth, William (1770-1850), 510
 Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503-1542), 60
 Wylie, Flinor (1887-1928), U.S., 880
 Yeats, William Butler (1865-1939), 832
 Young, Edward (1683-1765), 411

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND TITLES

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also (Geoffrey Chaucer)	7	A down the Lesbian Vales (Michael Field)	836
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by (William Wordsworth)	514	As fond kiss, and then we sever (Robert Burns)	505
A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye (Geoffrey Chaucer)	7	<i>Aella</i> (Thomas Chatterton)	473
A! fredome is a noble thing! (John Barbour)	4	Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road (Walt Whitman)	710
A Gentle Squire would gladly entertain (Joseph Hall)	209	<i>After Apple-Picking</i> (Robert Frost)	856
A ghost, that loved a lady fair (Thomas Lovell Beddoes)	635	After the pangs of a desperate lover (John Dryden)	378
A good Wif was ther of biside Bathe (Geoffrey Chaucer)	8	<i>Aftermath</i> (Siegfried Sassoon)	877
A little child, a limber elf (Samuel Taylor Coleridge)	546	<i>Afterwards</i> (Thomas Hardy)	798
A little mushroom table spread (Robert Herrick)	259	<i>Against Ganesche</i> (John Skelton)	21
A little onward lend thy guiding hand (John Milton)	325	<i>Against Women either Good or Bad</i> (Anonymous, 16th century)	57
A little while a little love (Dante Gabriel Rossetti)	742	Ah Chloris! that I now could sit (Sir Charles Sedley)	393
A man may live thrice Nestor's life (Anonymous, 16th century)	57	Ah, fading joy, how quickly art thou past! (John Dryden)	378
A Marchant was ther with a forked berd (Geoffrey Chaucer)	6	Ah, fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate (Christopher Marlowe)	136
A passing glance, a lightning long the skyes (William Drummond)	239	Ah, Faustus (Christopher Marlowe)	139
A rose, as fair as ever saw the north (William Browne of Tavistock)	235	Ah, how sweet it is to love (John Dryden)	379
A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft (Richard Hengist Horne)	638	Ah! Sun-flower! weary of time (William Blake)	481
A slumber did my spirit seal (William Wordsworth)	512	Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair (Robert Greene)	113
A small white cap on honey-coloured hair (Fden Phillpotts)	829	Ah! what a weary race my feet have run (Thomas Warton the Younger)	458
<i>A Solis Ortus Cardine</i> . . . (Ford Madox Ford)	852	Ah, what avails the sceptred race (Walter Savage Landor)	551
A Sonnet is a moment's monument (Dante Gabriel Rossetti)	744	Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing (Robert Greene)	110
A street there is in Paris famous (William Makepeace Thackeray)	678	Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid (Jonathan Swift)	407
A sweet disorder in the dress (Robert Herrick)	255	Alas, the moon should ever beam (Thomas Hood)	624
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever (John Keats)	617	Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there (William Shakespeare)	162
A touch of cold in the Autumn night (Thomas Ernest Hulme)	868	<i>Alchemist, The</i> (Ben Jonson)	188
A weary lot is thine fair maid (Sir Walter Scott)	526	All, all of a piece throughout (John Dryden)	389
<i>Absalom and Achitophel</i> (John Dryden)	385	All clowns are masked and all <i>personae</i> (Delmore Schwartz)	904
Absent from thee I languish still (Lord Rochester)	396	All human things are subject to decay (John Dryden)	386
Abstinence sows sand all over (William Blake)	484	All my past life is mine no more (Lord Rochester)	397
Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint (Henry King)	266	<i>All That's Past</i> (Walter De La Mare)	853
Adam lay ybounden (Anonymous)	47	All the flowers of the spring (John Webster)	226
<i>Address to a Haggis</i> (Robert Burns)	493	All things are current found (Henry David Thoreau)	700
<i>Address to the Unco Guid or the Rigldly Righteous</i> (Robert Burns)	492	All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old (William Butler Yeats)	832
Adieu; farewell earth's bliss (Thomas Nashe)	165	Although thy hand and faith and good works too (John Donne)	198
<i>Admiral Hostler's Ghost</i> (Richard Glover)	436	<i>Amaranth</i> (Lord de Tabley)	768
<i>Adonais</i> (Percy Bysshe Shelley)	596	<i>Amarantha</i> sweet and fair (Richard Lovelace)	350
		Amazing monster! that, for aught I know (Leigh Hunt)	559
		Ambitious Gorgons, wide-mouthed Lamians (John Marston)	211
		<i>Amoret</i> (William Congreve)	410

- Amyntas led me to a grove (Aphra Behn) 394
 An age in her embraces past (Lord Rochester) 396
 An idle poet, here and there (Coventry Patmore) 732
 An old man bending I come among new faces (Walt Whitman) 713
 An old song made by an aged old pate (Anonymous, 17th century) 290
Anactoria (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 775
Ancient Mariner, The Rime of the (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 530
 And as for me, though that my wit be lite (Geoffrey Chaucer) 14
 And did those feet in ancient time (William Blake) 485
 And ever must I fan this fire? (Herman Melville) 720
 And here face down beneath the sun (Archibald MacLeish) 891
 And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass (Anonymous) 27
 And my dear one sat in the shadows, very softly she wept (Ford Madox Ford) 850
 And now methinks I could e'en chide myself (Cyril Tournour) 215
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought (William Wordsworth) 520
 And this comely dame (John Skelton) 20
 And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb (John Keats) 618
 And when I am entombéd in my place (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 627
 And will a' not come again? (William Shakespeare) 150
 And you who love, you who attach yourselves (Conrad Aiken) 887
Angel in the House, The (Coventry Patmore) 732
Annabel Lee (Edgar Allan Poe) 676
Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun (Sir Walter Scott) 529
Annus Mirabilis (John Dryden) 383
Anthem for Doomed Youth (Wilfred Owen) 893
Antony and Mellida (John Marston) 210
Antonio's Revenge (John Marston) 210
Apparition, The (John Donne) 195
Appreciation (George Meredith) 742
April (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 631
Arcades (John Milton) 305
Argument of His Book, The (Robert Herrick) 255
Art (Herman Melville) 718
 Art thou pale for weariness (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
 Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden alumbers? (Thomas Dekker) 177
 "Art thou that she than whom no fairer is (Anonymous, 17th century) 277
 "Artemidora! Gods invisible (Walter Savage Landor) 554
 As after noon, one summer's day (Matthew Prior) 405
 As cedars beaten with continual storms (George Chapman) 114
 As I in hoary winter's night (Robert Southwell) 118
 As I sat under a sycamore tree (Anonymous) 50
 As I went down to Dymchurch Wall (John Davidson) 821
 As it fell upon a day (Richard Barnefield) 207
 As Joseph was a-walking (Anonymous) 47
 As near Porto-Bello lying (Richard Glover) 436
 As the holly groweth green (King Henry VIII) 55
As to His Choice of Her (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 801
 As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods (Walt Whitman) 712
 As we rush, as we rush in the Train (James Thomson the Younger) 760
 As when the moon hath comforted the night (George Chapman) 116
 As when upon a tranced summer-night (John Keats) 621
 As you came from the Holy Land (Anonymous, 16th century) 57
 Ask me no more where Jove bestows (Thomas Carew) 274
 Ask me why I send you here (Robert Herrick) 257
Astrophel and Stella (Sir Philip Sidney) 99
At Castle Wood (Emily Jane Brontë) 703
At Dover Cliffs, July 20, 1787 (William Lisle Bowles) 510
 At length the finished garden to the view (James Thomson the Elder) 432
At Parting (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 783
 At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly (Thomas Moore) 555
 At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time (Robert Browning) 698
 At the round earth's imagined corners, blow (John Donne) 205
 At Trumpyngtoun nat fer from Cantebrige (Geoffrey Chaucer) 10
Atalanta in Calydon, Choruses from (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 788
Atheist's Tragedy, The (Cyril Tournour) 214
Atlantides, The (Henry David Thoreau) 699
Aubade (Louis MacNeice) 902
Auguries of Innocence (William Blake) 484
Author's Resolution, The (George Wither) 244
Autumn (Thomas Hood) 623
Autumn (Thomas Ernest Hulme) 868
Autumn Song (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 744
Autumnal, The (John Donne) 198
Ave atque Vale (In Memory of Charles Baudelaire) (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 783
 Avengo O Lord Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones (John Milton) 320
 Avoid the reeking herd (Elinor Wylie) 880
 Awake, Æolian lyre, awake (Thomas Gray) 444
 Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling (John Fletcher) 222
 Away with these self-loving lads (Lord Brooke) 97
Bacchus (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 629
 Back and side go bare, go bare (Anonymous, 15th-16th century) 53
Ballade de Bon Conseil (Geoffrey Chaucer) 14

- Ballad: La Belle Dame sans Merci* (John Keats) 610
Ballad of Bouillabaisse, The (William Makepeace Thackeray) 678
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 747
Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre (Andrew Lang) 808
Ballad of Reading Gaol, The (Oscar Wilde) 817
Ballad upon a Wedding, A (Sir John Suckling) 328
Banks o' Doon, The (Robert Burns) 505
Barbara Allen's Cruelty (Anonymous) 41
Bards of Passion and of Mirth (John Keats) 607
Bavarian Gentians (David Herbert Lawrence) 873
Be composed—be at ease with me—I am (Walt Whitman) 715
Be in me as the eternal moods (Ezra Pound) 876
Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying (John Masefield) 859
Beauty (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 747
Beauty clear and fair (John Fletcher) 221
Beauty sat bathing by a spring (Anthony Munday) 95
Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew (Samuel Daniel) 123
Beauty! thou art a wanderer on the earth (Walter Savage Landor) 554
Before the beginning of years (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 789
Behold the fatal day arrive! (Jonathan Swift) 408
Behold you not this globe, this golden bowl (Thomas Dekker) 179
Being set, let's sport a while, my fair (Thomas Randolph) 300
Being your slave, what should I do but tend (William Shakespeare) 158
Belle of the Ball-Room, The (Winthrop Mackworth Praed) 626
Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side (John Keats) 619
Beowulf (Anonymous, A.D. 600-800) 1
Bermudas (Andrew Marvell) 358
Bid me to live, and I will live (Robert Herrick) 263
Birks of Aberfeldy, The (Robert Burns) 501
Birth of Robin Hood, The (Anonymous) 27
Birthday, A (Christina Rossetti) 751
Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church, The (Robert Browning) 689
Black is the beauty of the brightest day (Christopher Marlowe) 137
Blow, blow, thou winter wind (William Shakespeare) 146
Bonnie lassie, will ye go (Robert Burns) 501
Bonny George Campbell (Anonymous) 41
Break of Day in the Trenches (Isaac Rosenberg) 888
Breathe not, hid Heart: cease silently (Thomas Hardy) 795
Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill (Rupert Brooke) 882
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art (John Keats) 622
Bring me wine, but wine which never grew (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 629
Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale (Anonymous, 15th century) 17
Britannia's Pastorals (William Browne of Tavistock) 251
Brown Jug, The (Francis Fawkes) 447
Bruce, The (John Barbour) 4
Bubble-breasted swells the dome (Aldous Huxley) 895
Burning Babe The (Robert Southwell) 118
Bussy d'Ambois (George Chapman) 114
But ah! let me under some Kentish hill (Phineas Fletcher) 228
But are ye sure the news is true? (William Julius Mickle) 469
But, grant thy poetry should find success (John Oldham) 400
But who considers well will find indeed (Andrew Marvell) 363
But who the melodies of morn can tell? (James Beattie) 468
By numbers here from shame or censure free (Samuel Johnson) 434
By our first strange and fatal interview (John Donne) 199
By Saint Mary, my lady (John Skelton) 22
By the Isar, in the twilight (David Herbert Lawrence) 871
By the rude bridge that arched the flood (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 631
Bytuené Mersh and Averil (Anonymous, 14th century) 2
Caesar and Pompey (George Chapman) 115
Call for the robin redbreast and the wren (John Webster) 226
Call, The (John Hall) 371
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air (Edmund Spenser) 79
Camoens (Herman Melville) 720
Camoens in the Hospital (Herman Melville) 720
Can I not sing but "Hoy" (Anonymous, 15th century) 48
Can I see another's woe (William Blake) 479
Can I, who have for others oft compiled (Sir John Beaumont) 230
Can life be a blessing (John Dryden) 380
Can you paint a thought? or number (John Ford) 242
Canonization, The (John Donne) 192
Canterbury Tales, The Prologue to the (Geoffrey Chaucer) 5
Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night (Samuel Daniel) 124
Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes (John Fletcher) 218
Cast our caps and cares away (John Fletcher) 219
Castle of Indolence, The (James Thomson the Elder) 429
Catch, A (Thomas Love Peacock) 560
Celestial Surgeon, The (The Robert Louis Stevenson) 815
Certain Sonnets (Sir Philip Sidney) 101
Change (John Donne) 198
Character of a Happy Life, The (Sir Henry Wotton) 173
Charlie, He's My Darling (Robert Burns) 508
Chevy Chase (Anonymous) 32
Chicken-skin, delicate, white (Henry Austin Dobson) 799
Child I will give you rings to wear (Arthur Symonds) 837

- Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (Lord Byron) 567
 Children of my happier prime (Herman Melville) 719
Child's Song (Thomas Moore) 556
Chivalry (A.E.) 843
 Chloe found Amyntas lying (John Dryden) 377
 Chloe, why wish you that your years (William Cartwright) 333
 Chloris, whilst thou and I were free (Charles Cotton) 374
Choice, The (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 746
 Choose me your Valentine (Robert Herrick) 256
Choric Song of the Lotos-Eaters (Lord Tennyson) 659
Chorus (Lord Brooke) 98
Chorus from a Tragedy (Leonard Bacon) 881
Choruses from Atalanta in Calydon (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 788
Christabel (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 546
Christmas Carol, A (George Wither) 247
Christ's Victory in Heaven (Giles Fletcher the Younger) 250
Christ's Victory on Earth (Giles Fletcher the Younger) 250
Chronicle, The (Abraham Cowley) 356
City in the Sea, The (Edgar Allan Poe) 673
City of Dreadful Night, The (James Thomson the Younger) 756
 Civilized, crying how to be human again this will tell you how (Robinson Jeffers) 879
 Clear eyes do dim at las (Walter De La Mare) 854
Clod and the Pebble, The (William Blake) 480
 Close up the casement, draw the blind (Thomas Hardy) 796
Cloud, The (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 589
 Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain (Thomas Dekker) 177
Collar, The (George Herbert) 267
 Come away, come away, death (William Shakespeare) 148
 Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home (Walter Savage Landor) 548
 Come, dear children, let us away (Matthew Arnold) 722
 Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height (Lord Tennyson) 664
 Come follow, follow me (Anonymous, 17th century) 294
 Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes (George Peele) 109
 Come hither Womankind and all their worth (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 231
 Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet (John Cleveland) 347
 Come! leave this sullen state, and let not wine (Henry Vaughan) 365
 'Come little babe, come silly soul (Nicholas Breton) 65
 Come live with me, and be my love (Christopher Marlowe) 132
 Come, my Lucasia, since we see (Katherine Philips) 389
 Come, Sleep! O Sleep! the certain knot of peace (Sir Philip Sidney) 100
 Come sons of Summer, by whose toil (Robert Herrick) 258
 Come, spur away (Thomas Randolph) 297
 Come, thou monarch of the vine (William Shakespeare) 151
 Come to me in the silence of the night (Christina Rossetti) 751
 Come unto these yellow sands (William Shakespeare) 154
 Come, virgin tapers of pure wax (Richard Crashaw) 338
 Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come (Samuel Daniel) 121
Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse, The (Geoffrey Chaucer) 15
Comus (John Milton) 312
Concord Hymn (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 631
Confessional, The (Robert Browning) 681
Confessions (Robert Browning) 691
Conformers, The (Thomas Hardy) 797
Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron, The (George Chapman) 116
Conversion (Thomas Ernest Hulme) 868
Cooper's Hill (Sir John Denham) 348
Coquet, The (Aphra Behn) 394
Coridon's Song (John Chalkhill) 212
Corinna to Tanagra (Walter Savage Landor) 553
Coronach (Sir Walter Scott) 524
 Could Love for ever (Lord Byron) 566
 Crabbed age and youth cannot live together (Anonymous, 16th century) 72
Cradle Song A (William Blake) 477
 Cromwell our chief of men, who through a cloud (John Milton) 320
Crossing the Bar (Lord Tennyson) 667
Cry of the Children, The (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 642
Cumnor Hall (William Julius Mickle) 468
 Cupid and my Campaspe played (John Lyly) 96
Cupid's Mistaken (Matthew Prior) 405
 Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight (Christopher Marlowe) 140
Damelus' Song to His Diaphenia (Henry Constable) 120
 Daphnis came on a summer's day (Anonymous, 17th century) 278
 Darest thou now O soul (Walt Whitman) 715
Dark-Eyed Gentleman, The (Thomas Hardy) 796
Dark Rosaleen (James Clarence Mangan) 636
Darkling Thrush, The (Thomas Hardy) 794
 Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 631
 Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills (James Elroy Flecker) 868
Days (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 631
Dead Poet, The (Lord Alfred Douglas) 848
 Dear Cloc, how blubber'd is that pretty face (Matthew Prior) 406
 Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong (Thomas May) 272

- Dear, had the world in its caprice
 (Robert Browning) 684
 Dear hope! Earth's dowry and heav'n's
 debt! (Richard Crashaw) 343
 Dear quirister, who from those shadows
 sends (William Drummond) 237
 Dear Tom, this brown jug that now
 foams with mild ale (Francis Fawkes)
 447
 Dear, why should you command me to
 my rest (Michael Drayton) 132
 Dearest, do not you delay me (John
 Fletcher) 219
 Death, be not proud though some have
 called thee (John Donne) 205
 Death of Robin Hood, *The* (Anonymous)
 28
 Declaration (Arthur Symonds) 837
 Dedication (*To Leigh Hunt Esq.*) (John
 Keats) 602
 Dell's Awa wi' the Exciseman, *The*
 (Robert Burns) 506
 Delirium (James Stephens) 866
 Delirium (William Butler Yeats) 833
 Delight in Disorder (Robert Herrick) 255
 Description of a City Shower, *A* (Jonathan
 Swift) 407
 Description of the Morning, *A* (Jonathan
 Swift) 406
 Deserted Village, *The* (Oliver Gold-
 smith) 459
 Deserter, *The* (John Philpot Curran) 471
 Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly
 (Henry Constable) 120
 Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine
 eye (William Shakespeare) 141
 Dim, as the borrowed beams of moon
 and stars (John Dryden) 387
 Dip down upon the northern shore (Lord
 Tennyson) 665
 Dirge (Walter Savage Landor) 553
 Dirge in Cymbeline (William Collins)
 450
 Discipline (George Herbert) 268
 Discovery (Hilaire Belloc) 847
 Disdain Returned (Thomas Carew) 274
 Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
 (Christopher Marlowe) 135
 Divina Commedia (Henry Wadsworth
 Longfellow) 647
 Divine Image, *The* (William Blake) 478
 Do not conceal thy radiant eyes (Sir
 Francis Kynaston) 243
 Do not let any woman read this verse!
 (James Stephens) 866
 Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind
 (Stephen Crane) 849
 Do ye hear the children weeping, O my
 brothers (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)
 642
 "Do you remember me? or are you
 proud?" (Walter Savage Landor) 552
 Doctor Faustus, *the Tragical History of*
 (Christopher Marlowe) 138
 Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 (Christina Rossetti) 752
 Don Juan (Lord Byron) 571
 Δωρία (*Doria*) (Ezra Pound) 876
 Doubt me, my dim companion! (Emily
 Dickinson) 753
 Dover Beach (Matthew Arnold) 731
 "Down a down!" (Thomas Lodge) 103
 Dream-Pedlary (Thomas Lovell Beddoes)
 632
 Drink to me only with thine eyes (Ben
 Jonson) 183
 Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow
 (John Fletcher) 221
 Drover, *A* (Padraic Colum) 864
 Dunclad, *The* (Alexander Pope) 426
 Dying Patriot, *The* (James Elroy
 Flecker) 868
 Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher
 (Walter Savage Landor) 550
 Eagle and the Mole, *The* (Elinor Wylie)
 880
 Earth has not anything to show more
 fair (William Wordsworth) 515
 Earth was not Earth before her sons
 appeared (George Meredith) 742
 Earthly Paradise, *The* (William Morris)
 766
 Easily to the old (Wilson MacDonald)
 859
 Fat thou and drink; tomorrow thou shalt
 die (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 745
 Echo (Christina Rossetti) 751
 Eclogue (Frederic Prokosch) 903
 Ecstasy, *The* (John Donne) 195
 Edward the Second (Christopher Mar-
 lowe) 140
 Eftsoons they heard a most melodious
 sound (Edmund Spenser) 94
 Egeria, sweet creation of some heart
 (Lord Byron) 570
 Elected Silence, sing to me (Gerard
 Manley Hopkins) 806
 Elegy in a Country Churchyard (Gilbert
 Keith Chesterton) 855
 Elegy over a Tomb (Lord Herbert of
 Cherbury) 232
 Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard
 (Thomas Gray) 438
 Eleventh Song (Sir Philip Sidney) 100
 Elinor Rumming (John Skelton) 20
 Elsa, or an Elegy upon the Unripe
 Decease of Sir Antony Irbv (Phineas
 Fletcher) 228
 Eloisa to Abelard (Alexander Pope) 421
 Enchantment, *The* (Thomas Otway) 399
 Endymion (John Keats) 617
 England Reclaimed (Osbert Sitwell) 890
 England! the time is come when thou
 shouldst wean (William Wordsworth)
 516
 Epilogue (Robert Browning) 698
 Epilogue in Rhymes and Rhythms
 (William Ernest Henley) 814
 Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot (Alexander
 Pope) 424
 Epistle to the Lord Viscount Forbes
 (Thomas Moore) 556
 Epitaph (Lancelles Abercrombie) 863
 Epitaph, *An* (Walter De La Mare) 852
 Epitaph on a Jacobite (Lord Macaulay)
 626
 Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries
 (Alfred Edward Housman) 824
 Epitaph on Elizabeth, L.H. (Ben Jonson)
 183
 Epitaph on Salathiel Pavey, a Child of
 Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, *An* (Ben
 Jonson) 182
 Epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton (Alexander
 Pope) 426
 Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh (Abel
 Evans) 411
 Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet
 William Shakespeare, *An* (John Mil-
 ton) 304
 Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers
 (Thomas Carew) 275

- Epitaphium Citharistiae* (Victor Plarr) 830
Epithalamion (Edmund Spenser) 83
Epithalamium (Richard Crashaw) 338
Essay on Criticism, An (Alexander Pope) 417
Essay on Man (Alexander Pope) 422
Essay on Solitude (Abraham Cowley) 356
Esther (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 800
Eugenia, young and fair and sweet (Charles Cotton) 374
Eve of St. Agnes, The (John Keats) 612
Even as the shadows of the statues (lengthen (Osbert Sitwell) 889
Even such is Time, that takes in trust (Sir Walter Raleigh) 77
Exequy, The (Henry King) 266
Exit (Wilson MacDonald) 869
Extempore to Voltaire Criticising Milton (Edward Young) 411
Eyes that last I saw in tears (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 887
- Faery Queen, The* (Sir Walter Raleigh) 74
Faery Queen, The (Edmund Spenser) 92
Faery Song, A (William Butler Yeats) 832
Fain would I change that note (Anonymous, 17th century) 281
Fain would I have a pretty thing (Anonymous, 16th century) 58
Fair Amoret is gone astray (William Congreve) 410
Fair and fair, and twice so fair (George Peele) 106
Fair daffodils, we weep to see (Robert Herrick) 260
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face (Robert Burns) 493
Fair Helen (Anonymous) 40
Fair Iris and her swain (John Dryden) 381
Fair is my love and cruel as she's fair (Samuel Daniel) 123
Fair is my love, for April is her face (Robert Greene) 114
Fair is my love that feeds among the lilies (Bartholomew Griffin) 72
Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel! (John Keats) 614
Fair lady, when you see the grace (Thomas Randolph) 299
Fairies, The (William Allingham) 733
Fairies' Farewell, The (Richard Corbet) 227
Faithful Shepherdess, The (John Fletcher) 224
Falcon, The (Anonymous) 27
False love, and hast thou played me this (Sir Walter Scott) 527
False though she be to me and love (William Congreve) 410
Falstaff's Lament over Prince Hal Become Henry V (Herman Melville) 720
Fan, The (John Gay) 413
Far away and long ago (Edward Davison) 897
Farewell! if ever fondest prayer (Lord Byron) 564
Farewell, rewards and fables (Richard Corbet) 227
Farewell! The (Anonymous, 17th century) 296
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing (William Shakespeare) 160
- Farewell, thou busy world, and may* (Charles Cotton) 372
Farewell to Juliet (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 802
Farewell, too little and too lately known (John Dryden) 387
Farewell, ungrateful traitor (John Dryden) 381
Fate! I have asked few things of thee (Walter Savage Landor) 550
"Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!" (William Blake) 484
Faustus, The Tragical History of Doctor (Christopher Marlowe) 138
Fear no more the heat o' the sun (William Shakespeare) 152
Fie on sinful fantasy! (William Shakespeare) 150
Fill a glass with golden wine (William Ernest Henley) 813
Fine knacks for ladies, cheap choice, brave and new (Anonymous, 17th century) 279
First time he kissed me, he but only kissed (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 641
Fish, the Man, and the Spirit, The (Leigh Hunt) 558
Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse (Geoffrey Chaucer) 14
Flow not so fast, ye fountains (Anonymous, 17th century) 280
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep (John Ford) 241
Follow a shadow, it still flies you (Ben Jonson) 183
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow! (Thomas Campion) 167
Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet! (Thomas Campion) 166
Fondly, too curious Nature, to adorn (Francis Beaumont) 235
For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 783
For a Dead Lady (Edwin Arlington Robinson) 845
For a Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 744
For Forms of Government let fools contest (Alexander Pope) 422
For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love (John Donne) 192
For his religion, it was fit (Samuel Butler) 336
For Hope (Richard Crashaw) 343
For I the ballad will repeat (William Shakespeare) 150
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned (Alexander Pope) 420
For My Funeral (Alfred Edward Housman) 825
For rigorous teachers seized my youth (Matthew Arnold) 730
For that lovely face will fail (Thomas Carew) 273
For the Fallen (Laurence Binyon) 846
For why should we the busy soul believe (Sir John Davies) 174
Forbearance (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 628
Foreign Ruler, A (Walter Savage Landor) 553
Forget not yet the tried intent (Sir Thomas Wyatt) 60
Forsaken Merman, The (Matthew Arnold) 722

- Forward, then, ye jades! (Christopher Marlowe) 138
 Found a family, build a state (Herman Melville) 719
Fragments of a Lost Gnostic Poem of the Twelfth Century (Herman Melville) 719
Fracassi's (Aldous Huxley) 895
 Fresh spring, the herald of Love's mighty king (Edmund Spenser) 78
Fresh Start, The (Anna Wickham) 867
Friendship's Mystery (Katherine Philips) 389
 From Dublin soon to London spread (Jonathan Swift) 409
From Feathers to Iron (Cecil Day Lewis) 900
 From Oberon, in fairy land (Anonymous, 17th century) 291
 From pent-up aching rivers (Walt Whitman) 708
 From the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers (Roy Campbell) 900
 From the hag and hungry goblin (Giles Earle) 239
 From you have I been absent in the spring (William Shakespeare) 161
 From you, lanthe, little troubles pass (Walter Savage Landor) 552
 Full fathom five thy father lies (William Shakespeare) 154
 Full many a glorious morning have I seen (William Shakespeare) 157
Garden, The (The Andrew Marvell) 360
Garden of Love, The (William Blake) 481
Garden of Proserpine, The (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 779
 Gather ye rose-buds while ye may (Robert Herrick) 257
 Gentle nymphs, be not refusing (William Browne of Tavistock) 251
Get Up and Bar the Door (Anonymous) 44
 Give all to love (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 628
 Give Beauty all her right (Thomas Campion) 167
 Give her but a least excuse to love me! (Robert Browning) 680
 Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea (George Chapman) 116
 Give me more love or more disdain (Thomas Carew) 274
 Give me my scallop-shell of quiet (Sir Walter Raleigh) 77
 Give place, you ladies, and begone (Anonymous, 16th century) 55
 Give to me the life I love (Robert Louis Stevenson) 815
Glee—The Ghosts (Thomas Love Peacock) 563
Glenlogie (Anonymous) 42
 Gloomy Night embraced the place (Richard Crashaw) 344
 Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease (John Ford) 242
 Glory and Loveliness have passed away (John Keats) 602
 Glory be to God for dappled things (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 808
 Go and catch a falling star (John Donne) 191
 Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine (Robert Burns) 503
 Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill (Matthew Arnold) 725
 Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 639
 Go, litel bok, go, litel myn tragedye (Geoffrey Chaucer) 12
 Go, lovely Rose! (Edmund Waller) 303
 Go, Soul, the body's guest (Sir Walter Raleigh) 75
 God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's defender (John Byrom) 427
 God Lyaeus, ever young (John Fletcher) 219
 God of our fathers, known of old (Rudyard Kipling) 842
 God rest you merry, gentlemen (Anonymous) 50
 God's in His Heaven. He never issues (Aldous Huxley) 894
 Golden slumbers kiss your eyes (Thomas Dekker) 177
Good-Morrow, The (John Donne) 190
 Good morrow to the day so fair (Robert Herrick) 261
Good-Night (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
 Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
 Good night, my Love, may gentle rest (Charles Cotton) 374
 Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way (Michael Drayton) 125
Grace for a Child (Robert Herrick) 264
Grave, The (Robert Blair) 427
 Great, Good and Just, could I but rate (Marquess of Montrose) 335
Greater Love (Wilfred Owen) 893
 Green grow the rushes, O (Robert Burns) 501
Grongar Hill (John Dyer) 428
 Ha ha! ha ha! this world doth pass (Anonymous, 17th century) 283
 Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie? (Robert Burns) 491
Habit of Perfection, The (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 806
 Had we but world enough and time (Andrew Marvell) 359
 Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove! (Michael Bruce) 470
 Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n's first-born (John Milton) 321
 Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good! (Abraham Cowley) 356
 Hail Sister Springs! (Richard Crashaw) 345
 Happy the man whose wish and care (Alexander Pope) 416
 Happy those early days when I (Henry Vaughan) 367
 Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings (William Shakespeare) 152
 Hark, how the birds do sing (George Herbert) 267
 Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around (Thomas Gray) 442
 Hark, now everything is still (John Webster) 226
 Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark (Sir Walter Scott) 526
 Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung (Sir Walter Scott) 524
 Hast thou named all the birds without a gun (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 628
Haunted Palace, The (Edgar Allan Poe) 675
 Have ye beheld (with much delight) (Robert Herrick) 262

- Have you forgotten yet?* (Siegfried Sassoon) 877
 Having bitten on life like a sharp apple (Louis MacNeice) 902
 Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers (Thomas Dekker) 178
 He best can drink the wine of Life (Lord de Tabley) 769
 He first deceased; she for a little tried (Sir Henry Wotton) 174
 "He gave the little wealth he had (Jonathan Swift) 410
He Has Fallen from the Height of His Love (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 801
 He is gone on the mountain (Sir Walter Scott) 524
 He says, *My reign is peace*, so slays (Walter Savage Landor) 553
 He that has and a little tiny wit (William Shakespeare) 151
 He that loves a rosy cheek (Thomas Carew) 274
 He trod the humbler fields of time (Lord de Tabley) 768
 He who has once been happy is for aye (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 800
 Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 547
 Hear, ye ladies that despise (John Fletcher) 218
 Hear ye virgins, and I'll teach (Robert Herrick) 260
 Heart, we will forget him! (Emily Dickinson) 755
Heaven—Haven (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 806
 Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate (Alexander Pope) 422
 Helen, thy beauty is to me (Edgar Allan Poe) 677
 Hence, all you vain delights (John Fletcher) 220
 Hence loathed Melancholy (John Milton) 306
 Hence, vain deluding joys (John Milton) 309
 Her pretty feet (Robert Herrick) 263
Her Triumph (Ben Jonson) 184
Heraclitus (William Johnson Cory) 732
 Here a little child I stand (Robert Herrick) 264
 Here be grapes, whose lusty blood (John Fletcher) 224
 Here be woods as green (John Fletcher) 225
 Here I'd come when weariest! (Andrew Lang) 808
 Here lies a most beautiful lady (Walter De La Mare) 852
 Here lies a great and mighty King (Lord Rochester) 399
 Here, where the world is quiet (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 779
 Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen! (Richard Brinsley Sheridan) 472
 Hermit hoar, in solemn cell (Samuel Johnson) 436
Hero and Leander (Christopher Marlowe) 134
 Hey, hey, hey, hey . . . (Anonymous) 48
 Hey nonny no! (Anonymous, 17th century) 277
 Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow (John Fletcher) 222
 Hie away, hie away (Sir Walter Scott) 527
 Hie upon Hielsands (Anonymous) 41
 Hierusalem, my happy home (Anonymous, 17th century) 288
 High steward of tny vines (John Day) 190
Highland Mary (Robert Burns) 506
Hill, The (Rupert Brooke) 882
Hill, The (Edgar Lee Masters) 844
 His golden locks time hath to silver turned (George Peele) 107
His Metrical Vow (On the Death of King Charles I) (Marquess of Montrose) 335
His Own Epitaph (John Jay) 414
Hock-Cart or Harvest Home, The (Robert Herrick) 258
 Hold! are you mad! you damned, confounded dog! (John Dryden) 388
 Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done (John Fletcher) 216
Holy Sonnets (John Donne) 205
Holy Willie's Prayer (Robert Burns) 488
Homer's Iliads (George Chapman) 116
Honest Whore, The (Thomas Dekker) 181
Horatian Ode upon Cromwell, A (Andrew Marvell) 362
Hound of Heaven, The (Francis Thompson) 825
House of Life, The (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 744
 How, butler, how! (Anonymous, 15th century) 18
 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 641
 How happy could I be with either (John Gay) 413
 How happy is he born and taught (Sir Henry Wotton) 173
 How happy the lover (John Dryden) 382
 How many times do I love thee, dear? (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) 632
 How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said (Alexander Pope) 421
 How shall I report (John Skelton) 19
 How should I love my best? (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 231
 How should I your true love know (William Shakespeare) 149
 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest (William Collins) 449
 How soon doth man decay! (George Herbert) 270
 How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth (John Milton) 305
 How sweet I roam'd from field to field (William Blake) 476
 How vainly men themselves amaze (Andrew Marvell) 360
Hudibras (Samuel Butler) 335
Hymn (H.D.) 878
Hymn of the Nativity, A (Richard Crashaw) 344
Hymn to Christ at the Author's Last Going into Germany, A (John Donne) 206
Hymn to God the Father, A (John Donne) 206
Hymn to the Night (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) 645
Hyperion (John Keats) 621
 I am a quiet gentleman (Anna Wickham) 867
 I am as light as any roe (Anonymous, 15th century) 16

- I am the only being whose doom (Emily Jane Brontë) 702
 I am to follow her. There is much grace (George Meredith) 740
 I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows? (John Clare) 599
 I arise from dreams of thee (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 588
 I asked a thief to steal me a peach (William Blake) 483
 I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 589
 I care not for these ladies (Thomas Campion) 172
 I celebrate myself, and sing myself (Walt Whitman) 706
 I did but look and love awhile (Thomas Otway) 399
 I dream of a rose-red tree (Robert Browning) 685
 I dreamed I saw that ancient Irish queen (A. E.) 843
 I dreamed of him last night, I saw his face (Lord Alfred Douglas) 848
 I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 591
 I first adventure, with foolhardy might (Joseph Hall) 209
 I fled him, down the nights and down the days (Francis Thompson) 825
 I gazed within thy earnest eyes (Emily Jane Brontë) 702
 I have a garden of my own (Thomas Moore) 556
 I have a gentil cok (Anonymous, 15th century) 17
 I have desired to go (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 806
 I have had enough of women, and enough of love (Arthur Symonds) 837
 I have had playmates, I have had companions (Charles Lamb) 548
 "I have no name (William Blake) 479
 I have put my days and dreams out of mind (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 771
 I have walked and prayed for this young child an hour (William Butler Yeats) 834
 I hear an army charging upon the land (James Joyce) 865
 I heard the trailing garments of the Night (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) 645
 I kiss you good-bye, my darling (David Herbert Lawrence) 871
 I know a little garden-close (William Morris) 761
 I know you: solitary griefs (Lionel Johnson) 844
 I laid me down upon a bank (William Blake) 483
 I leant upon a coppice gate (Thomas Hardy) 794
 I long to know (George Chapman) 115
 I looked and saw your eyes (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 743
 I looked out into the morning (James Thomson the Younger) 759
 I love all beauteous things (Robert Bridges) 810
 I loved a lass, a fair one (George Wither) 245
 I loved thee once; I'll love no more (Sir Robert Aytoun) 175
I.M., R. T. Hamilton Bruce (William Ernest Henley) 813
 I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits (Christopher Marlowe) 140
 I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong (Alice Meynell) 812
 "I never hurt maid in all my time (Anonymous) 28
 I pitched my day's leazings in Crummock Lane (Thomas Hardy) 796
 I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing (Thomas Love Peacock) 562
 I pray thee leave, love me no more (Michael Drayton) 126
 I prithee let my heart alone (Thomas Stanley) 371
 I prithee send me back my heart (Sir John Suckling) 332
 I remember a house where all were good (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 807
 I saw Eternity the other night (Henry Vaughan) 368
 I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lies (Andrew Marvell) 363
 I saw my lady weep (Anonymous, 17th century) 279
 I saw old Autumn in the misty morn (Thomas Hood) 623
 I send my heart up to thee, all my heart (Robert Browning) 686
 I sing of a maiden (Anonymous, 15th century) 16
 I sing of autumn and the falling fruit (David Herbert Lawrence) 873
 I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds and Bowers (Robert Herrick) 255
 I speak for each no-tongued tree (Sidney Lanier) 805
 I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs (Lord Byron) 569
 I strove with none, for none was worth my strife (Walter Savage Landor) 550
 I struck the board, and cried, No more! (George Herbert) 267
 I tell thee, Dick, where I have been (Sir John Suckling) 328
 I that in hell was and gladness (William Dunbar) 24
 I thought once how Theocritus had sung (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 639
 I to my perils (Alfred Edward Housman) 825
 I took my heart in my hand (Christina Rossetti) 752
 I wander thro' each charter'd street (William Blake) 482
 I wandered lonely as a cloud (William Wordsworth) 513
 I weep for Adonais—he is dead! (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 596
 I went to the Garden of Love (William Blake) 481
 I will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come (Thomas Carew) 275
 I will have one built (John Day) 189
 I wish I were where Helen lies (Anonymous) 40
 I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head (Lord Brooke) 98
 I wonder by my troth what thou and I (John Donne) 190
Ianthe's Troubles (Walter Savage Landor) 552
 If all the world and love were young (Sir Walter Raleigh) 133
 If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song (William Collins) 449
 If chaste and pure devotion of my youth (Michael Drayton) 130

- If for a woman I would die (Lady Win-
 chelsea) 403
 If I drink water while this doth last
 (Thomas Love Peacock) 562
 If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have
 been (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 801
 If I have faltered more or less (Robert
 Louis Stevenson) 815
 If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 641
 If I should die, think only this of me
 (Rupert Brooke) 883
 If I were dead, and in my place (Henry
 Vaughan) 364
 If it do come to pass (William Shake-
 speare) 146
 If music and sweet poetry agree (Richard
 Barnefield) 208
 If sadly thinking John Philpot Curran 471
 If there were dreams to sell (Thomas
 Lovell Beddoes) 632
 If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia
 (Ben Jonson) 187
 If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 639
 If to be absent were to be (Richard
 Lovelace) 350
Il Penseroso (John Milton) 309
 I'm ceded, I've stopped being theirs
 (Emily Dickinson) 754
 I'm going out to clean the pasture spring
 (Robert Frost) 855
 I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young (Robert
 Burns) 502
I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet (Robert
 Burns) 502
 I'm wife; I've finished that (Emily
 Dickinson) 754
Image of Death, The (Robert Southwell)
 120
Immolated (Herman Melville) 719
Impercipient, The (Thomas Hardy) 793
In a Gondola (Robert Browning) 686
In Answer to a Question (Wilfrid Scawen
 Blunt) 802
 In Clementina's artless mien (Walter
 Savage Landor) 550
 In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard
 (Oscar Wilde) 817
 In good King Charles's golden days
 (Anonymous, 18th century) 474
 In his last bin Sir Peter lies (Thomas
 Love Peacock) 560
 In life three ghostly friars were we
 (Thomas Love Peacock) 563
 In lowly dale, fast by a river's side (James
 Thomson the Elder) 429
In Memoriam (Lord Tennyson) 664
 In Misery's darkest cavern known
 (Samuel Johnson) 435
 In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed
 (Sir Walter Scott) 522
 In placid hours well pleased we dream
 (Herman Melville) 718
In Praise of Ale (Anonymous, 17th
 century) 295
In Romney Marsh (John Davidson) 821
 In Scarlet town, where I was born
 (Anonymous) 41
 In somer, when the shawes be sheyne
 (Anonymous) 28
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand
 (John Dryden) 386
 In the great darkness where the shim-
 mering stars (Fiona Macleod) 816
 In the greenest growth of the Maytime
 (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 781
 In the greenest of our valleys (Edgar
 Allan Poe) 675
 In the merry month of May (Nicholas
 Breton) 67
In the Valley of the Elwy (Gerard Manley
 Hopkins) 807
 In the white-flowered hawthorn brake
 (William Morris) 767
 In th'olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour
 (Geoffrey Chaucer) 11
 In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 (Alexander Pope) 426
 In vain to me the smiling mornings shine
 (Thomas Gray) 447
 In what torn ship soever I embark (John
 Donne) 206
 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan (Samuel
 Taylor Coleridge) 546
Indian Serenade, The (Percy Bysshe
 Shelley) 588
 Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still
 (Leigh Hunt) 559
Infant Joy (William Blake) 479
Inner Temple Masque, The (William
 Browne of Tavistock) 252
Interlude, An (Algernon Charles Swin-
 burne) 781
Intimations of Immortality (William
 Wordsworth) 516
 Into my heart an air that kills (Alfred
 Edward Housman) 824
 Into these loves who but for passion
 looks (Michael Drayton) 131
Introduction to Songs of Innocence
 (William Blake) 477
*Invective against the Wicked of the
 World, An* (Nicholas Breton) 67
 "Is there anybody there?" said the
 Traveller (Walter De La Mare) 852
 Is there for honest poverty (Robert
 Burns) 509
Isabella or The Pot of Basil (John Keats)
 614
 It chanced his lips did meet her forehead
 cool (George Meredith) 739
 It fell about the Martinmas time
 (Anonymous) 44
 It flows through old hushed Egypt and
 its sands (Leigh Hunt) 558
 It is a beauteous evening, calm and free
 (William Wordsworth) 514
 It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope
 (Robert Browning) 681
 It is an ancient Mariner (Samuel Taylor
 Coleridge) 530
 It is not, Celia, in our power (Sir George
 Etherege) 391
 It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 (Thomas Hood) 625
 It keeps eternal whispering around (John
 Keats) 610
 It little profits that an idle king (Lord
 Tennyson) 666
 It once might have been, once only
 (Robert Browning) 692
 It was a dismal and a fearful night
 (Abraham Cowley) 352
 It was a' for our rightfu' King (Anony-
 mous, 17th century) 296
 It was a friar of orders free (Thomas
 Love Peacock) 561
 It was a lover and his lass (William
 Shakespeare) 147
 It was many and many a year ago (Edgar
 Allan Poe) 676
 It was the cooling hour, just when the
 rounded (Lord Byron) 573

- It was upon a Lammas night (Robert Burns) 500
 I've heard them liting at our ewe-milking (Jane Elliot) 457
- Jenny kissed me when we met (Leigh Hunt) 559
Jerusalem (William Blake) 486
 Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way (William Shakespeare) 153
 John Anderson, my jo, John (Robert Burns) 503
John Brown's Body (Stephen Vincent Benet) 898
 John Gilpin was a citizen (William Cowper) 462
John Marr (Herman Melville) 716
 Join once again, my Celia, join (Charles Cotton) 375
 Joseph was an old man (Anonymous) 46
 Joy, rose-lipped dryad, loves to dwell (Thomas Warton the Elder) 427
Joyful New Ballad, A (Thomas Deloney) 69
- Just as my fingers on these keys (Wallace Stevens) 862
 Just for a handful of silver he left us (Robert Browning) 680
- King's Epitaph, The* (Lord Rochester) 399
Kissing (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 231
 Kissing her hair I sat against her feet (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 779
 Know then thyself, presume not God to scan (Alexander Pope) 422
 Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 744
Kubla Khan (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 546
- La Belle Dame sans Merci* (John Keats) 610
La Figlia Che Piange (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 886
 Lacking my love, I go from place to place (Edmund Spenser) 79
Lady of the Lake, The (Sir Walter Scott) 524
Lady Who Offers Her Looking Glass, The (Matthew Prior) 405
L'Allegro (John Milton) 306
 Lame, impotent conclusion to youth's dreams (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 802
Lament for Flodden (Jane Elliot) 457
Lament for the Makaris, The (William Dunbar) 24
Land of Heart's Desire, The (William Butler Yeats) 833
 Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine (Ernest Dowson) 843
Latest Decalogue, The (Arthur Hugh Clough) 704
Laura Sleeping (Charles Cotton) 375
 Lawn as white as driven snow (William Shakespeare) 153
 Lay a garland on my hearse (John Fletcher) 217
Lav of the Last Minstrel, The (Sir Walter Scott) 522
 Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower (Walter Savage Landor) 555
 Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust (Sir Philip Sidney) 102
Leave-Taking, A (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 774
Legend of Good Women, The (Geoffrey Chaucer) 14
- Lenten is come with love to toun (Anonymous, 14th century) 3
L'Envol: The Return of the Sire de Nesle (Herman Melville) 719
 Let but a fellow in a fox-furred gown (Nicholas Breton) 67
 Let me enjoy the earth no less (Thomas Hardy) 798
 Let me not to the marriage of true minds (William Shakespeare) 162
 Let others sing of knights and paladins (Samuel Daniel) 124
 Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains (Oliver Goldsmith) 461
 Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk (Alexander Pope) 425
 Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 774
 Let us go then, you and I (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 883
Lethe (H.D.) 878
 Let's contend no more, Love (Robert Browning) 683
Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age, A (Alice Meynell) 811
Lie, The (Sir Walter Raleigh) 75
Life and Death of Jason, The (William Morris) 761
 Life is a jest, and all things show it (John Gay) 414
 Life is a long discovery, isn't it? (Hilaire Belloc) 847
 Life of Life! thy lips enkindle (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 581
 Light-hearted I walked into the valley wood (Thomas Ernest Hulme) 868
 Light-winged Smoke, Icarian bird (Henry David Thoreau) 700
 Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore (William Shakespeare) 158
 Like the Italian Queen (William Drummond) 237
 Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 747
 Like to Diana in her summer-weed (Robert Greene) 111
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern (John Keats) 608
Lines Written among the Euganean Hills (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 582
 Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses (Alice Meynell) 811
Listeners, The (Walter De La Mare) 852
Little Boy Lost, A (William Blake) 482
 Lol Death has reared himself a throne (Edgar Allan Poe) 673
 Lo, thus, as prostrate, "In the dust I write (James Thomson the Younger) 756
London (William Blake) 482
London (Samuel Johnson) 434
Lone Founts (Herman Melville) 718
 Long betwixt love and fear Phillis tormented (John Dryden) 380
Long Trail, The (Rudyard Kipling) 837
 Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies! (Gerard Manley Hopkins) 807
 Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount (John Milton) 324
Look, Stranger! (Wystan Hugh Auden) 901
 Lord, Thou hast given me a cell (Robert Herrick) 264

- Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
 (Richard Crashaw) 342
 Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt
 us round! (George Herbert) 269
Lost Leader, The (Robert Browning) 680
Lotos-Eaters, Choric Song of The (Lord
 Tennyson) 659
Love (George Herbert) 270
Love and Age (Thomas Love Peacock)
 562
Love and Life (Lord Rochester) 397
 Love bade me welcome; yet my soul
 drew back (George Herbert) 270
 Love for such a cherry lip (Thomas
 Middleton) 181
 Love guards the roses of thy lips (Thomas
 Lodge) 106
 Love, how ignobly hast thou met thy
 doom! (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 801
 Love in fantastic triumph sate (Aphra
 Behn) 395
 Love in her eyes sits playing (John Gay)
 412
Love-in-Idleness (Thomas Lovell Bed-
 does) 633
 Love in my bosom like a bee (Thomas
 Lodge) 104
Love in the Valley (George Meredith)
 735
 Love in thy youth, fair maid; be wise
 (Anonymous, 17th century) 285
 Love is a sickness full of woes (Samuel
 Daniel) 121
 Love is Enough: though the World be
 a-waning (William Morris) 768
 Love is the blossom where there blows
 (Giles Fletcher the Younger) 250
 Love me or not, love her I must or die
 (Thomas Campion) 169
 Love not me for comely grace (Anony-
 mous, 17th century) 283
Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe,
The (George Peele) 108
 "Love seeketh not itself to please
 (William Blake) 480
Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, The
 (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 883
Love Sonnet, A (George Wither) 245
Love Sonnets of Proteus, The (Wilfrid
 Scawen Blunt) 801
 Love still has something of the sea (Sir
 Charles Sedley) 392
 Love to faults is always blind (William
 Blake) 484
 Loveliest of trees, the cherry now (Alfred
 Edward Housman) 823
Lover Beseecheth His Mistress Not to
Forget His Steadfast Faith and True
Intent, The (Sir Thomas Wyatt) 60
Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His
Love, The (Sir Thomas Wyatt) 61
Lover Sheweth How He Is Forsaken of
Such as He Sometime Enjoyed, The
 (Sir Thomas Wyatt) 60
Lover Tells of the Rose in His Heart,
The (William Butler Yeats) 832
Love's Alchemy (John Donne) 194
Love's Philosophy (Percy Bysshe Shelley)
 589
Love's Progress (John Donne) 201
Lovesight (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 745
 Loving in truth, and fain my love in
 verse to show (Sir Philip Sidney) 99
 Low-anchored cloud (Henry David
 Thoreau) 699
Loyal Scot, The (Andrew Marvell) 363
Lucifer in Starlight (George Meredith)
 742
 Lully, lullay! lully, lullay! (Anonymous)
 27
Lust in Song (Robert Graves) 897
Lycidas (John Milton) 316
MacFlecknoe (John Dryden) 386
Mad Maid's Song, The (Robert Herrick)
 261
 Mammon emovéd was with inward
 wrath (Edmund Spenser) 93
Man's a Man for A' That, A (Robert
 Burns) 509
Man's Medley (George Herbert) 267
 Many in after times will say of you
 (Christina Rossetti) 748
 March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale
 (Sir Walter Scott) 529
 Margarita first possessed (Abraham
 Cowley) 356
Mariana (Lord Tennyson) 658
Mariner's Wife, The (William Julius
 Mickle) 469
Mark Antony (John Cleveland) 346
Marmion (Sir Walter Scott) 523
 Martial, the things that do attain (Earl
 of Surrey) 62
Mask Presented at Ludlow Castle, A
 (Comus) (John Milton) 312
Means to Attain Happy Life, The (Earl
 of Surrey) 62
Meeting at Night (Robert Browning)
 683
 Melinda, who had never been (Aphra
 Behn) 394
Memory of the Players in a Mirror at
Midnight, A (James Joyce) 866
 Men of England, wherefore plough
 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 584
 Merry Margaret (John Skelton) 23
Message, The (John Donne) 194
 Methought I saw the grave where Laura
 lay (Sir Walter Raleigh) 74
 'Mid the mountains Euganean (Percy
 Bysshe Shelley) 582
Mid-Day (H.D.) 879
Midnight Lamentation (Harold Monro)
 860
Milton (William Blake) 485
Mind Content, A (Robert Greene) 112
Minstrel, The (James Beattie) 468
 "Misery," he said, "to have no chin
 (Aldous Huxley) 896
Mistress, The (Lord Rochester) 396
Modern Love (George Meredith) 739
Momus (Edwin Arlington Robinson)
 846
Monna Innominata (Christina Rossetti)
 748
Montrose to His Mistress (Marquess of
 Montrose) 334
Moorland Night (Charlotte Mew) 848
Morning-Watch, The (Henry Vaughan)
 366
 Mortality, behold and fear (Francis
 Beaumont) 236
Mortification (George Herbert) 270
Mourning Bride, The (William Congreve)
 411
Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben
Jonson (Francis Beaumont) 236
Mrs. Southern's Enemy (Osbert Sitwell)
 889
 Much have I travelled in the realms of
 gold (John Keats) 602

Music has charms to soothe a savage
breast (William Congreve) 411
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music
sadly? (William Shakespeare) 155
Music, when soft voices die (Percy
Bysshe Shelley) 593
Must I then see, alas! eternal night
(Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 232
Mutability (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 594
My Bonnie Mary (Robert Burns) 503
My children! speak not ill of one another
(Walter Savage Landor) 555
My dear and only love, I pray (Marquess
of Montrose) 334
My dearest Betty, my more loved heart
(Phineas Fletcher) 228
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
(Sir John Denham) 348
My face is wet against the grass—
the moorland grass is wet (Charlotte
Mew) 848
My father used to say (Marianne Moore)
882
My female friends, whose tender hearts
(Jonathan Swift) 409
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains (John Keats) 602
My heart is like a singing bird (Christina
Rossetti) 751
My heart leaps up when I behold
(William Wordsworth) 510
My heart rebels against my generation
(George Santayana) 830
My letters! all dead paper, mute and
white! (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)
640
My life closed twice before its close
(Emily Dickinson) 753
My little Son, who looked from thought-
ful eyes (Coventry Patmore) 733
My long two-pointed ladder's sticking
through a tree (Robert Frost) 856
My love in her attire doth show her wit
(Anonymous, 17th century) 280
My love is strengthened, though more
weak in seeming (William Shake-
speare) 161
My love, she's but a lassie yet (Robert
Burns) 504
My lute, awake, perform the last (Sir
Thomas Wyatt) 61
My lute, be as thou wast when thou
didst grow (William Drummond) 238
My mind to me a kingdom is (Sir
Edward Dyer) 70
My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the
Revelly (Rudyard Kipling) 841
My November Guest (Robert Frost) 856
My Peggy is a young thing (Allan
Ramsay) 414
My Phyllis hath the morning sun
(Thomas Lodge) 105
My prime of youth is but a frost of
cares (Chidiock Tichbourne) 109
My sorrow, when she's here with me
(Robert Frost) 856
My study's ornament, thou shell of
death (Cyril Tournour) 214
My thoughts are fixed in contemplation
(John Marston) 210
My towers at last! These roving ends
(Herman Melville) 719
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his (Sir Philip Sidney) 99
Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night (Alexander Pope) 426

Nay but you, who do not love her
(Robert Browning) 691
Never love unless you can (Thomas
Campion) 168
Never more will the wind (H.D.) 878
Never seek to tell thy love (William
Blake) 483
New Jerusalem, The (Anonymous, 17th
century) 288
Nile, The (Leigh Hunt) 558
Nimphidia, the Court of Fayrie (Michael
Drayton) 128
Ninth Philosopher's Song (Aldous
Huxley) 894
No coward soul is mine (Emily Jane
Brontë) 703
No. I'll have no bawds (Ben Jonson)
188
No longer mourn for me when I am dead
(William Shakespeare) 159
No more dams I'll make for fish
(William Shakespeare) 154
No more with overflowing light (Edwin
Arlington Robinson) 845
No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
(John Keats) 609
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now
(Thomas Moore) 556
No, no, poor suffering heart, no change
endeavour (John Dryden) 383
No one dies cleanly now (Frederic
Prokosch) 903
Nosce Teipsum (Sir John Davies) 174
No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath
such grace (John Donne) 198
*Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae sub Regno
Cynarae* Ernest Dowson) 843
Nor skin nor hide nor fleece (H.D.) 878
Not, Celia, that I juster am (Sir Charles
Sedley) 392
Not drunk is he, who from the floor
(Thomas Love Peacock) 561
Not every man has gentians in his house
(David Herbert Lawrence) 873
Not I, not I, but the wind that blows
through me! (David Herbert Lawrence)
872
Not Iris in her pride and bravery (George
Peele) 108
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
(William Shakespeare) 158
Not solely that the Future she destroys
(George Meredith) 740
Not with more glories, in th'etherial
plain (Alexander Pope) 418
Nothing! Thou elder brother ev'n to
shade (Lord Rochester) 398
"Nought loves another as itself
(William Blake) 482
Now comes my lover tripping like the
roe (George Peele) 109
Now fades the last long streak of snow
(Lord Tennyson) 665
Now for the crown and throne of Israel
(George Peele) 108
Now hardly here and there a hackney
coach (Jonathan Swift) 406
Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the
white (Lord Tennyson) 663
Now that the Spring hath filled our veins
(William Browne of Tavistock) 254
Now the full-throated daffodils (Cecil
Day Lewis) 900
Now the hungry lion roars (William
Shakespeare) 144
Now the lusty spring is seen (John
Fletcher) 217

- Now winter nights enlarge (Thomas Campion) 171
 Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room (William Wordsworth) 513
 Nymphs and shepherds dance no more (John Milton) 305
 O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night! (George Chapman) 114
 O foolishness of men! that lend their ears (John Milton) 314
 O for a bowl of fat canary (Thomas Middleton) 182
 O for doors to be open and an invite with gilded edges (Wystan Hugh Auden) 901
 O give me back my rigorous English Sunday (Anna Wickham) 867
 O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung (John Keats) 605
 O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem (William Shakespeare) 157
 O joys! infinite sweetness! with what flowers (Henry Vaughan) 366
 O June, O June, that we desired so (William Morris) 767
 O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes (John Keats) 621
 O Lord, wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions (William Blake) 485
 O Melancholy, linger here awhile! (John Keats) 616
 O memory! thou fond deceiver (Oliver Goldsmith) 461
 O Mistress mine, where are you roaming? (William Shakespeare) 148
 O mortal folk, you may behold and see (Stephen Hawes) 25
 O my dark Rosaleen (James Clarence Mangan) 636
 O my love is like a red, red rose (Robert Burns) 508
 O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray (John Milton) 304
 O no, beloved, I am most sure (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 233
 O noble England (Thomas Deloney) 69
 O Rose, thou art sick! (William Blake) 481
 O ruddier than the cherry (John Gay) 412
 O servant of God's holiest charge (Christopher Smart) 451
 O soft embalmer of the still midnight! (John Keats) 610
 O solitude, romantic maid! (James Grainger) 448
 O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm! (John Keats) 619
 O, that joy so soon should waste! (Ben Jonson) 186
 O, the month of May, the merry month of May (Thomas Dekker) 176
 O thou that from thy mansion (Alfred Edward Housman) 825
 O Thou, that in the heavens dost dwell (Robert Burns) 488
 O waly waly up the bank (Anonymous) 39
 O wearisome condition of humanity! (Lord Brooke) 98
 O! what a plague is love! (Anonymous, 17th century) 286
 O what can all thee, knight-at-arms, (John Keats) 610
 O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad (Robert Burns) 507
 O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 586
 O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut (Robert Burns) 504
 O ye wha are sae guid yoursel' (Robert Burns) 492
Oberon's Feast (Robert Herrick) 259
Ode Inscribed to W. H. Channing (Ralph Waldo Emerson) 627
Ode (Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood) (William Wordsworth) 516
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College (Thomas Gray) 442
Ode on Solitude (Alexander Pope) 416
Ode to Evening (William Collins) 449
Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford to Hasten Him into the Country, An (Thomas Randolph) 297
Ode to Solitude (James Grainger) 448
Ode to the West Wind (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 586
Ode upon a Question Moved, Whether Love Should Continue for Ever?, An (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 233
 O'er the smooth enamelled green (John Milton) 305
 Of a the airts the wind can blaw (Robert Burns) 503
 Of all the birds that I do know (George Gascoigne) 64
 Of all the girls that are so smart (Henry Carey) 415
 Of all the torments, all the cares (William Walsh) 404
 Of all things human which are strange and wild (James Thomson the Younger) 758
 Of course, the entire effort is to put myself (Stephen Spender) 902
 Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing (William Morris) 766
Of My Dear Son, Gervase Beaumont (Sir John Beaumont) 230
Of the Last Verses in the Book (Edmund Waller) 303
 Of these the false Achitophel was first (John Dryden) 385
 Oft have I seen at some cathedral door (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) 647
Ogier the Dane (William Morris) 767
 Oh fly not Pleasure, pleasant-hearted Pleasure (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 803
 Oh! leave the Past to bury its own dead (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 803
 Oh, let a father's curse be on thy soul (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 585
 Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art (Lord Byron) 570
 Oh, no more, no more, too late (John Ford) 242
 Oh, quiet peoples sleeping bed by bed (Ford Madox Ford) 852
 Oh roses for the flush of youth (Christina Rossetti) 749
 Oh, sleep forever in the Latman cave (Edna St. Vincent Millay) 892
 Oh, the sweet contentment (John Chalkhill) 212
 Oh, whither am I rapt beyond myself? (Thomas Dekker) 180
Old and Young Courtier, The (Anonymous, 17th century) 290

- Old castles on the cliff arise (John Dyer) 428
Old Familiar Faces, The (Charles Lamb) 548
Old Fortunatus (Thomas Dekker) 179
 Old Noah he had an ostrich farm and fowls on the largest scale (Gilbert Keith Chesterton) 854
Old Stoic, The (Emily Jane Brontë) 701
Old Tityrus to Eugenia (Charles Cotton) 374
 On a day—alack the day! (William Shakespeare) 142
On a Dead Child (Robert Bridges) 810
 On a fair morning, as I came by the way (Anonymous, 17th century) 279
On a Fan That Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour (Henry Austin Dobson) 799
On a Girdle (Edmund Waller) 303
On a Grecian Urn (John Keats) 604
 On a poet's lips I slept (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 580
On a Prohibitionist Poem (Gilbert Keith Chesterton) 855
 On a starred night Prince Lucifer arose (George Meredith) 742
 On a time the amorous Silvy (Anonymous, 17th century) 285
On Another's Sorrow (William Blake) 479
On Catullus (Walter Savage Landor) 549
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (John Keats) 602
On Growing Old (John Masefield) 859
On Heaven (Ford Madox Ford) 850
On His Mistress (John Donne) 199
On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia (Sir Henry Wotton) 174
On Melancholy (John Keats) 609
On Mr. Wm. Shakespeare (William Basse) 233
On the Coming of Age of a Rich Extravagant Young Man (Samuel Johnson) 435
On the Death of a Metaphysician (George Santayana) 831
On the Death of Anne Brontë (Charlotte Brontë) 698
On the Death of Dr. Swift (Jonathan Swift) 407
On the Death of Mr. Crashaw (Abraham Cowley) 353
On the Death of Mr. Robert Levett, a Practiser in Physic (Samuel Johnson) 435
On the Death of Mr. William Hervey (Abraham Cowley) 352
On the Dowager Countess of Pembroke (William Browne of Tavistock) 255
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic (William Wordsworth) 515
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (John Milton) 320
On the Marriage of a Beauiteous Young Gentlewoman with an Ancient Man (Francis Beaumont) 235
On the Nature of Love (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 801
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey (Francis Beaumont) 236
 On the way to Kew (William Ernest Henley) 814
 On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood (William Lisle Bowles) 510
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year (Lord Byron) 578
 On this feast day, O curséd day and hour (Christopher Marlowe) 134
 On what foundations stands the warrior's pride (Samuel Johnson) 434
 Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee (William Wordsworth) 515
 Once it smiled a silent dell (Edgar Allan Poe) 673
 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary (Edgar Allan Poe) 668
 One day I wrote her name upon the strand (Edmund Spenser) 78
 One summer evening (led by her) I found (William Wordsworth) 521
 One that I cherished (Herman Melville) 720
 One word is too often profaned (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 594
One Word More (Robert Browning) 694
 Orpheus with his lute made trees (John Fletcher) 224
 Others abide our question Thou art free (Matthew Arnold) 721
 Our love was like most other loves (Winthrop Mackworth Praed) 626
 Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule (Sir Walter Scott) 525
 Out of the cradle endlessly rocking (Walt Whitman) 712
 Out of the night that covers me (William Ernest Henley) 813
 Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop gently to me (Walt Whitman) 710
 Out upon it! I have loved (Sir John Suckling) 331
 Out went the taper as she hurried in (John Keats) 612
 Over hill, over dale (William Shakespeare) 143
 Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day! (Thomas Heywood) 212
 Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed (John Lyly) 96
Paradise Lost (John Milton) 321
Paradise Regained (John Milton) 324
 Pardon, goddess of the night (William Shakespeare) 145
Parliament of Bees, The (John Day) 189
Parliament of Fowls, The (Geoffrey Chaucer) 11
Passetyme, The (Stephen Hawes) 25
Passionate Shepherd, The (Nicholas Breton) 66
Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The (Christopher Marlowe) 132
 Passions are likened best to floods and streams (Sir Walter Raleigh) 74
 Past ruined Ilion Helen lives (Walter Savage Landor) 551
Pastoral Courtship, A (Thomas Randolph) 300
Pasture, The (Robert Frost) 855
Pater Filio (Robert Bridges) 809
 Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace (Thomas Dekker) 181
 Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires (Alexander Pope) 425
 Peggy (Allan Ramsay) 414
Pellets of Pyramids (Richard Hengist Horne) 638

- Perfect little body, without fault or stain
 on thee (Robert Bridges) 810
Pericles and Apasla (Walter Savage
 Landor) 554
Persuasions to Love (Thomas Carew) 273
Peter Quince at the Clavier (Wallace
 Stevens) 862
Phantom-Wooer, The (Thomas Lovell
 Beddoes) 635
Phillip Sparrow (John Skelton) 19
Phyllada Flouts Me (Anonymous, 17th
 century) 286
Phyllida and Coridon (Nicholas Breton)
 67
Phoebe's Sonnet (Thomas Lodge) 103
 Phoebus, arise (William Drummond) 237
Pied Beauty (Gerard Manley Hopkins)
 808
 Pigwiggan was this fairy knight (Michael
 Drayton) 128
Pilgrimage, The (Sir Walter Raleigh) 77
 Piping down the valleys wild (William
 Blake) 477
 Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye (John
 Ford) 243
Poem upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell,
A (Andrew Marvell) 363
Poems from MSS. (William Blake) 483
 Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
 (Abraham Cowley) 353
Poet's Welcome to His Love-Begotten
Daughter, A (Robert Burns) 487
 Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is
 to them! (George Chapman) 115
 Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth
 (William Shakespeare) 163
Praise of His Lady A (Anonymous,
 16th century) 55
Praise of Philip Sparrow, The (George
 Gascoigne) 64
 Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy
 closed lips (William Morris) 761
Prayer for My Daughter, A (William
 Butler Yeats) 834
Precept of Silence, The (Lionel Johnson)
 844
Prelude, The (William Wordsworth) 521
Primrose, The (Robert Herrick) 257
Prince's Progress, The (Christina Rossetti)
 749
Princess, The (Lord Tennyson) 662
Proem to Hellenic (Walter Savage
 Landor) 548
Progress of Poesy, The (Thomas Gray)
 444
Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, The
 (Geoffrey Chaucer) 5
Prometheus Unbound (Percy Bysshe
 Shelley) 580
Prothalamion (Edmund Spenser) 79
 Proud of my broken heart since thou
 didst break it (Emily Dickinson) 755
 Proud Maisie is in the Wood (Sir Walter
 Scott) 527
 Proud word you never spoke, but you
 will speak (Walter Savage Landor)
 552
Pulley, The (George Herbert) 271
Purple Island, The (Phineas Fletcher)
 228
 Queen and huntress, chaste and fair
 (Ben Jonson) 187
Queen of Fairies, The (Anonymous, 17th
 century) 294
Question Answer'd, The (William Blake)
 484
 Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly
 falling (James Joyce) 865
Rape of the Lock, The (Alexander Pope)
 418
Rapture, A (Thomas Carew) 275
Raven, The (Edgar Allan Poe) 668
 Reach, with your whiter hands, to me
 (Robert Herrick) 262
Rebel Scot, The (John Cleveland) 347
Recessional (Rudyard Kipling) 842
 Red lips are not so red (Wilfred Owen)
 893
Red, Red Rose, A (Robert Burns) 508
Reeve's Tale, The (Geoffrey Chaucer)
 10
Regeneration (Walter Savage Landor)
 553
Religio Laici (John Dryden) 387
Relique, The (John Donne) 197
Remember (Christina Rossetti) 749
 Remember me when I am gone away
 (Christina Rossetti) 749
 Remember thee! remember thee! (Lord
 Byron) 565
 Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow
 (Oliver Goldsmith) 459
Renouncement (Alice Meynell) 812
 Renowned Spenser lie a thought more
 nigh (William Basse) 233
Repetitive Heart, The (Delmore Schwartz)
 904
Reply (Sir Walter Raleigh) 133
Requiem (Robert Louis Stevenson) 816
Requiescat (Matthew Arnold) 725
Respectability (Robert Browning) 684
Retirement, an Ode (Thomas Warton
 the Elder) 427
Retreat, The (Henry Vaughan) 367
Return, The (Ezra Pound) 876
Revenger's Tragedy, The (Cyril Tour-
 neur) 214
Reynard the Fox (John Masefield) 857
 Riches I hold in light esteem (Emily Jane
 Bronte) 701
Rigs o' Barley, The (Robert Burns)
 500
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The
 (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 530
 Ring out your bells! Let mourning
 shows be spread (Sir Philip Sidney)
 101
 Rise, happy youth, this bright machine
 survey (John Gay) 413
River Roses (David Herbert Lawrence)
 871
Robin Goodfellow (Anonymous, 17th
 century) 291
Robin Hood and the Monk (Anonymous)
 28
Rococo (Algernon Charles Swinburne)
 777
Rokeby (Sir Walter Scott) 526
Romira, stay (John Hall) 371
Rondeau (Leigh Hunt) 559
Rondel (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 779
Rondelay (John Dryden) 377
Rosalind's Madrigal (Thomas Lodge)
 104
Rose, The (Richard Lovelace) 349
Rose-cheek'd Laura, come (Thomas
 Campion) 173
 Roses and pinks will be strewn where
 you go (Sir William Davenant) 302
 Roses their sharp spines being gone
 (John Fletcher) 223
Round, A (William Browne of Tavistock)
 254

- Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam of Naisapur*
(Edward Fitzgerald) 647
- Sabrina fair (John Milton) 314
- Sailing to Byzantium* (William Butler Yeats) 835
- Sailor to His Parrot, The* (William Henry Davies) 846
- Sally in Our Alley* (Henry Carey) 415
- Samela* (Robert Greene) 111
- Samson Agonistes* (John Milton) 325
- Satire II* (John Donne) 203
- Satire V* (John Marston) 211
- Say not the struggle nought availeth
(Arthur Hugh Clough) 705
- Scholar Gipsy, The* (Matthew Arnold) 725
- Screw-Guns* (Rudyard Kipling) 839
- Sea Love* (Charlotte Mew) 848
- Seamen three! What men be ye?
(Thomas Love Peacock) 560
- Search then the Ruling Passion: there,
alone (Alexander Pope) 424
- Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
(John Keats) 608
- Secrets of the Night, The* (Fiona Macleod) 816
- Secular Masque, The* (John Dryden) 389
- See the chariot at hand here of Love
(Ben Jonson) 184
- See, they return, ah, see the tentative
(Ezra Pound) 876
- See where she sits upon the grassy green
(Edmund Spenser) 77
- See yonder hallowed fane, the pious work
(Robert Blair) 427
- Self-love (which never rightly under-
stood) (John Dryden) 388
- Send home my long strayed eyes to me
(John Donne) 194
- Sense with keenest edge unused (Robert
Bridges) 809
- Set me whereas the sun doth parch the
green (Earl of Surrey) 62
- Shake off your heavy trance! (Francis
Beaumont) 234
- Shakespeare* (Matthew Arnold) 721
- "Shall I be your first love, lady, shall
I be your first? (Thomas Lovell
Beddoes) 633
- Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee
(Thomas Campion) 170
- Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
(William Shakespeare) 136
- Shall I love again, and try (William
Browne of Tavistock) 253
- Shall I stray (John Fletcher) 225
- Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel
(Algernon Charles Swinburne) 783
- Shall I love again, and try (William
Browne of Tavistock) 253
- Shall I wasting in despair (George
Wither) 244
- She dwelt among the untrodden ways
(William Wordsworth) 511
- She is not fair to outward view (Hartley
Coleridge) 623
- She was a Phantom of delight (William
Wordsworth) 512
- She was a Virgin of austere regard (Giles
Fletcher the Younger) 250
- She Weeps over Rahoon* (James Joyce)
865
- She, with his sight made breathless haste
to meet him; she, whose grace
(George Chapman) 116
- Shelley! whose song so sweet was
sweetest here (Walter Savage Landor)
549
- Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell?
(Sir Walter Raleigh) 73
- Shepherd's Calendar, April, The* (Edmund
Spenser) 77
- Shepherd's Description of Love, The* (Sir
Walter Raleigh) 73
- Shepherd's Garland, The* (Michael
Drayton) 125
- Shepherd's Wife's Song, The* (Robert
Greene) 110
- Shillin' a Day* (Rudyard Kipling) 841
- Shine, Perishing Republic* (Robinson
Jeffers) 880
- Ship of Death* (David Herbert Lawrence)
873
- Shower, The* (Henry Vaughan) 366
- Shut Out That Moon* (Thomas Hardy) 796
- Sick Rose, The* (William Blake) 481
- Siege, The* (Sir John Suckling) 327
- Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more
(William Shakespeare) 145
- Signpost* (Robinson Jeffers) 879
- Sign-Post, The* (Edward Thomas) 859
- Silence* (Thomas Hood) 625
- Silence* (Marianne Moore) 882
- Silent Lover, The* (Sir Walter Raleigh) 74
- Sin* (George Herbert) 269
- Since as in night's deck-watch ye show
(Herman Melville) 716
- Since there's no help, come, let us kiss
and part (Michael Drayton) 132
- Sing cuccu nu! Sing cuccu! (Anony-
mous, 13th century) 2
- Sing his praises that doth keep (John
Fletcher) 217
- Sinners* (David Herbert Lawrence) 871
- Sir Patrick Spens* (Anonymous) 26
- Sir: though (I thank God for it) I do hate
(John Donne) 203
- Sir, you shall notice me: I am the Man
(Lascelles Abercrombie) 863
- Siren Chorus* (George Darley) 622
- Sitalkas* (H.D.) 877
- Sleep brings no joy to me (Emily Jane
Brontë) 701
- Sleep, O sleep (John Gay) 413
- Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with
my salt tears (Ben Jonson) 186
- Smokin' my pipe on the mountings,
sniffin' the mornin' cool (Rudyard
Kipling) 839
- Snare, The* (Edward Davison) 897
- So many moral matters, and so little
used (John Skelton) 21
- So now is come our joyful'st feast
(George Wither) 247
- So restless Cromwell could not cease
(Andrew Marvell) 362
- So shuts the marigold her leaves (William
Browne of Tavistock) 252
- So smell those odours that do rise
(Robert Herrick) 261
- So we'll go no more a roving (Lord
Byron) 567
- Soldier, The* (Rupert Brooke) 883
- Soldier's Song* (Sir Walter Scott) 525
- Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt* (Aldous
Huxley) 896
- Some day, some day (Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow) 646
- Some that have deeper digged love's
mine than I (John Donne) 194
- Son of Erebus and Night* (William
Browne of Tavistock) 252

- Song of a Man Who Has Come Through*
 (David Herbert Lawrence) 872
Song of Myself (Walt Whitman) 706
Song of the Open Road (Walt Whitman)
 710
Song to Amoret, A (Henry Vaughan) 364
Song to David (Christopher Smart) 451
Song to His Cynthia (Lord Brooke) 97
Song to the Men of England (Percy
 Bysshe Shelley) 584
Sonnet on Death (William Walsh) 404
Sonnet on the Death of Mr. Richard
West (Thomas Gray) 447
Sonnet on the Sea (John Keats) 610
Sonnet to Sleep (John Keats) 610
Sonnet, to the River Loddon (Thomas
 Warton the Younger) 458
Sonnets from the Portuguese (Elizabeth
 Barrett Browning) 639
 Souls of poets dead and gone (John
 Keats) 608
 Sound out, proud trumpets (Osbert
 Sitwell) 890
 Southward through Eden went a river
 large (John Milton) 322
Speak, Parrot (John Skelton) 21
Spring (William Shakespeare) 142
Spring (James Thomson the Elder) 432
 Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
 pleasant king (Thomas Nashe) 164
St. Valentine's Day (Wilfrid Scawen
 Blunt) 802
 Stand close around, ye Stygian set
 (Walter Savage Landor) 553
 Stand not uttering sedately (Victor Plarr)
 830
 Stand on the highest pavement of the
 stair (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 886
Stanzas (Lord Byron) 566
Stanzas Cancelled from the Flegy
 (Thomas Gray) 442
Stanzas from the Grande Churteuse
 (Matthew Arnold) 730
Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples
 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 583
Starlight Night, The (Gerard Manley
 Hopkins) 807
 Starting from fish-shape Paumanok
 where I was born (Walt Whitman)
 705
Starting from Paumanok (Walt Whitman)
 705
 Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me
 speak (Thomas Dekker) 179
 Steer hither, steer your winged pines
 (William Browne of Tavistock) 252
 Still to be neat, still to be dressed (Ben
 Jonson) 187
Storm Fear (Robert Frost) 856
 Strange fits of passion have I known
 (William Wordsworth) 511
 Stranger! whoe'er thou art, whose rest-
 less mind (Anonymous, 18th century)
 475
 Strew not earth with empty stars (Thomas
 Lovell Beddoes) 635
 Strew on her roses, roses (Matthew
 Arnold) 725
Summer Dawn (William Morris) 761
Sunday at Hampstead (James Thomson
 the Younger) 760
Sunday up the River (James Thomson
 the Younger) 759
 Sunset and evening star (Lord Tennyson)
 667
 Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind
 (William Wordsworth) 514
Suspirla (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)
 646
 Sweet are the thoughts that savour of
 content (Robert Greene) 112
 Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the
 plain (Oliver Goldsmith) 459
 Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
 (Robert Herrick) 256
 Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire (Anony-
 mous, 17th century) 284
 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright
 (George Herbert) 269
 Sweet dreams, form a shade (William
 Blake) 477
 Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st
 unseen (John Milton) 313
 Sweet, let me go! sweet, let me go!
 (Anonymous, 17th century) 284
Sweet Lullaby, A (Nicholas Breton) 65
 Sweet secrecy, what tongue can tell thy
 worth? (Michael Drayton) 130
 Sweet serene sky-like flower (Richard
 Lovelace) 349
 Sweet was the song that Youth sang once
 (Walter Savage Landor) 551
 Sweetest bud of beauty, may (Sir George
 Etherege) 391
 Sweetest love, I do not go (John Donne)
 193
 Swiftly walk o'er the western wave
 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
 Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen
 (John Dryden) 377
Symphony, The (Sidney Lanier) 805
 Take hands and part with laughter
 (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 777
 Take, O take those lips away (William
 Shakespeare) 150
 Take them, O Death! and bear away
 (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) 646
Talisman, A (Marianne Moore) 882
Tam o' Shanter (Robert Burns) 495
Tamburlaine the Great (Christopher
 Marlowe) 135
 Tanagra! think not I forget (Walter
 Savage Landor) 553
 Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
 mean (Lord Tennyson) 663
 Tell me, dearest, what is love? (John
 Fletcher) 222
 Tell me no more how fair she is (Henry
 King) 265
 Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind (Richard
 Lovelace) 351
 Tell me not what too well I know
 (Walter Savage Landor) 549
 Tell me now in what hidden way is
 (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 747
 Tell me, tell me, smiling child (Emily
 Jane Brontë) 701
 Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light
 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
 Tell me where is fancy bred (William
 Shakespeare) 145
Teresette (Eden Phillpotts) 829
Thanatopsis (William Cullen Bryant) 600
Thanksgiving to God, for His House, A
 (Robert Herrick) 264
 That is no country for old men. The
 young (William Butler Yeats) 835
 That time of year thou mayst in me
 behold (William Shakespeare) 160
 That which her slender waist confined
 (Edmund Waller) 303

- That with this bright believing band
(Thomas Hardy) 793
- That Women Are but Men's Shadows*
(Ben Jonson) 183
- The April winds are magical (Ralph
Waldo Emerson) 631
- The Author's Resolution* (George Wither)
244
- The bards falter in shame, their running
verse (Robert Graves) 897
- The big mountains sit still in the after-
noon light (David Herbert Lawrence)
871
- The blushing rose and purple flower
(Philip Massinger) 234
- The budding floweret blushes at the high
(Thomas Chatterton) 473
- The castled crag of Drachenfels (Lord
Byron) 568
- The Cities send to one another saying,
"My sons are Mad (William Blake)
485
- The City is of Night; perchance of Death
(James Thomson the Younger) 757
- The cobbler bent at his wooden foot
(John Masfield) 857
- The cod-piece that will house (William
Shakespeare) 151
- The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
(Thomas Gray) 438
- The darkness crumbles away (Isaac
Rosenberg) 888
- The day is done, the winter sun (Emily
Jane Bronte) 703
- The devil cam fiddlin thro' the town
(Robert Burns) 506
- The dews of summer night did fall
(William Julius Mickle) 468
- The dim sea glints chill. The white sun
is shy (Edward Thomas) 859
- The doors that knew no shrill alarming
bell (James Thomson the Elder) 430
- The earth, late choked with showers
(Thomas Lodge) 105
- Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
(William Shakespeare) 163
- The first Nowell the angels did say
(Anonymous) 52
- The first time that the sun rose on thine
oath (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)
640
- The flower that smiles to-day (Percy
Bysshe Shelley) 594
- The force that through the green fuse
drives the flower (Dylan Thomas) 904
- The fountains mingle with the river
(Percy Bysshe Shelley) 589
- The fringed vallance of your eyes
advance (Thomas Shadwell) 395
- The glories of our blood and state
(James Shirley) 273
- The God who made New Hampshire
(Ralph Waldo Emerson) 627
- The gown which I do use to wear
(Robert Southwell) 120
- The grey sea and the long black land
(Robert Browning) 683
- The harp that once through Tara's halls
(Thomas Moore) 555
- The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
(Lord Byron) 576
- The keener tempests come: and, fuming
dun (James Thomson the Elder) 433
- The king sits in Dumfermling toun
(Anonymous) 26
- The Lady Mary Villiers lies (Thomas
Carew) 275
- The lark now leaves his watery nest (Sir
William Davenant) 301
- The light beats upon me (H.D.) 879
- The lyf so short, the craft so long to
lerne (Geoffrey Chaucer) 11
- The maidens came (Anonymous, 15th-
16th century) 53
- The man of life upright (Thomas
Campion) 171
- The master, the swabber, the boatswain,
and I (William Shakespeare) 154
- The men that worked for England
(Gilbert Keith Chesterton) 855
- The merchant, to secure his treasure
(Matthew Prior) 405
- The Millere was a stout carl for the
nones (Geoffrey Chaucer) 9
- The mountain sheep are sweeter (Thomas
Love Peacock) 561
- The nightgale has a lyre of gold
(William Ernest Henley) 813
- The noble heart that harbours virtuous
thought (Edmund Spenser) 92
- The ousel cock so black of hue (William
Shakespeare) 144
- The path through which that lovely
twain (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 580
- The Percy out of Northumberland
(Anonymous) 32
- The primrose in the green forest (Thomas
Deloney) 68
- The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
(John Marston) 210
- The Rhine was red with human blood
(William Blake) 486
- The ribs and terrors in the whale
(Herman Melville) 715
- The Roman, first with Julius Caesar
came (Daniel Defoe) 402
- The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new
(Sir Walter Scott) 525
- The sea hath many thousand sands
(Anonymous, 17th century) 283
- The sea is calm to-night (Matthew
Arnold) 731
- The skies they were ashen and sober
(Edgar Allan Poe) 671
- The smothered streams of love, which
flow (Henry David Thoreau) 699
- The splendour falls on castle walls (Lord
Tennyson) 662
- The star that bids the shepherd fold
(John Milton) 312
- The sun is warm, the sky is clear (Percy
Bysshe Shelley) 583
- The sun, which doth the greatest comfort
bring (Francis Beaumont) 236
- The swans, whose pens as white as ivory
(Robert Greene) 113
- The thirst of reign and sweetness of a
crown (Christopher Marlowe) 135
- The time is not remote when I (Jonathan
Swift) 407
- The wind blows out of the gates of the
day (William Butler Yeats) 833
- "The wind doth blow to-day, my love
(Anonymous) 29
- The wine of Love is music (James
Thomson the Younger) 760
- The world is no longer good (Leonard
Bacon) 881
- The world is too much with us; late
and soon (William Wordsworth)
515
- Thee too the years shall cover; thou
shalt be (Algernon Charles Swinburne)
775

- Then Mercury 'gan bend him to obey
(Earl of Surrey) 63
- Then whilst that Latmos did contain
her bliss (Earl of Stirling) 166
- There is a garden in her face (Thomas
Campion) 170
- There is a pleasure in the pathless woods
(Lord Byron) 571
- There is a silence where hath been no
sound (Thomas Hood) 625
- There is delight in singing, though none
hear (Walter Savage Landor) 549
- There is sweet music here that softer
falls (Lord Tennyson) 659
- There they are, my fifty men and women
(Robert Browning) 694
- There was a sound of revelry by night
(Lord Byron) 567
- There was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream (William Wordsworth) 516
- There was also a Nonne, a Prioressse
(Geoffrey Chaucer) 5
- There was mony a braw noble
(Anonymous) 42
- There were three ravens sat on a tree
(Anonymous) 29
- There's a whisper down the field where
the year has shot her yield (Rudyard
Kipling) 837
- There's little joy in life for me (Charlotte
Brontë) 698
- These, in the day when heaven was falling
(Alfred Edward Housman) 824
- These, to you now, O, more than ever
now (William Ernest Henley) 814
- They are all gone into the world of light!
(Henry Vaughan) 369
- They are not long, the weeping and the
laughter (Ernest Dowson) 842
- They flee from me, that sometime did
me seek (Sir Thomas Wyatt) 60
- They mouth love's language. Gnash
(James Joyce) 866
- I they tell me 'tis decided; you depart
(Lord Byron) 572
- They that have power to hurt and will
do none (William Shakespeare) 160
- They told me, Heracitus, they told me
you were dead (William Johnson
Cory) 732
- I they went with songs to the battle, they
were young (Laurence Binyon) 846
- Think not of pleasure, short and vain
(William Morris) 762
- This baseness follows your profession
(John Day) 189
- This is the hidden place that hidens know
(Stephen Vincent Benét) 898
- This quiet dust was gentlemen and ladies
(Emily Dickinson) 755
- This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
(Samuel Butler) 337
- This time it is no dream that stirs (John
Addington Symonds) 799
- Thomas the Rhymer* (Anonymous) 30
- Those walled garrisons will I subdue
(Christopher Marlowe) 136
- Thou art come at length (H.D.) 877
- Thou art not fair, for all thy red and
white (Thomas Campion) 168
- Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's
self-chosen snare (Sir Philip Sidney) 102
- Thou foul-mouthed wretch! Why dost
thou choose (William Henry Davies) 846
- Thou shalt have one God only; who
(Arthur Hugh Clough) 704
- Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
(John Keats) 604
- Thou wast all that to me, love (Edgar
Allan Poe) 674
- Thou wert the morning star among the
living (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 595
- Though fast youth's glorious fable flies
(Herman Melville) 718
- Though Shakespeare's Mermaid, ocean's
mightiest daughter (Gilbert Keith
Chesterton) 855
- Thoughts during an Air Raid* (Stephen
Spender) 902
- Thou's welcome, wean; mishanter fa'
me (Robert Burns) 487
- Three Ravens, The* (Anonymous) 29
- Three Shadows* (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 743
- Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air
(Thomas Campion) 169
- Throw away Thy rod (George Herbert) 268
- Thus ends my love, but this doth grieve
me most (Lord Herbert of Cherbury) 230
- Thus piteously Love closed what he
begat (George Meredith) 741
- Tide be runnin' the great world over
(Charlotte Mew) 848
- Tiger, The* (William Blake) 480
- Tiger! Tiger! burning bright (William
Blake) 480
- Time in the Rock* (Conrad Aiken) 887
- Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race
of yore (Sir Walter Scott) 524
- Time, you old gipsy man (Ralph
Hodgson) 850
- Tintern Abbey* (William Wordsworth) 520
- Tired Man, The* (Anna Wickham) 867
- Tired with all these, for restful death
I cry (William Shakespeare) 159
- 'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire (John
Fletcher) 220
- 'Tis not that I am weary grown (Lord
Rochester) 397
- 'Tis now, since I sat down before (Sir
John Suckling) 327
- 'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange
tongue (Lord Byron) 573
- 'Tis sweet to hear (Lord Byron) 571
- 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved
(Lord Byron) 578
- 'Tis with our judgments as our watches,
none (Alexander Pope) 417
- Title divine is mine (Emily Dickinson) 755
- To a Common Prostitute* (Walt Whitman) 715
- To A.D.* (William Ernest Henley) 813
- To a Lady, Asking Him How Long He
Would Love Her* (Sir George Etherege) 391
- To a Louse on Seeing One on a Lady's
Bonnet at Church* (Robert Burns) 491
- To a Nightingale* (John Keats) 602
- To a Very Young Lady* (Sir George
Etherege) 391
- To a Very Young Lady* (Edmund Waller) 302
- To Althea from Prison* (Richard Love-
lace) 351
- To Amarantha* (Richard Lovelace) 350
- To an Unborn Pauper Child* (Thomas
Hardy) 795

- To Anthea, Who May Command Him in Anything* (Robert Herrick) 263
To Autumn (John Keats) 608
To Cella (Ben Jonson) 183
To Chloe, Who Wished Herself Young Enough for Me (William Cartwright) 333
To Cloe Jealous, a Better Answer (Matthew Prior) 406
To Colin Clout (Anthony Munday) 95
To Cynthia (Sir Francis Kynaston) 243
To Daffodils (Robert Herrick) 260
To Dianeme (Robert Herrick) 256
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name (Ben Jonson) 184
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb (William Collins) 450
To Helen (Edgar Allan Poe) 677
To him who in the love of Nature holds (William Cullen Bryant) 600
To His Coy Love (Michael Drayton) 126
To His Coy Mistress (Andrew Marvell) 359
To His Mistress (Robert Herrick) 256
To His Retired Friend (Henry Vaughan) 365
To L.B.C.L.M. (Robert Bridges) 810
To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas (Richard Lovelace) 350
To Lucasta, Going to the Wars (Richard Lovelace) 351
To me, fair friend, you never can be old (William Shakespeare) 161
To Meadows (Robert Herrick) 263
To Meath of the pastures (Padraic Colum) 864
To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love (William Blake) 478
To Mistress Isabel Pennell (John Skelton) 22
To Mistress Margaret Hussey (John Skelton) 23
To Mistress Margery Wentworth (John Skelton) 22
To Mr. Isaac Walton (Charles Cotton) 372
To my true king I offered free from stain (Lord Macaulay) 626
To Myra (Lord Brooke) 98
To Ned (Herman Melville) 717
To Night (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
To nothing fitter can I thee compare (Michael Drayton) 131
To One Admiring Herself in a Looking Glass (Thomas Randolph) 299
To One in Paradise (Edgar Allan Poe) 674
To One on Her Waste of Time (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 803
To One Who Would Make Confession (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 803
To Phyllis (Thomas Lodge) 106
To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess (Thomas Lodge) 105
To Poets (Walter Savage Landor) 555
To Primroses Filled with Morning-Dew (Robert Herrick) 259
To Psyche (John Keats) 605
To Robert Browning (Walter Savage Landor) 549
To Roses in the Bosom of Castara (William Habington) 297
To see a quaint outlandish fowl (Henry Farley) 216
To see a World in a Grain of Sand (William Blake) 484
To Shelley (Walter Savage Landor) 549
To Sleep (William Wordsworth) 514
To Stella (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 595
To the Accuser Who Is the God of This World (William Blake) 487
To the Cuckoo (Michael Bruce) 470
To the Lord Chancellor (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 585
To the Lord General Cromwell (John Milton) 320
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham (John Dryden) 387
To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare (Ben Jonson) 184
To the Moon (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 592
To the Most Fair and Lovely Mistress, Anne Soanie, Now Lady Abbie (Robert Herrick) 261
To the Muses (William Blake) 476
To the ocean now I fly (John Milton) 315
To the Poets (John Keats) 607
To the Virginian Voyage (Michael Drayton) 126
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time (Robert Herrick) 257
To the Water-Nymphs, Drinking at the Fountain (Robert Herrick) 262
To thee, fair freedom, I retire (William Shenstone) 438
To Violets (Robert Herrick) 256
To Virgins (Robert Herrick) 260
To Woman (Lord Byron) 564
To yow, my purse, and to noon other wight (Geoffrey Chaucer) 15
Toast, A (John Byrom) 427
To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 802
Tom o' Bedlam's Song (Giles Earle) 239
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day (William Shakespeare) 149
Too late for love, too late for joy (Christina Rossetti) 749
Toys, The (Coventry Patmore) 733
Tragical History of Doctor Faustus, The (Christopher Marlowe) 138
Traveller, The (Oliver Goldsmith) 459
Triumph of Time, The (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 771
Troilus and Criseyde (Geoffrey Chaucer) 12
Troop home to silent grots and caves (George Darley) 622
True-Born Englishman, The (Daniel Defoe) 402
True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank (Anonymous) 30
Truly, my Satan, thou art but a Dunce (William Blake) 487
Turn all thy thoughts to eyes (Thomas Campion) 168
'Twas on a Monday morning (Robert Burns) 508
'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake (Henry Vaughan) 366
'Twas when the seas were roaring (John Gay) 411
Twenty years hence my eyes may grow (Walter Savage Landor) 552
Twice (Christina Rossetti) 752
Tyrannic Love (John Dryden) 388
Ulalume (Edgar Allan Poe) 671
Ultima Thule (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) 647
Ulysses (Lord Tennyson) 666

- Ulysses and the Siren* (Samuel Daniel) 121
- Under a splintered mast (Marianne Moore) 882
- Under the greenwood tree (William Shakespeare) 146
- Under the wide and starry sky (Robert Louis Stevenson) 816
- Under this stone, reader, survey (Abel Evans) 411
- Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward (George Meredith) 735
- Underneath this sable hearse (William Browne of Tavistock) 255
- Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight (George Santayana) 831
- Unquiet Grave, The* (Anonymous) 29
- Up the airy mountain (William Allingham) 733
- Up-Hill* (Christina Rossetti) 752
- Upon Her Feet* (Robert Herrick) 263
- Upon His Leaving His Mistress* (Lord Rochester) 397
- Upon Julia's Clothes* (Robert Herrick) 257
- Upon my lap my sovereign sits (Richard Rowlands, alias Verstegan) 164
- Upon Nothing* (Lord Rochester) 398
- Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife* (Sir Henry Wotton) 174
- Upon the downs when shall I breathe at ease (Sir George Etherege) 391
- Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast* (Robert Herrick) 262
- Vagabond, The* (Robert Louis Stevenson) 815
- Vala, or the Four Zoas* (William Blake) 485
- Valley of Unrest, The* (Edgar Allan Poe) 673
- Vanity of Human Wishes, The* (Samuel Johnson) 434
- Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity! (Robert Browning) 689
- Variation on a Theme by John Lyly* (Sacheverell Sitwell) 899
- Venus, take my votive glass (Matthew Prior) 405
- Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her (Bartholomew Griffin) 71
- Vergidemiurum* (Joseph Hall) 209
- Verses Copied from the Window of an Obscure Lodging-House, in the Neighbourhood of London* (Anonymous, 18th century) 475
- Verses Written in His Bible* (Sir Walter Raleigh) 77
- Very old are the woods (Walter De La Mare) 853
- Vicar of Bray, The* (Anonymous, 18th century) 474
- Virgil's Aeneid* (Earl of Surrey) 63
- Virgin Mary to Christ on the Cross, The* (Robert Southwell) 119
- Virgin Mother, The* (David Herbert Lawrence) 871
- Virtue* (George Herbert) 269
- Visions* (William Browne of Tavistock) 255
- Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (William Blake) 484
- Vitae Summa Brevis Spem Nos Vetat Incohare Longam* (Ernest Dowson) 842
- Volpone or The Fox* (Ben Jonson) 187
- Vow to Love Faithfully, Howsoever He Be Rewarded, A* (Earl of Surrey) 62
- Watling* (John Davidson) 822
- Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight (Edward Fitzgerald) 647
- Walking next day upon the fatal shore (Cyril Tourneur) 214
- Waly, Waly* (Anonymous) 39
- Wanderer's Song* (Arthur Symonds) 837
- War Is Kind* (Stephen Crane) 849
- War-Song of Dinas Vawr, The* (Thomas Love Peacock) 561
- Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships (Christopher Marlowe) 138
- Water, for anguish of the solstice:—nay (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 744
- Water Lady, The* (Thomas Hood) 624
- Waterfall, The* (Henry Vaughan) 366
- We are the music-makers (Arthur O'Shaughnessy) 809
- We are what suns and winds and waters make us (Walter Savage Landor) 553
- We have cried in our despair (William Butler Yeats) 833
- We needs must be divided in the tomb (George Santayana) 831
- We saw the swallows gathering in the sky (George Meredith) 741
- We who are old, old and gay (William Butler Yeats) 832
- Wealth, my lad, was made to wander (Samuel Johnson) 435
- Wedding is great Juno's crown (William Shakespeare) 148
- Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan (John Fletcher) 223
- Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee (Robert Greene) 112
- Weep with me all you that read (Ben Jonson) 182
- Weep you no more, sad fountains (Anonymous, 17th century) 281
- Weeper, The* (Richard Crashaw) 345
- Welcome Maids of Honour (Robert Herrick) 256
- Welcome, welcome, do I sing (William Browne of Tavistock) 253
- Well I remember how you smiled (Walter Savage Landor) 552
- Well then, I now do plainly see (Abraham Cowley) 355
- Were I as base as is the lowly plain (Joshua Sylvester) 124
- Western wind, when wilt thou blow (Anonymous, 16th century) 55
- Westminster Bridge* (William Wordsworth) 515
- When that April with his shoures soote (Geoffrey Chaucer) 5
- What are we first? First, animals; and next (George Meredith) 740
- What bird so sings, yet does so wail? (John Lyly) 96
- What has this bugbear Death that's worth our care? (William Walsh) 404
- What, have ye kithed you a knight, Sir Douglas the Doughty (John Skelton) 21
- What is he buzzing in my ears? (Robert Browning) 691
- What is it men in women do require? (William Blake) 484
- What is your substance, whereof are you made (William Shakespeare) 157
- What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why (Edna St. Vincent Millay) 892

- What mist hath dimmed that glorious face! (Robert Southwell) 119
 What mournful metamorphosis (Sacheverell Sitwell) 899
 What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones (John Milton) 304
 What now avails the pageant verse (Herman Melville) 720
 What of her glass without her? The blank grey (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 745
 What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? (Wilfred Owen) 893
 What shall he have that kill'd the deer? (William Shakespeare) 147
 What then is Merlyn's message, his word to thee weary of pain (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 804
 What! We of Spear-Danes in spent days (Anonymous, A.D. 600-800) 1
 What's Fame? a fancied life in others' breath (Alexander Pope) 423
 When as the chill Charoko blows (Anonymous, 17th century) 295
 When as the nightingale chanted her vespers (John Cleveland) 346
 When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead (John Donne) 195
 When chapman billies leave the street (Robert Burns) 495
 When civil dudgeon first grew high (Samuel Butler) 335
 When daffodils begin to peer (William Shakespeare) 152
 When daisies pied and violets blue (William Shakespeare) 142
 When do I see thee most, beloved one? (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) 745
 When God at first made man (George Herbert) 271
 When *Helen Lived* (William Butler Yeats) 833
 When I am dead, my dearest (Christina Rossetti) 748
 When I consider how my light is spent (John Milton) 321
 When I do count the clock that tells the time (William Shakespeare) 155
 When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd (William Shakespeare) 159
 When I hear laughter from a tavern door (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) 800
 When I lie burning in thy eye (Thomas Stanley) 370
 When I was one-and-twenty (Alfred Edward Housman) 824
 When icicles hang by the wall (William Shakespeare) 143
 When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes (William Shakespeare) 156
 When in the chronicle of wasted time (William Shakespeare) 162
 When Israel, of the Lord beloved (Sir Walter Scott) 528
 When Love with unconfin'd wing (Richard Lovelace) 351
 When lovely woman stoops to folly (Oliver Goldsmith) 460
 When my grave is broke up again (John Donne) 197
 When my love swears that she is made of truth (William Shakespeare) 163
 When our two souls stand up erect and strong (Elizabeth Barrett Browning) 640
 When priests are more in word than matter (William Shakespeare) 151
 When rosy plumelets tuft the larch (Lord Tennyson) 665
 When that I was and a little tiny boy (William Shakespeare) 149
 When the ecstatic body grips (Eric Robertson Dodds) 894
 When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 788
 When the lamp is shattered (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 595
 When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay (Thomas Hardy) 798
 When the wind works against us in the dark (Robert Frost) 856
 When thou must home to shades of underground (Thomas Campion) 170
 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought (William Shakespeare) 156
 When we for age could neither read nor write (Edmund Waller) 303
 When we two parted (Lord Byron) 565
 When you and I go down (Harold Monro) 860
 Whenas in silks my Julia goes (Robert Herrick) 257
 Whenas the rye reach to the chin (George Peele) 107
 Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley (Edgar Lee Masters) 844
 Where is the world we roved, Ned Bunn? (Herman Melville) 717
 Where, like a pillow on a bed (John Donne) 195
 Where shall the lover rest (Sir Walter Scott) 523
 Where the bee sucks, there suck I (William Shakespeare) 155
 Where the remote Bermudas ride (Andrew Marvell) 358
 "Where's the need of singing now?" (Edwin Arlington Robinson) 846
 Whether on Ida's shady brow (William Blake) 476
 While this America settles in the mould of its vulgarity, heavily thickening to empire (Robinson Jeffers) 880
 Whilst thus my pen strives to eternise thee (Michael Drayton) 131
Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye, My Lad (Robert Burns) 507
 Who can live in heart so glad (Nicholas Breton) 66
 Who hath given man speech? or who hath set therein (Algernon Charles Swinburne) 790
 "Who is it that, this dark night (Sir Philip Sidney) 100
 Who is Silvia? what is she (William Shakespeare) 141
 Who tames the lion now? (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) 634
 Whoe'er she be (Richard Crashaw) 340
 Whoever loves, if he do not propose (John Donne) 201
 Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death (Philip Massinger) 234
 Why came I so untimely forth (Edmund Waller) 302
 Why did I write? what sin to me unknown (Alexander Pope) 424
 Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears (Robert Herrick) 259
 "Why is it," Queen Edain said (William Butler Yeats) 833

- Why part love, this small ecopomy
 (Wilfrid Blunt) 803
 Why shd a foolish marriage vow
 (John Ben) 379
 Why shd I hate you, love, or why
 despise I frid Scawen Blunt) 802
 Why so I and wan, fond lover? (Sir
 John Blunt) 332
Wife of yth's Tale, The (Geoffrey
 Chaucer) 11
 Will you any tape (William Shake-
 speare) 153
Willie Brd a Peck o' Maat (Robert
 Burns) 504
Willing Mess, The (Aphra Behn) 394
 Wilt Thou give that sin where I begun
 (John Ben) 206
 Winds, wber gently whilst she sleeps
 (Charles Cotton) 375
Wine and Tier (Gilbert Keith Chester-
 ton) 854
Wine of L The (Lord de Tabley) 769
Winter (Wm Shakespeare) 143
Winter (Jas. Thomson the Elder) 433
Wisdom offerlyn, The (Wilfrid Scawen
 Blunt) 804
Wish, The (Abraham Cowley) 355
Wishes, His Supposed Mistress
 (Richard Rasha) 340
 With blackt moor the flower-plots
 (Lord Tennyson) 658
 With favouring winds, o'er sunlit seas
 (Henry Wotton Longfellow) 647
 With how ad steps, O moon, thou
 climb'st to skies! (Sir Philip Sidney)
 100
 With margin gentle (John Skelton) 22
 With what deep murmurs, through
 Time's silt stealth (Henry Vaughan)
 366
 Within unfre dly walls (John Davidson)
 822
Without He (Dante Gabriel Rossetti)
 745
 Without the vening dew and showers
 (Charles Cotton) 376
 Woman! experience right have told me
 (Lord Byron) 564
 Woman's fal, and woman's trust (Sir
 Walter Scott) 529
Woman's La Word, A (Robert Brown-
 ing) 683
Women and Loves (Robert Browning)
 685
 Woof of the in, ethereal gauze (Henry
 David Thosau) 699
World, The (Henry Vaughan) 368
World's Warers, The (Percy Bysshe
 Shelley) 592
 Would'st thou hear what man can say
 (Ben Jonson) 183
Wound-Dress, The (Walt Whitman)
 713
Written at an Inn at Henley (William
 Shenstone) 438
Written in Northampton County Asylum
 (John Clare) 599
Written the Night before His Execution
 (Chidiock Tichbourne) 109
 Ye banks and braes and streams around
 (Robert Burns) 506
 Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon
 (Robert Burns) 505
 Ye blushing virgins happy are (William
 Habington) 297
 Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
 (Thomas Gray) 442
 Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
 (Sir George Etherege) 390
 Ye have been fresh and green (Robert
 Herrick) 263
 Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 (Edmund Spenser) 83
 Ye little birds that sit and sing (Anony-
 mous, 17th century) 282
 Ye should stay longer if we durst
 (Francis Beaumont) 235
 Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
 give ear! (Alexander Pope) 418
 Years, many parti-coloured years (Walter
 Savage Landor) 551
 Yes; we'll wed, my little fay (Thomas
 Hardy) 797
 Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord
 (Anonymous, 17th century) 278
 Yet if some voice that man could trust
 (Lord Tennyson) 664
 Yet London, empress of the northern
 clime (John Dryden) 383
 Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once
 more (John Milton) 316
You, Andrew Marvel (Archibald Mac-
 Leish) 891
 You are so witty, profligate and thin
 (Edward Young) 411
 You ask my love, What shall my love
 then be? (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt)
 801
 You brave heroic minds (Michael
 Drayton) 126
 You meaner beauties of the night (Sir
 Henry Wotton) 174
 You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
 winding brooks (William Shake-
 speare) 155
 You spotted snakes with double tongue
 (William Shakespeare) 144
 You strange, astonished-looking, angle-
 faced (Leigh Hunt) 558
 You virgins, that did late despair (James
 Shirley) 272
Youth and Art (Robert Browning) 692
 Youth gone, and beauty gone if ever
 there (Christina Rossetti) 748
Zebbras, The (Roy Campbell) 900

